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JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

VOL. XIX

No. 3

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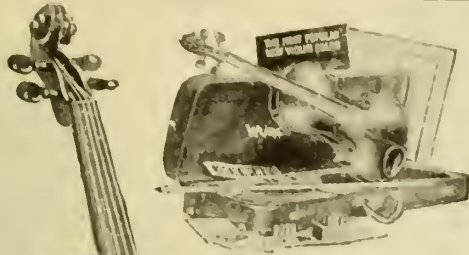
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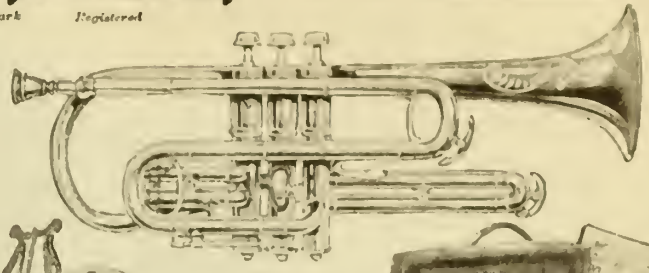
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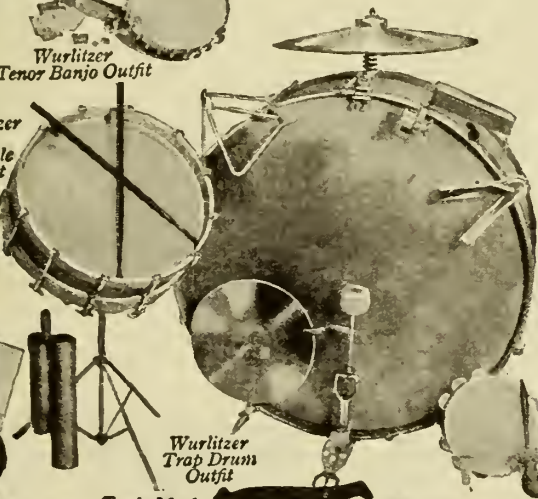
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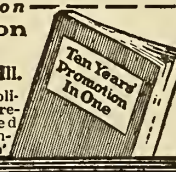
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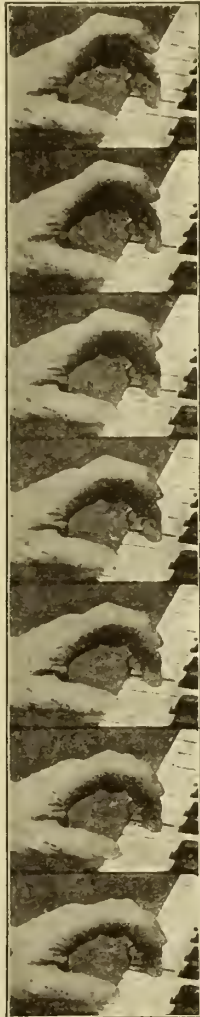
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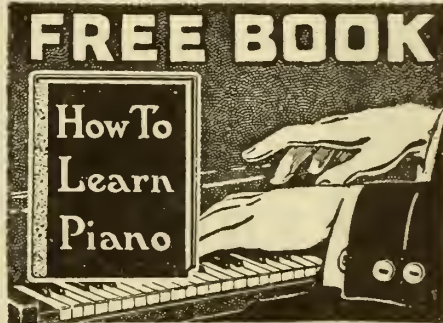


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AMERICAN FILM MFG. CO., 6227 Broadway, Chicago; (s) Santa Barbara, Cal.

BLAKTON PRODUCTIONS, INC., 25 West 45th St., New York; (s) 425 Classon Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ROBERT BRUNTON STUDIOS, 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., Sunset Boul. and Gower St., Los Angeles, Cal.

FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS' CIRCUIT, INC., 6 West 48th St., New York; Mildred Harris Chaplin and Anita Stewart Studios, 3800 Mission Boul., Los Angeles, Cal.; Norma and Constance Talmadge Studio, 318 East 48th St., New York; King Vidor Production, 6642 Santa Monica Boul., Hollywood, Cal.; Katherine MacDonald Productions, Georgia and Girard Sts., Los Angeles, Cal.

FOX FILM CORP., 10th Ave. and 56th St., New York; 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

GARSON STUDIOS, INC., 1845 Alessandro St., Los Angeles, Cal.

GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 469 Fifth Ave., New York; (s) Culver City, Cal.

THOMAS INCE STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York; (s) 3 West 61st St., New York, and 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal.

PARAMOUNT AIRCRAFT CORPORATION, 485 Fifth Ave., New York; Famous Players Studio, Pierce Ave. and 6th St., Long Island City; Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal.

PATHE EXCHANGE, 25 West 45th St., New York; (s) Hollywood, Cal.

REALART PICTURES CORPORATION, 469 Fifth Ave., New York; (s) 211 North Occidental Boul., Hollywood, Cal.

REELCRAFT PICTURES CORP., 729 Seventh Ave., New York; (s) 1107 North Bronson Ave., Hollywood, Cal., and 1729 North Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

ROBERTSON-COLE PRODUCTIONS, 1600 Broadway, New York.

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

SELZNICK PICTURES CORP., 729 Seventh Ave., New York; (s) 847 East 175th St., New York, and West Fort Lee, N. J.

UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, 729 Seventh Ave., New York; Mary Pickford Studios, Hollywood, Cal.; Douglas Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.; Charles Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave., Hollywood, Cal.; D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York; (s) Universal City, Cal.

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, Winfield Blvd., Fifth Ave. and 10th St., New York; (s) East 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; and Hollywood, Cal.



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PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XIX

February, 1921

No. 3

"—And Tell Him Not to Do It."

"**S**EE what little Willie's doing—and tell him not to do it."

A great many people think that the photoplay is the Little Willie of the arts. "Laying it onto the movies" is a new stock in trade for the professional reformer, the subterfuge of the merely sensational minister, the sloppy excuse of the lazy reporter, the cheapest form of weak-minded gossip.

Every form of art has been misused. To the prurient the noblest canvases are filthy daubs, and the most glorious sculpture is vile. Even the Bible has been twisted to the devil's purpose, and the very law is, every day, malformed in expert unjust hands.

It is so weak, so evasive, to "lay it onto the movies." It is such a contemptible confession of weakness to say that Johnny and Freddy tapped the candy man's till "because they had been going to Wild West pictures."

Let us examine the home life of Johnny and Freddy. How about Johnny's shiftless father, and Freddy's nagging mother, and the dreary, drab little existences of the boys, with none of the healthy pleasurable excitements that all young natures need as they need food and sunshine?

And if Mary's elopement from Marshalltown with the Chicago drummer were quite properly diagnosed it would not be the "sex pictures" which we would discover as the real cause, but the fact that Mary entered the mystic gates of womanhood all unknowing, with her mother too busy or too prudish to guide her little girl into the confidences of eternity.

Fathers—mothers—Americans—let us look deeper into the causes of our occasional juvenile delinquency. No picture play, nor any other art or perverted art, ever wrecked a young soul which sailed out into the sea of life with the compass of loving understanding, and the chart of home.

The Allure of the East

Wherein a famous actress declares her belief that her career began thousands of years ago—"Somewhere East of Suez"

By FLORENCE REED

I HAVE felt the allure of the East.

It is a strange, pervading, compelling power. It possesses the one whom long it beckons. It offers rest and refuge. It soothes yet stimulates. It may easily become the strongest influence in a life—an influence for good.

To the Oriental spirit this is comprehensible. To the Occidental it is a strange, at first a terrifying, thing. It is like living amidst the shadows of reality—soft, exquisitely tinted shadows of an immense reality, tremendous yet subtle.

To become interested in the soul of the Orient is like projecting oneself into the infinite. It is a boundless sea. One draws back from it in a kind of enamored terror, as from a mammoth, glistening serpent, the songs of the Lorelei, or the first yielding of the quicksands that may swallow us.

Because it is as hard to explain it as to resist it, I have refrained from telling of my identification with the soul of the East. Those who do not understand it may lift the eyebrow or may jeer. It was only because a friend of mine was importunate that I yielded to her requests and am telling for the first time what the East means to me. I have heard the call of the East. I shall follow it, into the very heart of the East itself. I shall go to Asia to solve its mysteries. I shall go to Japan, to India, to China, into the inner chamber of the heart of the East. I am not sure where I shall find it. Perhaps in the spice-scented groves of India. Maybe in the marbled, jewelled beauty of the most beautiful temple to love ever erected, the tomb to a beloved princess, the glittering glory of the Taj Mahal. It is more probable that I shall find it in the farthest Himalayan heights, where the human voice is seldom heard and where one lives above the snows and amidst the clouds, such a spot as a traveler has called the peak of meditation.

I shall go seeking to complete an incomplete life. This is no protest against my fate. I am successful. I have a

happy domestic life. I have many friends whom I love and who love me. Yet I have been told that I am a dissatisfied soul. It is true. My frequent mood recalls a poem, the lines of which beat upon the chambers of my memory. "Round my restlessness His rest" is part of the refrain. I paraphrase it to my own needs. "Round my restlessness its rest," meaning the rest, the repose, the ineffable quietude of the Far East.

SOMETIME I, who have never stepped outside the United States, shall go on a self search in the East. I shall be looking for the remaining fragment of my personality, the still missing part of my selfhood. When I go I shall go alone. Only in that way can I concentrate for the search. A merry party of friends or my family would distract my interest, would defeat my search. I do not know what experience awaits me in the dim, ancient East. But I have the conviction that I shall return from it reënforced, completed by some knowledge I now lack. The terms in which one speaks of the East are vague, as a far off shape on the horizon is vague. Though we know that the cloud is real and capable of precipitating a very reality of rain, and that the far off shape on the horizon is a very tangible building or structure, whether a house built by man or a mountain built by the hands of God. Because these terms are of necessity vague they are not understood. They are even the subject of jest. A reason why my best of husbands informs me when I use them that I am "crazy." So I am crazy, perhaps, but not as he means.

I am "crazy" in the sense of having an enormous enthusiasm about the East and all the beauty appertaining to it. I have felt the charm of everything Oriental ever since I can remember. It burst into full flowering while I was playing the Babylonish character Tisha, in "The Wanderer." Five celebrities of the theater, including the highest, David Belasco, sitting in front



Miss Reed in a mood of abstraction and complete relaxation, induced by the oriental objects surrounding her in her bedroom. Even the flowers suggest quiet places in Old Tokio.



Miss Reed in her library beside the bookcase which is covered by Chinese embroidery with the pond lily as chief motif. The small god whose influence she is invoking is the Chinese god of money. The gold lacquer above the arch is a relic of the royal palace of Peking.

and watching me rehearse, said, "Let her alone, don't direct her. She has gotten the character in a flash of understanding. Let her play it as she wishes." To the author, I said: "Mr. Samuels, I don't need any direction. I am, or rather, I have been Tisha. I am renewing acquaintance with my old self."

After the play had been running for a month he wrote me a long letter, five or six pages in length, saying that he believed as I did, that I was being Tisha, not playing her. He said that strange, wild laugh came out of the untamed soul of a daughter of the desert.

My mind holds not the slightest doubt that some of us have flashes of memory of another life. Ella Wheeler Wilcox had such flashes. She accepted what she saw by those flashes as surely as she accepted the fact of the furniture which the pressed button of an electric light revealed to her eyes, out of a previously darkened room.

She told many of her friends that she recalled distinctly many events of her life in France in a previous incarnation. "I was not better than I ought to be." The poet dropped into colloquialism and told frankly of her memories of her close acquaintance with Cardinal Richelieu.

I, too, have such vivid and not flattering memories. They go as they come, quickly, but by their intermittent light they have enabled me to play the roles of defiant, code-flaunting women, from the name role of the Painted Woman to the soul tortured heroine of "The Mirage."

Those who know the East quickly recognize the quality I feel. A world traveller presented me a book inscribed "*To Florence Reed, the Soul of the East.*"

Lillian Russell has a Chinese room into which she retires for rest from the madding crowd. Miss Russell says that she goes into the quiet of that room with its ancient vases, its pictures and tapestries representing the work of artists and artisans who lived and worked and died thousands of years ago. She says: "Everything about me is so old. It speaks of the efforts and triumphs of those who have solved their problems. And quiet and peace seem to descend upon me."

I have fitted up my drawing room, library and bedroom in Oriental mode. The arches between these rooms are outlined by gold Chinese lacquer. My bed is covered by a Chinese embroidered spread and cushions. The wall at the head and side of the couch is outlined by silk the color of faded red roses. Against the background of this soft old silk are embroidered the figures of Confucius and ten other famous Chinese philosophers. The gentle wisdom of these long dead sages of the East seems to pervade my room. It teaches me the lesson that those who live life most need patience. There are old Chinese prints. The rug is one of Chinese origin, its blue like a one time Urban blue, dimmed by the centuries. An old set of book shelves I have had done over in black with blue Chinese birds lacquered upon them.

My drawing room has rugs from India, gilded dragons from China, and toy dogs with fierce faces and bristling ears that guard, Cerberus-like, my windows. There are low Chinese tables and tapestries that in price at least are of a painful altitude.

On the mantle in my drawing room, stands when it is not bearing me company on my piano, a fascinating head in natural colors. It is the head of a woman proud as a princess, charming as exquisite women have been since Eve set the

fashion of charm. There's the subtlety of the East in her face. The half smile in eyes and about lips that try to be ascetic but can't, won her the name of the Chinese Mona Lisa. I christened her with drops of perfume of Chinese lilies. The book case in my library is screened by Chinese embroidery that has the pond lily as its motif. Scattered throughout my rooms are Oriental candle sticks that have come from the temples themselves. Had the purloiner of these been detected in his sacrilegious act he would have been beheaded.

At home I always wear Oriental robes. I do this for two reasons. The colors and designs delight me. And when I don them I feel as though translated across the Pacific to a land of delicious mystery. With the touch of the silken sleeves

of a Japanese kimono or of a Mandarin coat I feel as though I am being submerged in rose leaves, lost in a delightful, perfumed temporary oblivion. My mother, sitting in front and watching me play Tisha with a realism that appalled her said: "I don't know where she got it. I can't account for it."

I love the charm, the mystery, the satisfied, I-have-learned-it-all air of whatever pertains to the East. They do know it all. Lady Duff Gordon says that the Chinese learned all that is to be known about colors ten thousand years before we were born. What has the Indian who wove the variegated rugs with the very bloom of departed flowers upon them to learn about textiles? What does the calm-faced Japanese need to learn about colors or philosophy or the efficiency of every day living or the art of keeping a secret?

I quote from an authority on Asiatic learning. "As is well known, China long ago discovered everything. This fact was not realized by Rosel von Rosenhof, who confidently thought that he had found the first amoeba in 1775. Little did he dream that Fu Hsi—mythically styled the first

Chinaman—had stolen the glory of its counterpart by a little margin of more than 3,000 years. The find was given to the world in a perfectly modern way, with unusually clever advertisement. Fu Hsi declared that while thinking over the knotty problem of the universe, a dragon horse skimmed over the water toward him. The dragon horse bore on its back some mystic symbols, subsequently used in all forms of Chinese art, which contained in their few lines the world and all that is in it, beginning with the amoeba.

"The first symbol was called the Tae-Keih. This was a circle divided by a curved line into two nucleated cells. One of these stood for the female principle (yin), as the earth and moon. The other cell denoted the male principle (yang), as the heavens, the Sun.

Yih King, which Confucius edited, explains at great length and convincingly at least to me, that the health, happiness and peace of individuals, nations and the universe, depend on the balance maintained between these two elements. Disease, war and chaos result from lack of balance between them. From Tae-Keih sprang other symbols, known as the Eight Mystic Trigrams. They are made up of straight lines representing the male element, broken lines standing for the female element, or both which signifies a union of the two elements. These eight mystic trigrams are heaven, which the Chinese believe to be completely male. That may be the reason why all of the angels were pictured by the ancients as male. Mist, steam and all (Continued on page 100)



"I HAVE heard the call of the East. I shall follow it, into the very heart of the East itself. I shall go to Asia to solve its mysteries. I shall go to Japan, to India, to China, into the inner chamber of the heart of the East."

"I SHALL go alone . . . I do not know what experience awaits me, but I have the conviction that I shall return from it reinforced by some knowledge I now lack."

"MY mind holds not the slightest doubt that some of us have flashes of memory of another life . . . These memories go as they come, quickly; but by their intermittent light they have enabled me to play the roles of defiant, code-flaunting women."



David Berns

MILDRED HARRIS' baby-days were spent in a studio—she really grew up with the films. It is not surprising, then, that she lately elected to continue her screen career in preference to making an appearance on the stage.



Nelson Evans

ALICE LAKE made the trite transition from comedy to drama with surprising swiftness and grace. She has improved her performances until her slapstick days are now forgotten, and her dramatic future looms brightly.



Alfred Cheney Johnston

IF we were Pearl White's presto-agent, we should not hesitate to acclaim her the queen of camera emotion. She assumes a new personality every time she faces a photographer. She is now appearing for Fox in "The Thief."



Melbourne Spurr

ONE of our finest native screen actresses: Rosemary Theby. She has, in her celluloid career, essayed every conceivable kind of role, and has always acquitted herself with distinction. Miss Theby now has her own company.



Alfred Cheney Johnston

HAROLD LLOYD: a new portrait. This young comedian depends so little upon makeup—not even excepting his specs without glass—that he is never grotesque. Some day, he says, he may take up directing, just as a recreation.



Freulich

KING and coloraturas, poets and painters, may come and go: what concerns us is the latest screen star. Universal answers by introducing Eva Novak, very young and very blonde, as the new addition to their stellar ranks.



Nelson Evans

HOPE HAMPTON is a southern girl who came to the screen from dramatic school. She has made three pictures, the latest of which, "The Bait," directed by Tourneur, reveals her as an actress of undoubted talent and charm.



Miss Mary Pickford, or Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. An etching, the fourth of a special series, drawn for PHOTOPLAY by Walter Tittle. Next month, Madame Olga Petrova.



We have, directly above, the Baby Vamp—the first period in the Life of a Siren. One acquires the curls at an early age to be able to discard them as one progresses. The Pleading Eyes are absolutely necessary. One simply cannot be a Baby Vamp—aged five—with-out them.



The second stage—the stage of dance programs and frat. pins, matinee idols and misunderstood love. Our Vamp was a Pittsburgh sub-debutante then, with no thoughts of the theater and its myriad opportunities for successful sirening. Plumes and pleading eyes are *always* good.

Along about the late teens or early twenties, one must develop a thoughtful mien and a Hebe hair-dress. These make one seem much older than one really is, and aid one in a dramatic career, as our heroine found. She is now Mrs. deWolf Hopper and a full-fledged actress.



The Evolution of a Vamp

IT is only fair to say that Hedda—or we should say Mrs. Hopper—was born with extraordinary equipment. One must be born with that Pleading Look elsewhere pictured on this page—several times. It cannot be acquired. Eve had it, also Helen of Troy and Cleopatra. Men see a woman with it and then wonder why their wives cannot dress and walk the same way. Hedda has it; Hedda has always had it. And it registers. It registers to the tune of a higher remuneration weekly—a polite and polished reference to paychecks—than any other nonstellar lady receives in pictures today. It registers while its owner steals the picture from the star. And still Hedda is a devoted wife and mother to Big Bill and Little Bill respectively—referring to the deWolf Hoppers, Senior and Junior.

The present and ideal Vamp may be seen at the left. She is a gorgeous and exotic creature at whose shapely feet men fall, both on and off the screen.

NON-ESSENTIALS

The story of a wife who refused to
be humbugged out of her husband

By

NORVAL RICHARDSON

Illustrated by May Wilson Preston

WHEN Mrs. Scotwell saw the expression in her husband's eyes, as he said something to the woman sitting beside him, her memory stirred, awakened and finally throbbed. How long since she had seen that look in his eyes! Ten, no, twelve years now. It was also at a dinner; their first meeting; the beginning of their romance.

For a moment she felt thrilled, carried back on a wave of joy, then, quite as suddenly, horribly depressed; for in the end the sickening realization swept over her that the look that had stirred her had been directed towards another woman.

After a minute of reflection she gathered her forces and looked again. He was now talking to another woman, the one on his left, and the disturbing glow in his eyes had gone. She sighed with relief and picked up the conversation with the man beside her. But, alas, a little later—she could not keep her glance from wandering across the table—she saw the look once more spring into his eyes. This time she felt no thrill; her feeling was only one of alarm. Was it possible that after twelve years it was to be another woman who was to call back to life the glow that she herself had almost forgotten?

The question made her observe the woman carefully. Yes, she was good-looking. More than that, she was interesting looking. Black hair—blue-black, glossy, crinkling; an oval face; a small mouth with thin, sensual lips; large, grey, expressive eyes with little pin points of light in them that made them somehow desperately hard and desperately brilliant. The whole effect suggested ruthlessness. And there was something quite *un-American* about her, a little difficult to express exactly, unless this effect were produced by her voice which was rather high, crisp, with a slight tinge of British accent. Otherwise she was not particularly different from any of the other well dressed, well bred women at the table. Charm? Perhaps. But the charm of intellect surely; nothing to do with the charm that is made up of gentleness and sweetness and softness.

"Who is the woman sitting next my husband?" she asked the man beside her.

"Mrs. Havilow—a writer, I believe—vers libres or something of the sort. Hasn't been in New York for years, she told me. Finds us frightfully sentimental."

Mrs. Scotwell nodded, reflective. "Yes—she would."
"You mean?"

"Anyone who has lived in Europe a number of years would find us sentimental. Is she as interesting as she looks?"

"I've just met her."

"Yes—but long enough for her to tell you she finds us sentimental."

Her companion laughed. "That, I assure you, was done most impersonally. I suppose I should say she was as interesting as she looks—your way of putting it."

"My husband does too," she answered with a smile, but as she smiled, fear had hold of her again. For the third time she had seen the forgotten expression in his eyes. It was perfectly absurd, she said to herself, and yet the thought would remain. It rested in her mind with an almost fatal definiteness.

When they reached home that night she followed her husband into the nursery, a habit he had formed in spite of the threats of the English nurse. Watching him as he leaned over the little white-enamelled, befrilled bed and gazed at their two year old baby, their only child, she felt the fear which had swept hold of her earlier in the evening return and gradually die away. With very deep conviction she realized how unfounded

all her flying thoughts had been. No matter if she no longer called to life that glow in his eyes, their child did. That was her safeguard and his. No matter what might happen, this little being, lying there calmly between them, would hold them, chain them, together forever. That was the binding tie above everything else.

But even so when she turned into her room she could not resist saying casually: "You liked Mrs. Havilow, John?"

"Yes. She's interesting—immensely so. I haven't met a woman like her for ages."

"Attractive?"

"Very."

"Are you going to see her again?"

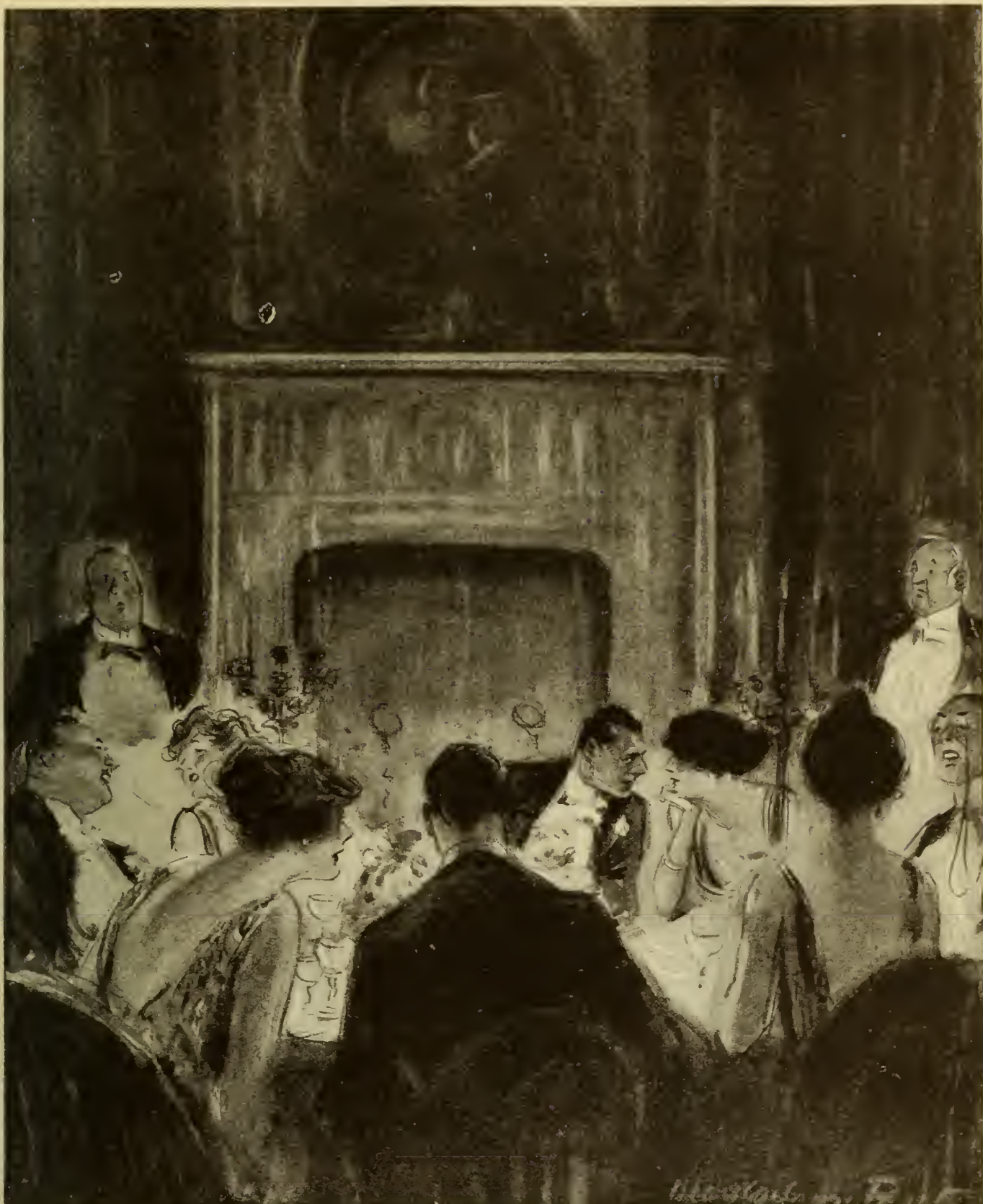
"She asked me to tea tomorrow."

Alone, in her own room and in bed, Lucy Scotwell could not put the strange obsession from her. The past twelve years rose and seemed to call to her for consideration. They had been very happy years for her; and for him too, she was almost certain. Almost? No, she was quite certain. Certainty of success had come from their both entering the married state with a frank admission to one another of their characters, their qualities and lack of qualities. She had never pretended that she would eventually become his intellectual partner. They had laughed a good deal over this during the short courtship. She had asked him several times if he did not think he needed an intellectual wife—if an author should not marry a woman who could help him with his work. He had held up his hands in horror and scouted the idea. An author was just exactly like a stockbroker; when he finished his day's work he wanted to forget it; he did not want to go home to the same thing. No, he could never love an intellectual woman; there was something sexless about them; they were a bit unnatural. What he wanted was a woman who would make a home for him, give him love and affection and sweet companionship, a woman who would make her home her mission in life, who would have children and give her husband what so few seemed to have these days—a quiet haven that was filled with peace and restfulness. That was what he craved more than anything else in the world—almost more than success. She could give him that, he was sure of it, and in doing so she would be helping him in his work and make him the happiest man in the world.

Well, she had given him all that, but in doing so had she made him the happiest man in the world? He had had his share of success; he appeared to be the most contented of men; and so far as comforts went she was sure that she had soared in that direction. It had been one of her most constant endeavors—making him comfortable. And he adored their child.

But suddenly, after twelve peaceful years, she was faced with the question of what, deep down in his heart, he thought of her. Strangely enough, it had taken another woman, or at least her husband's expression as he looked at another woman, to create such a question.

With that clear, acid light that accompanies one's thoughts in the middle of the night, she saw for the first time that her relations were a bit too cut and dried, too much taken for granted, too much a part of everyday life. Adventure was missing, had gone by the board years ago, and with it that expression in his eyes when he looked at her. Was this the normal result of peaceful married life? Were the majority of married women experiencing this gradual drifting away from romance into an existence made up of a calm, satisfying com-



Drawn by May Wilson Preston

He was now talking to another woman, the one on his left, and the disturbing glow in his eyes had gone. Mrs. Scotwell sighed with relief and picked up the conversation with the man beside her.

panionship and physical comforts? Was it impossible to go straight on to the end with a glow in the eyes? Why not? Why not? She loved her husband as deeply as ever. At times her happiness thrilled her. Why could he not be the same? Was it that eternally discussed difference in sex? Was it a law of nature that women should be satisfied and contented while man wearied of repetition?

She forced such reasoning from her mind, determined to go to sleep. But instead of sleep came the vision of her husband looking at another woman as he had once looked at her.

He came in late for dinner the next evening.

"You must have enjoyed tea with Mrs. Havilow," she said, with an expression meant to be casual; it was in reality a mask to hide anxiety.

"Yes—she was tremendously interesting."

"An intellectual woman?"

"Brilliant."

"I remember you once said intellectual women were a bit unnatural—lacking in sex. Does that apply to her?"

He looked up with surprise. "Did I say that? Sexless?"

No—I don't think I should say Mrs. Havilow was lacking in sex. But I didn't really have time to think of that."

"Time?"

"I mean—we were discussing everything under the sun. By the way, she asked if you were going to call. Are you?"

"As a rule I don't care for women who ask married men to tea and forget they have wives."

"Don't blame her. It was my fault. As a matter of fact, it was my suggestion. We were in the midst of a discussion when dinner ended and had no chance to continue it. I said I would call if she would let me."

His defense appeared to her somewhat significant. She let a few moments pass in silence. Then: "Would you like me to call?"

"I'd like to ask her to dinner."

"Then, of course I'll have to call."

The call was not very successful. Mrs. Scotwell tried to find a subject of common interest; Mrs. Havilow made no effort in that direction. Home life was evidently not her field. The difficulties of the servant question, the high cost of living, the thousand and one little details that make a home maker's life so absorbing, aroused her only to an indifferent yes and no; and she took no pains to keep her caller from realizing this.

Rising to leave, Mrs. Scotwell could not resist a slight thrust. After all, it was only human.

"My husband enjoyed meeting you so much. I hope you will dine with us some evening. It will give him—us—so much pleasure."

Mrs. Havilow smiled and there was a little kindling of the pin points in her eyes as she accepted.

The dinner was more successful—from a conversational point of view. Mrs. Havilow was brilliant. She sailed high upon what was, for the moment, her absorbing interest—American literature of today. She found it good, vital, original, close to real life, a new sort of realism. But the method was—if she might be excused for saying it—a little too careless. Even if the subject chosen for exposition were, in a way, vulgar, ought not the author to show that he was at least viewing it from a background of culture? It was that which, she felt, would keep American writers of today from becoming permanent. They were not creating literature; they were merely reflecting life. They were recounting their daily lives. Scotwell refuted her argument. A sincere account of life was literature. Sides were taken. Everyone waited impatiently to bring in an opinion; everyone except Lucy Scotwell. She listened, a bit bored and oddly worried. She had again seen that look in her husband's eyes.

Her own attitude annoyed her. It was so unusual and so foolish. She had never felt this way before. She wondered if a certain definite quality in the present situation had forced this uneasiness upon her. But, after all, what did she fear? Her husband's interest in a brilliant woman? Nothing could possibly come of it. Mrs. Havilow had already mentioned that she was returning to France within a month. Nothing

could possibly happen in a month; at least nothing that would be important in a period of twelve years' routine.

But, alas, Lucy Scotwell's opinion of a month was far from correct. Nations have risen and fallen in a month. A whole life has been lived in that time. One day may be longer than a hundred years.

The sudden development very nearly, though not quite, swept her off her feet. She only saw Mrs. Havilow three times; but during those meetings she studied Mrs. Havilow more deeply than she realized. And studying her, she analyzed the difference in them. Mrs. Havilow had brilliancy, wit, and a certain sort of—not exactly beauty—but presence. Life, the mere living of it, was remote from her. Somehow one could not imagine her going to bed at night or getting up in the morning or doing all the little necessary things that must be done. She seemed to have discarded all such things and was existing in a mental atmosphere. On the other hand, Lucy Scotwell, made of all these little details adventure and consequently achieved a certain homeliness, comfort, pleasantness, that made her personality and charm. One felt comfortable and agreeably happy with her. Above everything else she was restful. She knew this and she knew its power. It was her metier and she made a success of it. She knew too that her husband needed just what she gave him: but she was clever enough to know that what she did not give might charm him. To what extent it would charm him experience had not yet shown her.

During the week which followed her second meeting with Mrs. Havilow she pursued her metier; she even concentrated on it. More than ever she made, as she would have expressed it, her husband more comfortable than ever. She carefully overlooked his clothes—he was rather fussy about them without the desire to bother with them himself; she valeted him in a way that very few women are capable of doing; she saw that his study was cleaned without anything being disturbed; she gave particular care to seeing that old pens which he preferred were not replaced by hard, new ones; slippers and dressing gown were always where he expected to find them; she showed no disappointment and asked no questions when he began to dine away from home almost every evening; she saw that favorite dishes were served with prodigal repetition whenever he was at home; she dressed the baby in things he had expressed a preference for; she instructed the nurse to offer no objections to any whimsical ideas he might have in regard to the baby. In a word, she worked silently and efficiently and with an object. And all the time, without actually knowing it, she was aware that her happiness was trembling.

The first really alarming sign was her husband's continued absence from home. Another was that he was not writing at all; and up to the present he had always been rather methodical about that. And again, his almost exaggerated attention to the baby was carried to an extraordinary extent. She found him every morning in the nursery and after luncheon he would sit beside the little white bed while the baby slipped off into her afternoon sleep. Once she found him (*Continued on page 82*)

Emotional Moments

In the life of Tessie Jazzfoot, Cinema star, showing our curly-haired, big-eyed and long-lashed ingenue registering—



Fear



Love



Hate



Here is the imposing castle of King Arthur with its nine towers, eighteen feet in diameter at the base and ten feet at the top—the tallest is seventy feet high. Director Emmett Flynn built it on the California plains. The courtyard is 300 by 250 feet. The siege of the ancient castle by an army of armored knights and their followers mounted on motorcycles is an astonishingly weird sight.

King Arthur's Court



Harry Myers plays Hank Morgan, the intrepid Yankee, who startles the ancient court of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table with his slang, his six-shooter and his marvelous modern makeup.

A Mark Twain
classic turned into a
screen farce

MARK TWAIN must have anticipated motion pictures when he wrote "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." Never was a tale more admirably adapted to the screen than this great comic romance. It was William Fox who saw its picture possibilities and converted it into celluloid, and it loses nothing in its translation. The story concerns itself with the adventures of Hank Morgan, a present-day Yankee hailing from Hartford, Conn., when he finds himself in the old England of King Arthur's time. There is amusing contrast between the ultra-modern Yankee and the dignified and doughty knights of the court. Hank's knowledge of modern inventions makes him hated by Merlin, the magician, who finds that his own magic loses its glamour beside the wonders of telephones, six-shooters, gunpowder and motorcycles. Hank rescues the beautiful Lady Alisande from the castle of the wicked Queen Morgan Le Fay as the finale of his thrilling adventures.



Here is Merlin, the mighty magician, righteously piqued by the mightier modernities of the Yankee interloper. Of what avail is sorcery against inventions such as automobiles and plumbing for the Royal Bath?

How a Stage or Screen Marriage Can Be Made Happy

As Marjorie Rambeau Told It to Ada Patterson.

THE marriage of people of the theater should be the happiest in the world. If it were possible to top that statement I would say that the marriage of an actor and actress for the screen should be still happier. Such marriages may be the ideal translated into the real. I can give my reason in one short, and I hope strong, sentence: Because they understand each other.

Creators, or if you will, interpreters, of character, live in a different world from other folk. Small wonder that we puzzle the kind people who pay for their tickets and sit in front and watch us or listen to us or both.

The folk who sit out front have the same basic emotions as ourselves. "The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under the skin." I grant that, but we of the stage and the screen live nearer to the skin as it were. It is easier

to prick us with the pin point of circumstance. Our response is swifter and shriller. We are perhaps more sensitive, more "touchy," and without doubt we are more articulate. What we feel we put into speech. And we do not mince that speech.

What I have just said is true yet figurative. Let me be direct and specific.

The actor is trained to express by gestures. The rest of the world is taught that to gesticulate is bad form. I know a college girl who met one of America's brightest stars at a dinner. She was charmed by the actress's modesty, by her quaintness and her wit; but when, to express a point, the star raised her dainty hand and curved her white fingers into the semblance of a claw, the college girl was pained. Within the walls of her world, gesture, save by an orator on the platform or a histrion on the stage, is the acme of bad form. She confided to me the story of that dinner and of her disappointment. She said: "I was shocked to discover that Miss — is not well bred." Another world!

Other girls are taught that a scene is vulgar. Actresses learn early that scenes are effective. A play is built by scenes. The actress builds her career by her playing of scenes. To her, then, bursting into tears in a more or less public place, is natural, proper, right. To quarrel, if quarrel one must, hotly, publicly, is also to her natural, proper, right. Any other girl feels that having participated in a scene, she has lost ground. An actress feels that she has maintained her ground.

The rule of the laywoman's life is to repress—repress—repress. The rule of the actress' life is to express—express—always express.

Fancy a man born and bred in that world, far from the stage! Fancy him married to a young woman who gesticulates and makes scenes. The first time they quarrel he will believe that his world is crumbling about his head and so it may—his kind of world. If he were an actor he would watch his bride play the scene. He would not try to stop it. He would watch it with the zest of a theater-goer and participate in it with the technique of the player. And when the clouds have cleared away nobody will be any the worse. It is simply a scene, and he and the wife of his bosom live by scenes. Since they do so live, a tiny tumult in the home circle does not greatly disturb either.

The man and woman of the stage have the same interest. What interests one never fails to interest the other. Whereas the broker who comes home and talks of the antics of those curious animals, the bulls and bears, catches his wife yawning. The surgeon who talks of an operation is commanded by his wife to cease his gory details. A lawyer who talks at home about his work in court is likely to be informed with spousely candor that he is tedious. An editor's wife becomes "sick of that old paper."

But the artist of the stage never tires of his art. He consumes it and it consumes him. It is a theme of endless interest. If he has married a player they have a never-ceasing topic of conversation. Their interests are fused.

To become figurative again, they speak the same language. No strange tongues will fall upon their mutual ear. They have a common basis for life



"I loved my husband the first time I saw him. When he came into the room I felt: 'There is the one man in all the world with whom I could be happy.'"



Abbe

"The marriage of people of the theater should be the happiest in the world — because they understand each other. . . . The rule of the laywoman's life is to repress. The rule of the actress' life is to express."

happiness, the basis of a common, never-ending interest.

I said the chance for happy marriage on the screen is even greater than on the stage. I repeat it. Their lives are even more perfectly blended, for they lead a wholly normal life. They work by day and sleep by night. They can go to a play or see a picture together. They can have a fixed home, the precious privilege allotted the motion picture player, which the wandering actor craves and envies.

I loved my husband the first time I saw him. When he came into the room I felt, "There is the one man in all the world with whom I could be happy." I don't know why it was. I only know it was. And that it is. If anyone had said to me on my wedding day that I would love Hugh Dillman more than I did then, I would have said, "That is impossible. No one can love anyone more than I now love him." But I do love him more than I did on my wedding day. As the

days and months pass I love him more. We are nearing our second anniversary.

On my wedding day I was as happy as any mortal could be, but I grow happier and happier. One reason is that I have found the right man for me. There is an interesting theory, a mythological tale, that in the beginning human-kind was cut into two equal parts and that all of us are fragments of that dissevered whole. We search the world for the other half of us. If we find it, happiness is our lot. If we make a mistake and get the wrong half we are the reverse of happy. So pitifully many find the wrong half and mistake it for their own! I know I have found my right half, the right man for me.

Another reason is Hugh Dillman's beautiful unselfishness or selflessness. When we were married he said: "My dear, in every theatrical couple there is one who has been gifted with the greater talent. If they know (Continued on page 105)

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



WILLIAM DE MILLE

BECAUSE he has created a new school in the films, a school of simplicity; because he was a writer of stories and continuities before he began to direct; because he has put literature into pictures without mangling it in the process; because he wears a small, crushed and battered hat while directing; because he is himself reminiscent of the heroes of Locke and Barrie; because he advocates the single tax and spends his spare time explaining it; because he knows men as well as books; but chiefly because he has overcome the obvious handicap of being merely Cecil de Mille's brother.



OLGA PETROVA

BECAUSE she was a successful newspaper woman before she ever went on the stage; because she made "Panthea" one of the realest women in the gallery of theatrical portraits; because she is a very good cook; because she champions the artistic future of the screen; because she speaks many languages, both vocally and histrionically; because she has formed her own ideals and stuck to them; because she recently broke all headline records in the varieties, singing her own songs; because she is happily married; **AND** because she writes as brilliantly as she acts.



ELLIOTT DEXTER

MRS. SIDNEY DREW

BECAUSE she originated a new kind of comedy without the aid of custard pies; because she wrote and directed the Drew domestic comedies and at the same time played a delightful Polly to Sidney Drew's Henry Minor; because she is fond of chocolates and dogs; because the comedies for which she was chiefly responsible converted to the screen many important unbelievers; because she married Sidney Drew and became related to Ethel, John and Lionel Barrymore, and John Drew; because she carried on after her husband's death as her own star and director; because she adapted "The Gay Old Dog," and because she directed Alice Joyce's best picture.



Charlotte Fairchild

BECAUSE he plays husbands with minds of their own; because you would never take him for an actor if you saw him on the street; because he has been for years one of filmdom's foremost leading men and remains modest and retiring; because his Japanese schoolboy cook makes the world's best pancakes; because he has made love to more beautiful women—on the screen—perhaps than any other one man; because he is a star without stellar billing; but mostly because, after a long and critical illness, he staged the most marvelously complete comeback in silver-sheet history.



Drawn by Norman Anthony

"Is she very gifted?"

Stage Manager — "Gifted! It's a poor day she doesn't get a necklace or something."



Continuous performances would be quite out of the question if they had

PHOTOPLAY'S ARTIST CHAP VISITS A LONDON KINEMA AND TAKES HIS OOLONG STRAIGHT

TIME: tea-time.

No Englishman can think of tea-time and sing "Britons never shall be slaves" with a clear conscience.

At that sacred hour workers stop striking, Royalty quits laying cornerstones, clerks leave off trial-balancing, M. P.'s drop dilly-dallying and everyone performs the Solemn Rite of Having One's Tea. This, obviously, so cuts into an afternoon that "continuous performances" would be quite out of the question if they had not solved the problem by arranging to serve tea on request at your seat. A neat tray holding the tea-things is brought in and fixed to the seat in front, as graphically represented above, and there one is.

From left to right, the tea-takers are:

A **FLAPPER** who came in to console herself with movies for the paucity of subalterns since demobilization.

A **SUBALTERN** who came in to console himself with movies for the paucity of flappers since demobilization.

CROTCHETY GENTLEMAN who thinks it's disgraceful and that something ought to be done about it (and who will probably get his wish).

FRANCIS X. O'HOOLIHAN, full of poteen but still dying for a cup of tea and refusing to take it in order to show his contempt for England and its ways.

YOUNG PERSON still suffering from—or, rather, thoroughly enjoying—the Mary Pickford complex.

ANGUS MACDOUGAL who has dropped his hat and is trying to pick it up without taking his eyes off the screen and losing a fraction of his three-and-six worth.

DEAR OLD LADY, taking a fly from her cup with the idea, not of saving her tea, but the fly's life, who thinks these new American films are perfectly dreadful.

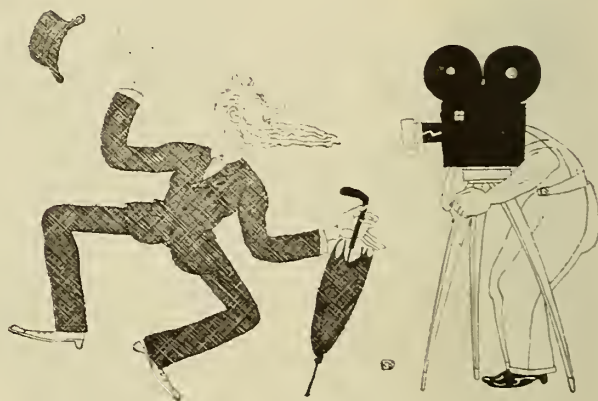
YOUNG ENGLAND, troubled with no such Mid-Victorian queasiness.

FRENCHMAN reading all the captions aloud and painfully. He has discovered that it is excellent practice in English—but he doesn't know what kind.

ENGLISH BEAUTY—frigid type.

AMERICAN LADY, one of those constant travelers whose desire to travel is a mystery, since she dislikes everything she sees, trying to tell all England what she thinks of it. "An' the boat tuh Southampton! Why, they didn' have no sheets ner anything an' they was fleas in the bunks!" **HER HUSBAND** wishes she wouldn't.

Having a **GOOD PIPE** where a pipe tastes good and is neither frowned upon nor forbidden.



MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW has at last, as everyone knows, allowed the cinema people to do one of his plays. This is not, however, surprising from one who has said that "the old game [painting] is up" and that "the camera has hopelessly beaten the pencil and paintbrush as an instrument of artistic representation." He could hardly have refrained from becoming, soon or late, a movie-author—but what we are waiting for breathlessly is to see the old fellow act for the films.



JUSTICE, the Rt. Hon. Sir Charles John Darling, the much quoted wit of the King's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice, was approached recently by an American moving picture concern's representative who asked permission to film a genuine murder trial from beginning to end. The cinema person was sent about his business with a few caustic words about there being a time and place for everything and the incident was closed.



not solved the problem by arranging to serve tea on request at your seat.

Sugar and Lemon By Ralph Barton

SO complete has been the conquest of England by American films and so thoughtfully have those films been chosen, with a view to their propaganda value, that any English school-boy can tell you to the last detail precisely what America is like. The hieroglyphic (shown below) was prepared, *di grado in grado*, from a careful description of the corner of Columbus Circus and 42nd Avenue, New York, given us by a juvenile cinema-addict.



MOTION-PICTURE (educational) of a good, 100% American, who, in order to obtain a passport to visit England, took a solemn oath to obey the Constitution of the United States.





Mr. and Mrs. Nagel. The lady refuses to be stage-doored — even by her husband.

CONRAD NAGEL is a nice boy. He is also a number of other things—one of our best young actors, a devoted husband, something of a matinee idol, an all-round athlete and a deep student of religion.

But he is first of all a nice boy.

His clean-cut English blondness is refreshing, his quiet, unruffled calmness of demeanor is pleasing and his application of the principle of life, as he sees it, to every thing that touches him is unusual enough to make a lasting impression.

After six years of stage experience, Conrad Nagel came to the pictures with a mind "open for instruction and a determination to round out what he knows of the art of acting by this work of pantomime." (That's the way he put it.)

In "The Fighting Chance" he gave a performance which is going to make other screen leading men sit up and take notice.

And it wasn't altogether an easy thing to play the hero of a book so widely known, and so generally loved, as the first Robert W. Chambers society novel is to the American novel-reading public. Almost everyone had some very distinct conception of "Stephen Siward." It speaks volumes for Nagel's art that he has apparently pleased them all.

He has followed "The Fighting Chance" with "Athalie" and is now engaged in playing the lead—and a very remarkable lead I am told—in William de Mille's production of "His Friend and His Wife" from Cosmo Hamilton's story.



With Lois Wilson in William C. deMille's production, "Midsummer Madness."

A Nice Boy, etc.

Referring to Conrad Nagel. (Etc. meaning a devoted husband, a brand spanking new father, matinee idol, etc.)

"I understand you've signed a five-year contract with Lasky?" I said.

"Well,—it's for as long as we both like it. I love the stage. I'm not giving it up by any means."

Some kind director had erected a lovely jungle setting—or perhaps it was only a garden—anyway, it was composed of palms, and ferns, and a wet sand floor—and we sought refuge from the hot afternoon sun beneath its shade.

He was getting ready to drive a roadster up several hundred feet of built mountain road, just exactly two inches wider than the car. He was as unconcerned as a May morning. In fact, his singularly contained, even temperament and bearing make the heights and depths for his emotional portrayals all the more amazing.

As a matter of fact, Conrad Nagel is an actor—and in some ways an actor of the old school. He believes in acting as an art. He believes in the actor who can act any part no matter how seemingly foreign to his own temperament. He believes in the fine touches, the deep study, the minute working out of a role, as a painter works out a picture.

Also, he is a bit particular about what he plays. On the stage, he liked best the part of "Youth" which he played in the wonderful allegorical production "Experience."

"I wouldn't play a part that I didn't think had something worth while in it. I wouldn't play in a production that I thought portrayed wrong ideas, wrong actions, or that might lead others to do or think wrong things."

"This world is too full of unpleasant things to make a business of doing them needlessly. William de Mille has that idea so clearly and he has, too, the great thing that an actor loves to find in a director—patience."

The Nagels—Mrs. Nagel, by the way, is pretty, brunette Ruth Helms, who appeared with him in a minor role in "The Fighting Chance"—are an exceedingly domestic family. They have been married only about a year and already little Ruth, whose age is not worth mentioning, graces their charming Hollywood home.

Oh, yes—he claims Keokuk, Iowa, as his birthplace.

"Who is it?" she whispered. "It's me—Ballard," came a muffled voice. She unlocked the door and it was flung violently open. Black Mike stepped inside.



OUTSIDE the LAW

Out of the plots of criminals
and desperate adventures by
night in the underworld
of Chinatown—Romance.

By
JEROME SHOREY

Sherlock Holmeses couldn't make, gets framed an' sent over the road f'r a flesh wound in a cop's shoulder. Now I'd like t' hear you talk, Chang Lo, and explain just how the benefits of runnin' straight come in fer the Madden fam'ly."

"Who can know the ending of a tale that is just begun?" Chang asked.

Moll's reckless, half hysterical laugh stopped a little knot of passers-by, who looked in curiously, and went on their way.

"Well, I'll tell you th' answer," the girl said. "I used t' think you was just a smart crook, usin' this honesty stuff to cover up with. Now I know different—yer just a fool Chink, livin' honest because yuh haven't got the brains t' be a crook. Go on sellin' tea an' kimonos to tourists—I'm Silent Madden's daughter, an' I'm out fer th' stuff. Goodbye."

To the patient Oriental mind, the anger of a moment is the fluttering of a leaf in a breeze—it changes neither the breeze nor

MEMBERS of anger glowed sullenly behind a mist of grief in the eyes of Silky Moll. Ordinarily the glances that followed Moll's slender figure, as she traversed the streets of Chinatown, were admiring and desirous. Today she inspired only wonder among her acquaintances as she slouched along recklessly, her shoulders bent by defeat, and the slumbering fury that transformed her pretty face was a warning to the inquisitive. So, heedless but unhesitating, she passed along Kearny Street, through Portsmouth Square, through the narrow alley that was the centre of her world, and into the bazaar of Chang Lo.

The tall, grizzled Chinaman, seated behind his counter and puffing lazily at a water-pipe, barely looked up as Moll entered. "That's what yer 'goin' straight' comes to—they've sent Dad up fer a year."

"American justice is strange—"

"Aw, cut the spiel," Moll interrupted. "The cops framed him, if that's what yer gettin' at."

"It is incredible—"

"Aw, you make me sick. I dunno why Dad ever listened t' you. He was some crook—wanted on two continents an' in seven states, an' they couldn't get the goods on 'im. Then he runs into you, and next thing, his career's ruined. Settles down runnin' a dinky faro an' fan tan joint, an' runnin' it square, barely makin' a livin'. An' th' guy that a whole army of

the tree. It would pass. He watched the girl with unchanged expression as she stamped out of his bazaar, and knew it was not time for him to tell her what he knew. Had he told her that it was not the police but Black Mike Silva who had "framed" her father, she was in the mood to hunt out Mike and fling herself at his throat. This would mean only that there would be no daughter to meet Madden when he finished his stretch, for Mike was well equipped to dispose of any person who might be a menace. His motive for getting Madden out of the way was simply that of the crook who fears a former accomplice who has reformed. From reformation, in the eyes of Black Mike, to active coöperation with the police, was only a step, and Madden knew too much about Black Mike and his gang. The solution was simple—make Madden think the police were persecuting him, and he would not be likely to give them any information.

All this Chang Lo knew, but with the fatalism of his race he hesitated to interfere with the destinies of others. At least, not just yet.

Knowing nothing of this, Silky Moll went direct from the bazaar of Chang Lo to the headquarters of Black Mike Silva's gang, and sought out the leader. Silva watched her warily for a moment, but her first words reassured him.

"Well, they got Dad and I'm on my own. I guess I don't need any letters of recommendation t' you, do I?"

"I'll say you don't," Silva assured her. "You want t' come in with us."

"You guessed it. You know my lay—society stuff. Got anything marked?"

"Come and see me tomorrow. I think I can use you," Silva said.

So Mary Madden was admitted to membership in the gang led by the man who had sent perjurers to the police with stories that put her father in San Quentin. But the quality of that membership was revealed in a different light in the conversation which ensued after her departure, between Silva and his trusted lieutenant, Dapper Bill Ballard.

"How'd you like a sea voyage?" Silva asked Ballard.

"Meaning what?"

The gang leader leaned across the table and checked off the points of his plan:

"There's half a million in sparklers in Morgan Spencer's safe in his house on Presidio Heights. He changes the combination every day and keeps the numbers on a paper in his pocket—never leaves him. Tomorrow night he's giving a big shindy.—sort of open house reception for some big mogul. You and the Madden girl go to shindy, get into room where safe is and send servant for Spencer. Chloroform Spencer, open safe and you get sparks—YOU, yourself, understand. Go to front door, open it, Madden girl goes out ahead. You slam door, beat it to back, and I'll be there waiting. Taxi in alley, down to old North Beach landing, boat to liner—captain's a friend of mine. Get it?"

"Almost. What about girl?"

"Solid ivory! Police have advance tip, but too late to warn Spencer. Grab girl. Find Spencer. While they give girl third degree we sail merrily to Hong Kong."

"Say Mike, what's the idea? Got a contract for framing all the Maddens?"

"We're not safe while that girl's loose. Chang Lo is on, and he'll put her wise one of these days."

"Why not croak Chang Lo, then?"

"Say, Ballard—d'you know how many graves is filled with guys that 've tried that? He ain't human. Nope. We'll get rid of the girl and make our getaway. By the time her and her old man is out, our trail'll be cold."

It is the business of the gang leader to know everything about his followers, but one thing he cannot always know—what they think. He knew all that Dapper Bill did by day and by night, for he had spies to watch his most "trusted" men and spies to watch his spies. But how was he to know, for who was there to tell him, that William Ballard was secretly in love with Mary Madden? Dapper Bill had no objection to the framing of Moll's father—that was all part of the game. But to frame the girl herself, and leave her for all time, sailing to the Orient while she went to prison—that was something else. Yet to refuse to carry out instructions was dangerous. So he hunted out Silky Moll to arrange a plan of action.

Characteristically, he told her nothing of the game that had been played upon her father. One thing at a time. She was suspicious from the beginning, anyhow.

"Why are you spilling this," she demanded.

Bill hung his head, sheepishly. "Well, I'm awful fond of you, Moll."

"Bull!" she snarled. "Tell the truth."

He told it by picking the girl up in his arms, and crushing her in a breathless embrace, from which she fought her way free like a tigress.

"Mebbe you believe me, now," Bill observed.

Moll looked at him, half furious, half interested.

"I'll believe you if you don't try that stuff again."

"All right. Then what'll we do about Mike? Better just let it drop an' lay low till he gets over his grouch."

"No, we'll go through with it, almost," she proposed. "Listen. This Spencer house covers three sides of a block. There's back and front, but there's one side open, too. The cops'll be waiting at the front, an' Black Mike'll be waiting at the back, an' you and me'll be beating it out at the side. We'll rent a flat uptown and lay low fer a couple o' weeks, and then we'll split and beat it. But remember—while we're in this flat, no more of that funny stuff you just pulled."

"You're on," Bill agreed. "We'll beat Mike to his own game, but when he gets wise—oh boy! Look out!"

"Listen, kid, I learned this game from a crook that was

a crook. Black Mike don't spell nothin' t' Silent Madden's daughter."

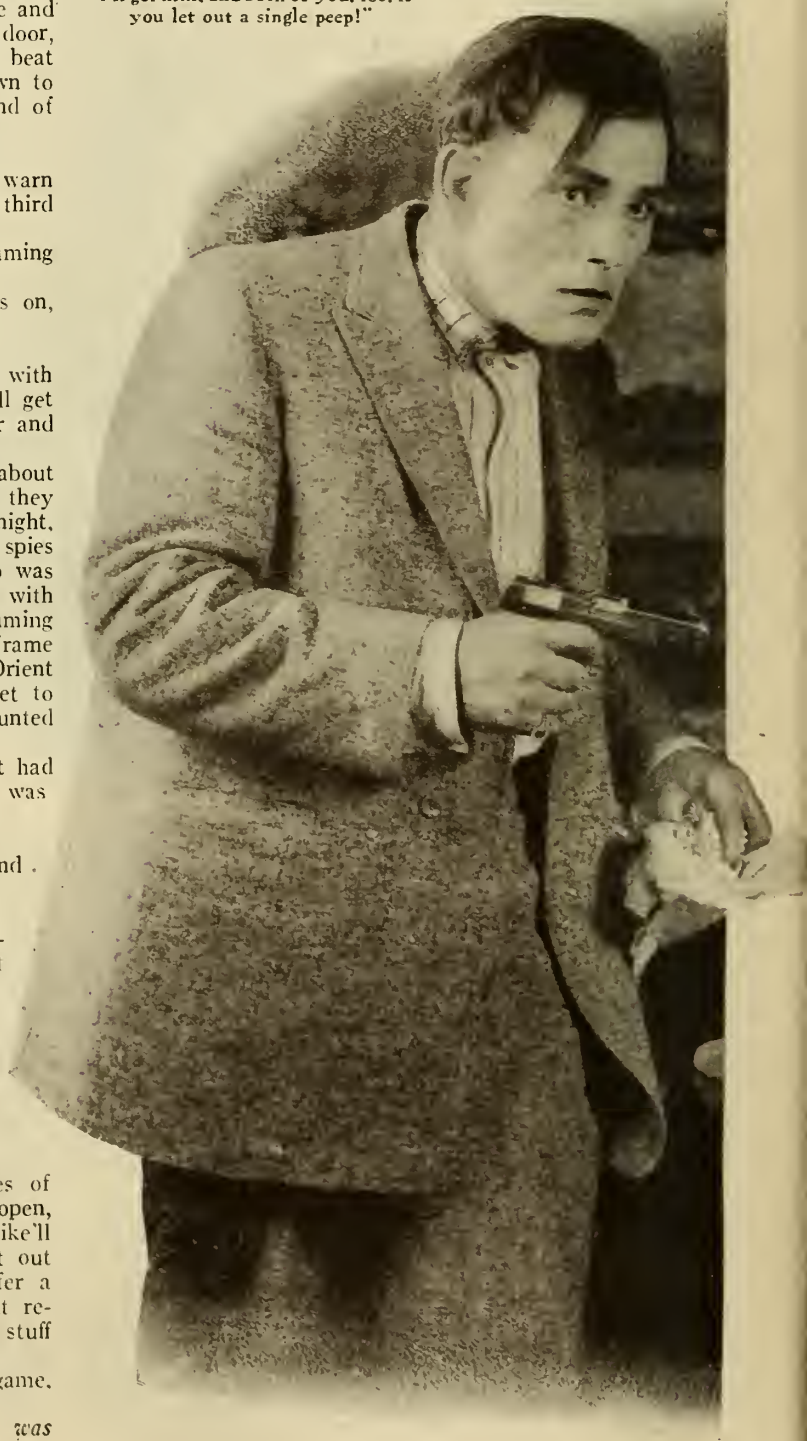
So carefully had Black Mike laid his plans, with accomplices inside the Spencer house and outside, that the programme proceeded without interruption, and the variation devised by Silky Moll and Dapper Bill was a complete success. While the police, suspicious when they did not receive the signal agreed upon, hurried into the house and found the owner of the jewels unconscious, and while Black Mike fumed and cursed, and finally escaped by a hair's breadth from the police, himself, a fashionably dressed couple drove up to an apartment house not far away, and took possession of a furnished apartment which they had engaged that afternoon, and into which they had already moved a large quantity of baggage, as if they were planning a long domicile. Careful not to hurry while there were others to see, when their door was closed behind them they listened breathlessly for several minutes.

"Well, that's all right," said Moll at last. "And now, listen—

"What's another cop more or less?"

asked Silva, with a sinister laugh.

"I'll get him, and both of you, too, if you let out a single peep!"



"I'm trusting you because you tipped me off to Black Mike. Be careful that I *can* trust you."

"Don't get me wrong," Bill replied. "I want to marry you, but so long as we're in this deal, I'm forgetting it."

They flattered themselves that they had covered their trail so perfectly that they could hardly follow it themselves. And while neither of them slept much that night, by breakfast time they were in a merry mood, and laughed together over the way Black Mike must be feeling, and the quandary of the police. While they were laughing the doorbell rang, and they looked at each other, startled.

"There's nothing to be gained by waiting," Moll whispered, and went to the door.

It was Chang Lo.

"How did you find us? What do you want?" Moll demanded as she pulled him inside and slammed the door.

He ignored her first question, and handed her a small bag, which jingled.

"Do not try to sell jewels," he said. "It would be fatal. This gold your father gave me so you could have it if badly needed. Goodbye. Be very careful."

"I don't believe a word about Dad and the gold," Moll replied. "But I get the idea, and we'll pay you back. Is there any danger of them finding us?"

Chang simply shrugged his shoulders. That was for the fates alone to decide—who was he to read their will? And he departed.

While the gold the Chinaman had brought, solved their immediate problems of existence, the fact that he had been able to trace them brought a considerable amount of worry. If he could do so, would it not be possible also for Black Mike? The police they did not fear so much, but the necessary trips which Ballard had to make for provisions were nerve-racking. Day after day of this confinement and strain began to tell on their nerves. Moll became quick-tempered and impatient. Bill kept out of her way as much as possible, and finally, prowling about the hall for relief, struck up an acquaintance with a small boy, who lived across the hall and bemoaned the absence of playmates.

Moll watched the strange friendship with open scorn, the friendship of a burglar and a baby. Her scorn became intense as Dapper Bill grew more and more sentimental.

"Gee," he said one day, "wouldn't it be great to have a home, and be married, and have a few kids like Little Billy here, and not to have to be worrying about cops—"

"I thought I told you to lay off that stuff," Moll snarled, in a strange, hard voice.

"I ain't sayin' nothin'." Dapper Bill pleaded. "But it would be great, just the same."

Moll sneered and left the two to their game. But the next day when the youngster fumbled his way into the apartment, Moll was alone. Dapper Bill had gone out to get cigarettes.

"Pitty yady pway wif Litty Billy?" the baby pleaded.

Moll shoved him away impatiently, and big tears came into his eyes. In an instant all the woman in her was awake, and dropping to the floor beside him she drew him to her, and outwept him with the first tears she could remember having shed in many years. It was thus that Dapper Bill found them, and wisely went on into another room without breaking the spell. In a few moments, Little Bill's mother came to take him home, and as she went out Dapper Bill and Silky

Moll looked into each other's eyes, and there was no trace of the hardness in the woman's glance, that had puzzled him.

"You're right, Bill," she said. "It would be great."





The necessary trips that Ballard had to make for provisions were nerve-racking. Day after day of this confinement and strain began to tell on their nerves.

"What would?" he asked.

"Stupid! What you said about a home, and—"

The rest of it was smothered. In fifteen minutes they had settled everything of importance concerning their future. They would get married immediately—today. Then they remembered for the first time since their new world began, why they were where they were.

"What about those—" and Mary—she was Moll no longer—pointed at the hiding place of the jewels, beneath a pot of ferns.

"We've got to give them back," she said, firmly.

"Aw—" Ballard began.

"We're going straight," Mary insisted. "Suppose that baby out there were ours, could we look him in the eye?"

Ballard saw the point. They would take the jewels to Chang. He would arrange some way of returning them. Making a bundle of the glittering fortune, they started out. As they opened the door they saw, leaning against the opposite wall, nonchalantly carving his finger nails, Black Mike Silva. Without a word, all three went back into the apartment.

"Never mind the alibis," the gang leader said. "You tried to double-cross me and you didn't get away with it. But you've got a good hide-away here, and I'm staying till I decide what's best to do next."

There was another vacant apartment on the same floor, and Silva surprised them by agreeing to occupy it with Ballard. His instinct told him that there was no danger of the girl trying to get away without Dapper Bill. He could sense the close understanding between them. While the two men were arranging their new quarters, Mary returned the jewels to their hiding place. She would have been willing to let Silva take them, only that she could not feel free for the new happiness she had found until she had returned them to their rightful owner. So the interminable day dragged on, and early in the evening Silva announced with a yawn that he was tired, and led Ballard across the hall.

A few hours later, Mary, who had been unable to sleep, heard a soft tapping at the door, and hurried into a negligee.

"Who is it?" she whispered.

"It's me—Ballard," came a muffled voice.

She unlocked the door, and it was flung violently open. Black Mike stepped inside, closed the door behind him, and confronted the girl.

"Now I'll have the sparks, if yuh don't mind," he snarled. "Yuh thought yuh had 'em hid where I couldn't find 'em. Well—yuh got another guess comin'."

Involuntarily Mary glanced toward the ferns, and Silva sprang to the hiding-place.

"Fell fer an' old one that time, didn't yuh?" he laughed, as he tore the parcel from its place of concealment. "Well, yer friend is asleep, snorin' like a sick elephant, an' I'm off. Kiss him goodbye fer me, kid."

But Ballard had taken the precaution to keep a key to Mary's apartment and as Silva turned toward the door, he looked into the muzzle of Dapper Bill's gun.

"Drop that bundle an' up with yer mitts," Ballard commanded.

Mike knew his man too well to disobey. Mary picked up the bundle.

"Hurry an' get dressed," Ballard said to her. "We're leaving."

Then came another knock at the door, no gentle tapping this time, but a loud thumping that sounded suspiciously like a night-stick. This time it was the police. There could be no mistake—nobody else knocked like that.

Ballard and Mary were thrown off their guard by the startling sound of the police knock just long enough for Silva to draw his gun and cover them.

"What's another cop, more or less?" he said with a sinister laugh. "I'll get him, and both of you too if you let out a single peep."

Ballard laughed.

"Hurry into some street clothes, Mary," he said.

"Mike's gun aint loaded. I fixed that while he thought I was snorin'."

Slowly feeling his way toward the door, keeping Silva covered with his gun, Ballard placed his hand on the knob. Silva could not understand his game. Then, with a jerk, he threw the door open, and Donovan, one of the huskiest, if not the brainiest man on the force, leaped in and grappled with the first man he saw, which naturally was Silva. Ballard having concealed himself behind the door. While the struggle was going on, Ballard slipped into Mary's room, and together they hurried out of a side door and down to the street.

Chang Lo was immersed in his nightly reading of the analects of Confucius, when they reached the back room of his bazaar, which served as his library, kitchen and bedroom. But his greeting was as casual as if they had come to buy a bit of porcelain. Nor did he betray astonishment when they explained what had happened to them—their desire to reform, and the visit of Black Mike.

"All is well," he said calmly. "Your father has been released and is at home waiting for you. The police have learned of their mistake. I will now take these jewels to them."

Madden was raging like a wild beast when Mary and Ballard found him, and his anger was redoubled when they told him of the trick Silva had tried to play on them.

"Well, that's all right," Mary assured him. "The police have got him—he won't get away from Donovan—and Chang says they want him for fixing your frame-up."

But Silva did get away from Donovan, and in his desperation he summoned his forces for a battle, a battle of the gangs such as is known only where death stalks by night in big cities. By the wireless of the underworld the call went out, and through cellars, up fire-escapes, across roofs and among the rabbit-warrens of Chinatown, the forces of Black Mike gathered. But even as a wireless message may be intercepted, so the news came to Madden of Silva's preparations.

"Get Madden, the girl, and Ballard," were the orders, and gunmen who lived only for the lust of blood asked no questions. Mike was confident that the Spencer (Continued on page 108)



With Gertrude Selby in "It's Easy to Make Money."

A Lesson in Love

By BERT LYTELL

Who admits right at the start
that he knows very little about it.

THIS love business is so woefully misunderstood by nearly everyone, anyway! I might as well confess right now that I know very little about it. Of course you might say that no man makes a good lover except our Italian count, who has no land; or a Frenchman, who is eternally bowing; or a Russian with a soul, and I'll admit there's some truth to it. What's the matter?

The answer: there's not enough perversity in the world. People are continually insulting each other by being "just the same" every time they meet. She will ask, "Will you love me this way always?" and he will answer, "Till the stars grow cold!" What an insult to their abilities—to love someone just the same, or until the stars grow cold! Love must be a different love each hour, each moment, and as for the stars, you must swear the stars down, and not reckon with timely things when you're on such a timeless subject as love.

Most people seem to think love is a physical reaction—see someone you fancy, effect: cold sweat, rising and rapid dropping of temperature, a loss of appetite, a rush of appropriate words to the lips, a divine and hitherto unknown light to the eyes, and presto—love has been accomplished! And I say, that love is the stretching of all that is insufficient to the needed dimension. If you have not got the goods, you'll lose. History only records a few lovers as it only records a few poets, a few painters, a few martyrs—every woman and every man may not have it, the real, the miraculous, the unalterable, undying thing. Why expect it? It is for the chosen, and the rest of us must do the best we can or make as exact copies of the masters as our natural ability and any acquired skill makes possible and pleasing—for only a few are born to receive love.

Take the vampire. Some people make the mistake of taking her seriously. As a matter of fact, the safest woman in the world is the vamp. She is the fire extinguisher of love, and as dangerous as all signs to "Come on in, the water's fine" are dangerous. You might as well say that a detective could catch his prey if he shouted, "Hist, I'm from Scotland Yards," or a mouse-trap its mouse if it had a song and dance attached to its otherwise silent profession. A vampire is the eternal exit, the place where you turn aside, the door out, the window left open.

Of course there is a real vampire. She doesn't wear knives like a facade, however, or a leopard skin like a saddle. No—the real siren is a pink and white little thing who keeps a mint lozenge under her tongue, who wears the latest in ankle straps



"The real vampire doesn't wear a leopard skin like a saddle; the real siren is a pink and white little thing with a mint lozenge under her tongue."

and who has a chaperone who's always on the point of turning her head away.

I may say that we have both kinds of love and both kinds of vampires—real and imaginary—on the screen. Our lovers of the male variety are only too often young and pretty heroes; our girls, those sleek ingenues with prop curls and vapid smiles. A person with a past in a picture must necessarily be the villain of the piece. As a matter of fact, few men like to love ingenues. For my part, I like to play opposite a screen-woman with a past, who has lived, a someone about whom you can say, "Well, when she liked me, she knew what she was about, because I'm her choice—her second choice—the reason she turned away from all other men." Of course most people make the horrible mistake of being jealous of another person's past. A person without a past, good, bad, or indifferent, is like a sea without a coast. I would say choose your past—it's an important thing and you cannot be too meticulous in your choice.

The American woman wants her movie hero—and her real-life hero, too—to be a man who can make love, a man who can ride horses and do stunts—and also a man, I feel, who has some sweet gift of hidden evil in him, which he handles more beautifully than the swordsman his blade, or the card-player his ace. His triumph over this evil is the proof of strength that always calls forth woman's best instincts—and her keenest admiration and applause. All men are inherently actors, and all actors play for applause.

I want a little house somewhere in the country, a horse or two. I don't care for motors except for the moment that comes into every man's life—when there is a great distance to cover between your dentist and yourself. A little leisure to lie on my back and read, and I'll confess it, I should like to have a cellar, a deep and broad cellar holding all the wines that be—and then I'd entertain. Of course I am married. I have been married for a long time.

A LITTLE RIDIN' FOOL

"A LITTLE ridin' fool."

That was the verdict of the cowboys when Aileen Ray made her debut on horseback before the camera. Riding comes almost as natural as walking to Miss Ray, for she was born and reared in the cattle land of West Texas.

She can rope and saddle her own horse as handily as any cow-puncher. If the pictures ever prove too tame for her she could earn her living as a "regular hand" on the range.

Miss Aileen has been featured in the two Tex O'Reilly pictures, "Honeymoon Ranch" and "Crossed Trails," and will appear this year in a series of O'Reilly western stories. In both pictures she is given ample opportunity to show how to make a cow pony behave.

Aileen is a newcomer in the pictures but she has dashed on the screen with a flying start. First came a short experience on the stage as a dancer. Aileen can dance as well as she can ride. During the war she was featured in a dancing act which toured the training camps in the south under the auspices of the War Camp Community Service.

Then came her introduction to the camera in six of Tex O'Reilly's westerns now being released. Then came "Crossed Trails," and the rest—and Aileen of the ponies, both ballet and ranch, is still riding.

Although she is a "little ridin' fool" and a dancing will-o'-the-wisp, Miss Ray is besides a serious-minded young person who reads and studies and takes her work very seriously. And she is one of the realest blondes on the screen.

San Antonio, Texas, to her, is "the old home town."



Aileen of the ponies—both ballet and ranch—is now riding for the films.

WHAT A WONDERFUL BLONDE!

If you wonder how she happened to stroll out to the Mack Sennett lot that afternoon two and a half years ago, she raises a pair of delicious blue eyes and "doesn't remember."

If you question her about the reason of her success and if she likes her work she crosses a pair of ankles Diana might have envied and "doesn't know."

So there you are.

It isn't often that you meet a girl whose features are actually so thick with sheer prettiness that she startles you. Harriet Hammond really does. It's quite impossible to form the slightest estimate of her, her character, her personality, because she affects you like a big bunch of dewy American beauty roses.

She has, too, rather a surprising background for a comedy girl—though it's difficult to tell why one should automatically associate jazz, excitement and luxury with these queens of the fun world.

Harriet Hammond lives with her mother and father and a high-school brother in a sedate and quiet old house, in a quiet, old neighborhood far from any motion picture studio. Her home is exceedingly tasteful, and it looks as though it were a home with experience and traditions and not merely a place to hang up hats and eat breakfast.

She is an important member of the family, but by no means to the exclusion of the rest of the family. Brother's experiences seem quite as important.

She has never worked for anybody but Sennett, and has appeared recently in "Don't Weaken" and "By Golly." She has recently signed a contract with Sennett that insures her appearing in comedy for at least another two years.



Harriet Hammond affects you much in the same manner as a big bunch of American beauty roses.

MACK SENNETT said it when she first stepped upon one of his comedy stages. Other directors said it when they first saw her sprightly shadow upon the screen. And finally the public said it, until now—

Harriet Hammond is becoming famous as the prettiest girl in comedies.

But there's another reason why she ought to be fitted with a real nice little niche in the well-known hall of the immortals.

She would without a doubt make the best witness that ever sat in the witness chair.

She's forgotten and doesn't know more things than anybody that was ever cross-examined.

But when you look like that—you can get away with anything, that's all.

If you ask her how she happened to go into pictures she smiles divinely and murmurs, "I don't remember." (Good old alibi.)

And if you ask her if she has any ambitions to go into drama, she sighs sweetly and declares gently: "I don't know."

BROADWAY'S HANDSOMEST HERO, AND—



James Rennie, if we are to judge by the consensus of critical opinion, is Broadway's handsomest leading man.

WICKEDEST VILLAIN ON THE SCREEN

BROADWAY'S handsomest leading man and its wickedest villain, if we are to judge by the consensus of opinion of the dramatic critics of New York, have made their respective debuts on the screen.

James Rennie is the handsomest hero and he made his celluloid bow to the world and his wife and children when he played Dorothy Gish's husband in "Remodeling a Husband." "Jim" Rennie, as his friends call him, or Captain Rennie, R. F. C., as he is known in the war records, was won to the studios from the leading male role with Ruth Chatterton in "Moonlight and Honeysuckle."

The handsomest hero is a Canadian, born in Toronto, and freely admits he is thirty years old, never been married, never uses brilliantine on his hair, wore a Lew Cody mustache long before Lew himself ever dreamed of such indulgence, has a fondness for *belles lettres* (another name for sensible poetry and good fiction) and his favorite dish is spaghetti. Also, he never has used an alias, although he admits that James is more appropriate for a butler than for a hero.

When Jim Rennie started to be an actor, in 1908, in Detroit, the stage manager of the little company he had joined insisted upon putting him down on the program as "Launcelot LeDeaux." Jim swore that if that went in the program he would surely speak his lines in hog-latin, so the stage manager let him use his own name—and he has been using it ever since.

He graduated to Broadway and then came to the films.

He says he is wedded to the movies although in a sprightly aside he whispers that he is also going to continue making love to beautiful stage ladies between pictures with Dorothy Gish and other stars. He is now busily engaged in making "Spanish Love" in the stage play of that name.

AND now for the wickedest villain. Of course you know his name—Broadway's smoothest, slyest, slickest serpent in the guise of man. This is not our comment—it is the essence of the compliments showered upon the head of Lowell Sherman. He is no ordinary villain. He has studied villainy until, with him, it seems almost excusable.

In "Yes or No," his screen debut with Norma Talmadge, he was just as mean to the heroine as he was in the stage play, "The Sign on the Door," in which his victims were, first, Mary Ryan and later on, Marjorie Rambeau.

Unlike James Rennie, who was originally intended by his doting parents to become an architect, Sherman comes of a theatrical family. His maternal grandmother was Kate Grey, who acted with the elder Booth. His own father and mother were professionals and he began when he was only three or four years old, posing in a tableaux. However, his real debut was at the age of fourteen when he appeared in the old Fifth Avenue Theater in a vaudeville sketch. Then, like many another novice with promise, he acted with Nance O'Neil and



Lowell Sherman practicing his particular methods of villainy on Alice Brady in "The New York Idea."

McKee Rankin. Two seasons ago he appeared in no less than six Broadway plays, in all of them winning the most ardent hisses of any actor on the Rialto. He is soon to be featured in "The River's End"—the dramatic version now in rehearsal on Broadway.

You saw his seducing *Sanderson* in Griffith's "Way Down East." And you will see him with Alice Brady in Realart's "The New York Idea." You will cordially hate him in every one. But villainy is art just as any other form of artistic expression is art. And if you don't believe that villainy is artistic, watch this smooth fellow who looks as if he had been born in an evening suit and who makes the basest of his crimes seem most attractive.

ROME WASN'T BUILT IN A DAY, BUT—

This is Thrums, which grew out of
a Long Island lot almost overnight.



ONE day there was a vacant tract of land at Elmhurst, Long Island, with only a sign telling the world that it had been bought by Paramount Pictures. The next day—or in a day or two at the very most—there stood, in the same spot, a quaint, rambling little town; a town that should have been in Scotland, not Long Island. A town where Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy," in his screen incarnation, was to live again. Here is Thrums, before the workmen finished it.



AND after. A corps of carpenters worked night and day, under John Robertson's direction, to make this faithful replica of the village of Thrums that James Barrie wrote about. When the time came to "shoot" the scenes, smoke was curling from the chimneys and folk in quaint Scotch attire began to people the streets and step from the doorways. So Gareth Hughes as Tommy felt at home, and even Barrie himself would have recognized the village about which he wrote so sympathetically.

Good and Bad Taste in Clothes

Suggestions that will help you progress
socially and in business.

By NORMA TALMADGE
Photoplay's Fashion Editor

I HAPPENED to be walking along the street once last summer with a woman whose business success is well known. It was the luncheon hour, and women of all types were hurrying past us. My companion eyed one of them as she went by. "Can you tell me *why* a business girl will wear a fancy sports sweater to the office?" she asked despairingly. "Did you see that girl who just passed us? High heels, patent leather slippers and a sweater! I wish some one would tell girls how a cheap, common appearance like that holds them back in the business world."

I've thought of that remark a good many times since then, and it brings a whole string of questions in its train. What constitutes good taste in clothes? Why are certain garments appropriate for some occasions and wholly out of place for others? What is the keynote to appropriate and distinctive dressing?

Bringing the questions down to their simplest answer, one may say this: That good taste in dress simply means a proper knowledge of colors, the requirements of the individual figure and the kinds of fabric to be used for certain purposes.

I believe there are very few women—practically none—who are not anxious to make a good appearance. Every one of us would like to be dressed as prettily and becomingly as possible. Then why aren't we? Simply because many of us fail to study our own figures, to learn what styles suit us and what kinds of clothes are best suited for our work. Clothes are no more important to the professional woman than they are to women in any other walk of life—but *our work has made us think of them* and study them and learn how to get the best results with the faces and figures we are endowed with. For that reason I may be able to help you somewhat in this important question of distinguishing what is worth while from what is worthless, and how to know yourself—your good points as well as your bad ones—in order to learn what you may wear to the best advantage.

Going back for just a moment to our little girl of the sweater, I should like to say that the well-dressed business girl wears the same sort of clothes when she goes down town to work as the society debutante wears when *she* goes down town to shop—and they are not at all the sort of clothes that the debutante wears when she golfs or plays tennis. A tailored suit with a white or colored blouse, or a trim serge gown, walking shoes with stockings to match, this is the sort of apparel that will give the business girl variety and the comfortable sense of being smartly and suitably dressed for her work.

In planning your wardrobe the most important fact to keep in mind is that the dress most suited to your needs is the one most becoming to you. If we all remembered this there would be no chance of seeing the spectacle of a soiled afternoon frock worn to the office, or a business girl arrayed in an elaborate blouse and high-heeled, freakishly-colored shoes.

In a previous article I spoke of the uselessness of trying to appear smartly dressed unless one's hair, complexion and teeth were well cared for. I should like to repeat this and to emphasize it in every possible way. The girl who washes her hair at regular intervals and who keeps it satin-smooth with

much brushing will have an adornment that is far more attractive than jewelry. Cold cream judiciously used, a correct diet and a good powder will keep your complexion fresh and charming, and frequent visits to the dentist should be one of your articles of faith.

Speaking of faith makes me think of the mid-Victorian lady, who said to a friend: "My dear, let your faith be like your stockings—always fresh, always white, always ready to put on at a moment's notice."

Coming back to the question of good taste in clothes, one of the first things is to find out just how much you can afford to spend on dress each year. If you are a business woman you will have little or no use for an elaborate afternoon frock or frilly wash things for morning wear, but you will need a tailored suit or its equivalent—a tailored frock and long coat. Also you will probably need a dinner or evening gown. If you are a home girl you will want a tailored suit, an afternoon frock, and an evening dress. If you go in for

sports, there is a totally different set of clothes to be considered.

But whether you buy many clothes or only one gown for each season, study yourself before buying them. Learn the lines that suit you and the colors that you wear best. Each season brings forth a whole range of new colors and shades, as well as new lines in the suit or dress. Some of these may not suit you at all, and you make a serious mistake in buying anything simply because it is the "craze." No matter what the prevailing style may be it can always be readjusted to your type—providing you know your type and insist on having it considered.

Some people who cannot have given their subject much thought, talk seriously about a standardized dress for women. It's all nonsense. Would you wear a navy blue suit if you knew every other woman you were going to meet would have



Charlotte Fairchild

"If your mind is awake to the possibilities that lie in proper dressing," says Miss Talmadge, "it will also be awake to other things of interest—and therein lies the secret of charming personality."

on one? Certainly not. You'd wear pink or green if you couldn't get anything else, but you *would not* wear blue! Life is serious enough, with men going about in sad-colored blue or gray or black, and hideous hats. We are here to give sparkle and color and beauty to life. Why, if it should be a law that we wear clothes alike we'd turn our coats wrong side out and stick a red feather in our standardized hat—but we would *not* look like everyone else. Women have the individualistic viewpoint. We always have had. When the cave men went hunting for mates, did they find us in groups behind trees? They did not. There was only one of us behind each tree—looking sweetly unconscious, of course, but determined that there shouldn't be any other leading lady when the abduction took place. And we will continue to hold the individualistic viewpoint, it doesn't matter how many babies or votes or careers we have.

I haven't the slightest doubt that Mrs. Stone Axe made her husband bring her a different kind of fur than that worn by Mrs. Many Battles—and she was right in doing so.

Along with the standardization question is always coupled the accusation that women spend too much time in getting in and out of their clothes. It is the favorite argument of the so-called "strong minded" type of women that we should so systematize our clothes that we might get into and out of them as quickly as a man gets in and out of his. But, after all, it isn't method that counts nearly so much as results. If you can't get the time in any other way, try rising a half hour earlier in the morning and give that half hour to adorning yourself. More happy homes are broken up by wives who look unattractive in the morning than through any other one cause. If you go down town each morning to earn your daily bread and butter it is quite as necessary that you take plenty of time to arrange

carefully the details of your dress and hair. No woman can dress in the time that her husband or brother can—at least, if she can, she shouldn't. If she does, she will not look so well-dressed as he does. Our clothes are made that way.

There is only one friend in the world who will tell you truthfully just what your shortcomings of face and figure are—that is your mirror. Have you sometime spent more money than you could afford on a pretty frock or hat and then been disappointed when your mirror showed you the result? I think we have all had this experience at some time or other. One of the best ways I know to avoid such an experience is to don an old dress that you have always known to be more than usually becoming, stand in front of your mirror and find out from your reflection *why* that particular dress makes your figure look so well. In this way you will find out whether a high or low waist line gives the best result, what sleeve length is especially good on you, and whether a high collar, V-shaped neck line or square neck opening is best for your type of face. All these questions and many, many more your mirror will answer truthfully if you give it the opportunity.

If long lines in a dress or suit are becoming to you, by all means wear them. Do not let the fact that it is pretty, or that your dressmaker favors it, influence you into buying a ruffled frock that cuts off your height, makes you look stout and robs your figure of grace. The woman whose figure is inclined

to be ample should make a religion of long lines; trimmings should run up and down, never around, this type of figure. The girdle dropped well in the front will aid in giving the effect of long lines, so will a deep neckline in front. If you are thinner than you care to be, don't emphasize the fact by wearing evening clothes that reveal protruding collarbones and sharp elbows. Low cut gowns and bare arms are not for you, but you may have tulle or chiffon skilfully draped to conceal these defects. By way of compensation, your thinness will permit you to wear ruffy, billowy things that the stout woman may only look at wistfully.

On the decorative side of one's wardrobe the matter of jewelry is an important feature. Some girls may wear necklaces—any kind of a necklace—effectively, while others look like Christmas trees when they attempt this sort of adornment.

Again, your trusty mirror will tell you if you can or can not wear a necklace, also what length it should be to harmonize with the contour of your face. If you have especially lovely arms you may wear bracelets—otherwise it is best not to call attention to them. The same thing holds true of rings, for heavy rings will only emphasize short, stubby fingers.

The girl who has a great deal of personal charm will find that soft, inconspicuous lines and colors will emphasize that charm, while flamboyant clothes will kill it. If you lack color you will find all the deep tones of red becoming; on the other hand, you must keep away from pastel tints. The lucky girl or woman is the one full of vim and enthusiasm, coupled with a petite face and figure. Such a one may wear the most extreme creations of the modiste's art, knowing that she will look well in all of them.

Some women seem to know line and color instinctively. If you have seen Mary Garden on the concert or operatic stage

you have seen the *dernier cri* in graceful lines that give charm to every movement of the body. I cannot imagine Mary Garden doing an ungraceful thing or wearing clothes that did not in some subtle way enhance the beauty of her form. "That's all very well," I can hear some one say, "but we can't all have figures like Mary Garden." Perhaps not, but we can all try to make the best of the figures we have—and this includes a knowledge of correct standing and walking. How many women do you know who stand gracefully? And do you ever think about the way so many women stand, with one hip down like a tired horse? There's no beauty in that—nor restfulness either. An eminent authority on hygiene has given the following rule for the correct standing posture:

"The erect standing position is maintained by holding the body as tall as possible without actually rising on the toes. In this way the trunk is given its greatest length, all muscles are perfectly balanced and none are overworked."

Sounds easy, doesn't it? Why not try it for a while?

No one can be graceful and heavy-footed at the same time. Correct walking means that you must lift the body up, walk quickly and avoid putting your full weight on your feet at each step. Bodily exercises will aid in giving you poise, and poise comes from sureness of oneself, the knowledge of an alert mind in a healthy body.

There are many tables of (Continued on page 108)

Miss Talmadge Says:

GOOD taste in dress simply means a proper knowledge of colors, the requirements of the individual figure, and the kinds of fabric to be used for certain purposes.

THE well-dressed business girl wears the same sort of business clothes when she goes down town to work as the society debutante wears when she goes down town to shop.

IT IS useless to try and appear smartly dressed unless one's hair, complexion and teeth are well cared-for.

NO WOMAN can dress in the time that her husband or brother can—at least, if she can, she shouldn't. If she does, she will not look so well-dressed as he does. Our clothes are made that way.

YOUR mirror will answer many questions about your requirements, if given the opportunity.

WE can't all have Mary Garden's figure, but we all can try to make the best of the figures we have—and this includes a knowledge of correct standing and walking.

YOUR husband's morning impression of you is the one he is going to carry through the day.

CLOSE-UPS

Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

The Inspired Titlers. "The play's the thing" is all right enough in its way, but most motion-picture producers put more faith in the title. Robert Edeson has been engaged to play in the Metro production, "Are Wives to Blame?" Ben Ames Williams wrote the story, which as a tale was entitled "More Stately Mansions."

The Tyranny of the Director. Several years ago, Photoplay Magazine inveighed against the menace, the tyranny of the star. Then the star outweighed every consideration, every reason, every bound of common sense. That tyranny, we are glad to say, has passed. We are optimists. We knew it would pass. There are other tyrannies to come. Some of them are here. And they will pass. But they will pass more quickly if their abuses are given a little airing.

The directors, having obtained what was honestly coming to them, are in too many instances turning into tyrants. There are perhaps a half-dozen master-minds in the directing end of motion pictures whose czardom is justified—far-seeing, broad-gauge men who not only have the gift of bringing a story to moving life, but possess as well a natural feeling for dramatic construction, an instinctive understanding of that human character which is the life of any narrative, and a shrewd finger for the public pulse.

But who is the average "star-director" of the hour? What sort of man is he? What has been his training—what are his especial gifts? He is, as a rule, a very young man with the impatient assurance of youth. Usually he has been made by one or two phenomenally successful pictures, pictures which may have been phenomena at the box-office because of their highly interesting subjects, possibly selected by some obscure, unrewarded person.

What happens next is not his fault, for he is starched out of all human semblance, blown up like a balloon and cranially inflated by a series of wild competitive offers from managers who seek anyone or anything that has the tang of success. His salary goes somewhere between thirty and seventy thousand dollars a year. Now, no one is able to tell him anything; no one is competent to assist him, or pick stories for him, or casts, or even to help him write titles!

Most tragic of all, he is too often, in the end, unable to help himself. For months or perhaps years, he continues to litter up the scene, shooting millions of feet of film, causing

colossal advertising expenditures, malreating really great novels and plays, helping, or hindering, this or that acting star. A few of him realize the unbakedness, the crass ignorance of the average young man in the arts—a few of him, learning on foot, so to speak, really come through. But not many.

Let us hasten to add that the young director is more sinned against than sinning. If he shows a flash of talent, his situation is more dangerous than that of the friendless pretty girl against the world. The careless autocrats put him, without education, without maturity, astride the optic Bucephalus, and hand him not only the reins, but a whip and spurs.

Back to the Palmy Days. The new scheme of Famous Players-Lasky to put all-star casts in their best pictures is really not a new scheme at all, but a common-sense application of a principle most liberally applied in early American theatricals by A. M. Palmer, Lester Wallack and the unforgettable Augustin Daly—and later used with magnificent success by Oliver Morosco on the Pacific Coast. The carefully formed stock company, containing many fine players of different qualifications, has always been the soundest basis for true theatrical progress. It has not always been expedient to have such a company; in fact, practical finances nowadays almost certainly forbid it. Star salaries have risen to too great a figure and the public demand for those stars has been too clamorous and insistent for the theater manager or the theatrical producer to hold any stock organization together and keep his head above the money waters.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE long ago pointed out that the possibilities of picture making in Los Angeles afforded practically the only remaining opportunity for a return of the great days of stock playing as exemplified two or three decades ago in the East and only a few years ago in the West. Between the average "stock company" as it is to be found in the inland cities and towns during the summer and the stock company of artists of the old days there is of course a tremendous gulf. But it looks as if de Mille were going to revive the old stock glories in the great aggregation he is getting together on his lot in Hollywood, and whose first joint effort will likely be "The Affairs of Anatol." This is reminiscent, too, of the days when Mr. de Mille's father, the late William C. de Mille, was writing "Men and Women" and "The Charity Ball" for David Belasco.



WEST IS EAST

A Few Impressions
By DELIGHT EVANS

I NTERESTING Women
Seldom Keep their Appointments.
If they do,
They are Never
On Time.
They always Arrive Breathlessly
After you have Been Waiting
For About an Hour,
And Rush Up
With a Soft Scent of Jasmin about them,
And a Swish of Silk, and
An Apologetic Smile.
"Oh," they Say.
"I am So Sorry.
I Can't Tell You
How Sorry I am.
But you've No Idea
How Many People
I Met on the Way.
A Girl
I Knew at School—and
My Manager, and
Then There was
The Traffic Jam"—
There's always the Traffic Jam—
And so she Goes On, and On.
And Invents Brand New Excuses
And Likes them So Well herself
That she Makes Up Others
To Use
At the Next Appointment
That she's Late for Now.
You Forgive her—you
Always Do. You
Can't Very Well
Do Anything Else.
So, when I Made My Appointment
With Katherine MacDonald, I
Was Prepared
To Tell her
I Really Didn't Mind—
That it was a Pleasure to Wait for her—
And a Lot More Like That.
Because, the More Beautiful
And Feminine
They Are, the Longer
They Keep you Waiting.
So I Took my Time, and Strolled in
The Hotel, and Thought,
"I'll Just Sit Here and
Wait a While" and
While I Sat There, someone
Came Up to the Desk
And Asked for Miss MacDonald, and
Disappeared, and then someone else
Wanted to Know if she
Was In, and
Disappeared, too; so I Thought,
"See—she is late"—and Waited.
And then after a while,
A Very Pretty Girl
Came Up: She Looked at Me, and
I Looked at her.
"Are you by any Chance
Waiting for Miss MacDonald?"
She asked.
"Yes," I said in a Reproachful Way.
"Well," she Smiled,
"I'm so Glad
To See You. I Thought Perhaps
You weren't Coming.



"I know my pictures could be much better,"
said Katherine MacDonald.

I've been Waiting
Half an Hour!
Stealing my Stuff!

But she Doesn't
Fit In, you see.
In fact, you have
To Reverse
A Lot of Rules
When you Meet Katherine.



"I didn't know their language," said
Winifred Westover, "but good acting
is the same—even in Sweden!"

For Instance, any Other Woman
Who is Known to the World at Large
As the American Beauty, would,
You Suspect,
Begin to Believe it Herself.
Not Katherine.
"I Never have
Taken that Very Seriously,
You Know," she Said—
And she has
A Real Voice—
Not One of the Purring Kind—
"No one with
Any Sense of Humor would.
I Know my Pictures
Could be Much Better.
But I hope that my Acting
Improves a Little
In Every One.
You Know," she Leaned Forward,
"I'd Like to do
Characters. I Wrote
A Story Myself, that we
Are Going to do,
And I don't
Play Pretty in it,
Either."
She Said
She'd Be Glad
To Get Back
To the Country—California—
Because New York
Is Too Rushed.
"I Came to See
Mother and Mary—
(Mary MacLaren)—
And I Haven't had a Chance
To Be with them
More than a Minute.
There's My Contract
To Renew, and
Shopping, and
Theaters—"
And Still
She Keeps her Appointments!

Winifred Westover
Just Came Back
From Sweden.
She Actually Made
A Picture Over There.
Most Stars
Go Abroad, and
Stay Awhile, and Buy New
Antiques and Send
Picture Post-cards, and
Worry about the Weather—
But
They don't Make Pictures.
Winifred Worked with
An All-Swedish Company, and
"I Didn't Know a Word
Of their Language," she says, "and they
Didn't Know Mine. But
Acting—Good Acting—is
Pretty Much the Same
All Over the World, and
We Made 'The Smile That
Was Found Again' without
A Hitch.
I'm Going Again Someday."



The Shadow Stage

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*A Review of the new pictures
by Burns Mantle and Photoplay
Magazine Editors.*

By

BURNS MANTLE

"Dead Men Tell No Tales" is pure adventure, not always logical but never dull. It is a well-acted story of the theft of a ship of gold en route to Australia. Catherine Calvert and Percy Marmont play the heroic rôles, with Holmes Herbert as the Squire.

IT'S a rare world the movie folk live in. Take the office boy who reluctantly lets you through the trick gate in the reception room for example. You may think him stupid, or pert, or impudent, or plain lazy. But he isn't. He merely for the moment isn't there. He is mind-wandering in a far country—where the day after tomorrow he will succeed Wallace Reid as a great hero. And the stenographer, black satin back bent over her machine. Tired? She? Perhaps, a little, if she should stop to think of it. But just now she is trotting through the Bahamas with the Talmadges taking snapshots of herself among the palms. And the boys who write the stories of the pictures—the stories of what happened on location, or the story back of the story the picture tells! What reporter's job ever offered more alluring chances for descriptive stuff.

When, for example, Tom Terriss started the screening of "Dead Men Tell No Tales" for Vitagraph he went in search of an old English house that would serve for exteriors and interiors, and one that preferably should be in a wood and near the water. And found one. Coming back to the office he may have remarked, casual like, that he had discovered a "funny dump" down on Long Island that was just what he was looking for. Or he may have agreed that it was "a peach of a place." Or suggested that it looked for all the world like an old Gothic ruin. But, whatever he may have said, when the boys in the press room got through with his location it had become "an ancient ancestral home surrounded by an estate of about 3,000 acres of pine woods and firs."

"The mansion," they explained, "has more than a hundred rooms, was built fifty or sixty years ago, and modeled along the old English style. The original owner, to satisfy the whims of a woman, traveled the whole of Europe collecting antiques and marvelous wood carvings from palaces in Italy and the chateaux of France, chartered a vessel to bring back all his priceless possessions, together with Belgian, Italian and English workmen of the highest order to fix the interiors in the proper style of the period and to paint upon the walls copies of Italian and French painters."

Rot? Not a bit of it. That is what makes the movie world so wonderful a place. When you see that country house on Long Island as a part of the Terriss picture you can quite easily imagine anything that the most imaginative press man could write about it—even, that "although having cost \$3,000,000 it was almost immediately deserted," because "the woman

jilted the owner and he shot himself in one of the bedrooms. "No one ever lived in the place," runs this delicious story; "it is presumed to be haunted, and the furniture and beautiful antiques were sold for a mere nothing, leaving only those which could not be removed—"

And then we have a picture of the Terriss company going to Penbridge Hall to live, slipping hesitatingly into the chill and ghostly bedrooms, seeing nothing, fortunately, of "the gray ghost which presumably walks the corridors at night," but being aware of many strange sounds—the faint strumming of an old harpsichord, for instance, which "murmured plaintively to the accompaniment of the soft sighing of the wind outside."

Stuff and nonsense? Nothing at all like it. Merely a friendly tip as to what you can easily read into the background of this particular picture, and increase your own enjoyment of the adventure when you see it. It doesn't follow that all picture descriptions are to be trusted. Or that more than a small percentage of them succeed in so cleverly catching the spirit of what the director had in mind when he "shot the scenes." Not all the press boys have the gift of feeling a background or of filling in with convincing imagery the gaps in the manuscript. But it was so well done in this instance it set us thinking of what a wonderful world it is in which the movie folk live.

The Terriss picture, made from one of the best of the E. W. Hornung novels, is pure adventure and nothing more. Not always logical. Not always convincing. But never dull and frequently most realistically filmed. The ship wreck is especially well done. According to the plot, the rascally Santos, a subtle villain and heartless, has induced the English squire, Rattray, to finance a scheme to get a lot of money by blowing up a ship carrying gold bullion to Australia. Rattray, being no more than half a villain, agrees to the scheme only on condition that no lives shall be lost. Santos, however, knowing from experience that the only safe witness to crime is a dead witness, prepares to blow the ship and all the innocents aboard to kingdom come, or, failing this, to send them to the bottom of the sea in sinking life boats. Only the heroine and Santos and a lieutenant will be permitted to escape in the captain's gig. The detail of that wreck, of the preparation for it, of the happy passengers innocent of any impending disaster even while the powder streams are burning beneath the deck on which they stroll, and finally the explosion, the rush for boats, the fights in the dark, the struggles in the water,—these scenes are all ex-



The theme of "The Thief"—i. e., the extravagant wife—has been used in a thousand plays, but Pearl White has several opportunities to indulge her gift as an emotionalist. It is good melodrama.



"Dinty" is a great picture for the youngsters, with melodrama sufficient to hold grown-ups. Wesley Barry is a natural actor. The effectiveness of this picture is doubtless due to Marshall Neilan's understanding of boys.



In "The Riddle: Woman" Geraldine Farrar plays the usual sort of movie heroine, who revenges herself on her deceiver, by strangling him when he menaces her domestic life. It is mildly interesting, scenically excellent. William Carlton is the villain.

ceptionally dramatic. And afterward, with the escaped hero on the trail of the Santos gang, there is good dramatic suspense with only a few scattered weak spots when the lack of a reasonable logic is irritating. It is also well acted, which the adventure picture must be to save it from itself. Catherine Calvert is the heroine, stepdaughter to the villain, loved of the squire and won by an honest voyager who escaped the plot. George Von Seyffertitz is a plausible villain, Holmes Herbert a good squire and Percy Marmont not exactly a dashing romanticist, but an intelligent player and persistent lover.

THE THIEF—Fox

THE theme of "The Thief" has been used in a thousand plays and will be used in a thousand more. The unhappy wife who runs her struggling husband into debt that she may have the fine clothes he so much admires when other women wear them, and then is faced with the necessity of paying for her extravagances, usually with her wifely honor if she will save her husband from disgrace, is a very pillar of the melodramatic arch. Pearl White's second feature picture, which is the Henri Bernstein "Thief" play, therefore has not the element of novelty to commend it. It gives the actress several splendid opportunities to indulge her gifts as an emotionalist and creates a reasonable suspense as to the manner in which she will escape the net that is shown tightening around her. But her plot builders, Max Marcin and Paul Sloane, have not done particularly well by her. They focus the dramatic action, for instance, on an innocuous love letter written to the heroine by a callow youth and ask the audience to grow tense with fear of what the husband would do were he to discover the letter. The audience knows that all any sane husband would do would be to tear the letter up and spank the boy. Consequently the situation has practically no dramatic force. Neither has Director Chas. Giblyn been particularly happy in developing the mystery of the stolen money, or in pointing the finger of suspicion first at one and then at another; or in letting the youth's willingness to plead guilty to save his adored one come as a dramatic surprise. However, "The Thief" is still a good melodrama, and Miss White's following needs very little encouragement to develop its own dramatic suspense where she is concerned.

IDOLS OF CLAY—Paramount-Artcraft

WE suspect that Ouida Bergere's somewhat extravagant but richly colored narrative, "The Idols of Clay," had story value when she turned it over to George Fitzmaurice. But after Director George got through with it there wasn't a great deal left except a gorgeous jumble of striking pictures—pictures of an artist's garden in Greece, of great stretches of palm-lined beaches in the South Seas, moon-shot and sun-soaked; pictures of Limehouse London, in a fog and out of it; pictures of opium dens and burlesque theaters; pictures of grand halls and great dinners and pictures of many kinds of people—including Mae Murray and David Powell. But some way nothing seems to get beyond the picture stage. The principal characters are all supremely artificial; there is no grip to the story they tell because it never seems to be a real story. Thus Mr. Powell seems always to be giving an imitation of a young sculptor who renounces God in Greece because his celebrity-worshipping patroness grows tired of him and takes up with a fiddler. And Mae Murray and legs plainly indicate that they have been engaged for their pictorial rather than their dramatic value, when they romp out upon the scene as a beachcomber's daughter in a mysterious island of the South Seas, whither the sculptor goes intending to end his life and his career in a lingering debauch. Establishing these two thus laboriously the story continues hopping about from picture to picture until it fetches up in London with the beachcomber's daughter as a burlesque actress and the sculptor a regenerated soul knighted by his king. They meet again when she goes in search of him, and they part when he turns her over to the lady he loathes—she who had scoffed at him in the first reel—to be made over into a refined and cultured member of the aristocracy. They find each other again after the lady has made a wreck of the girl, as she had of the man, teaching her to use dope and to exhibit her charms in wild dinner dances, and they agree finally to toddle back to respectability together. Neither Mr. Powell nor Miss Murray has acted with more earnestness or with greater enthusiasm in any of their pictures.

DINTY—First National

MARSHALL NEILAN has a fine sense of comradeship with boys, and a human touch that, however obvious and conventional it may become, is usually effective. He is therefore able to direct young Wesley Barry in "Dinty" to that engaging lad's great advantage, even through a story in which Wesley is the freckled and loyal defender of a bed-ridden mother, with all the sob-stuff such a situation suggests. The scenes in which Wesley marshals his gang of newsies, fights the opposition, gets licked or licks the other fellow and finally triumphs, though his sad little mother dies, are sympathetically handled. It is a great picture for the youngsters, and with its melodramatic touches, and its sub-plot of romance is sufficiently interesting to hold the interest of the grown-ups. Young Barry is a natural actor, most natural when he tries least to be so. His homely little mask is eloquently boyish, his happy smile a shaft of sunlight piercing the gloom of artificial plots, his active little body a flash of real drama through even the most theatrical of situations. He is amusingly aided in "Dinty" by that comic smudge of negro black, Aaron Mitchell, and a 6-year-old "Chink" who adds both comedy and pictorial value to the scenes. The grown-ups include Marjorie Daw, Colleen Moore, J. Barry Sherry, Newton Hall and Noah Beery, and they are all capable.

RISKY BUSINESS—Universal

UNIVERSAL has discovered an attractive little flapper in Gladys Walton. Wide-eyed, youthful, spirited and pretty, she will be more attractive still when her directors and camera men and the lighting experts become more familiar with her best poses. In "Risky Business," the oft-told tale of the jewel thief and the trusting ingenue, she is duly put through all the grades of the movie prep-school and graduates well up in her class. Item: She badgers her debutante sister, who has advanced to the eyebrow pencil and lipstick stage of social distinction. Item: She romps playfully about the spacious grounds of her mamma's estate and as playfully tumbles her playmate, the juvenile, into the pool. Item: She steals out of her bedroom after her mother has forbidden her attending the masked ball, induces the jewel expert to take her to the party, there distinguishes herself by giving a wild little dance and escapes before anyone recognizes either her knees or her smile. Item: She learns that her sister is about to elope with an amorous villain and determines to save her, which necessitates fighting for her honor in the cabin of a yacht and swimming ashore after she has jumped overboard to escape his advances. Item: She trusts and finally reforms the bold jewel thief, and sends him away to make himself worthy so that he may come back in another picture and marry her. In all these exercises Miss Walton was letter perfect and really interesting, which is more than can be said of most first-season flappers. Harry B. Harris, who directed the picture, had some little difficulty in imparting gentility and ease of manner to his aristocrats, but the results obtained are reasonably satisfactory.

HELIOTROPE—Cosmopolitan-Paramount-Artcraft

"HELIOTROPE" has two outstanding virtues that are decidedly in its favor: First, its finished direction at the hands of George D. Baker, and, second, the original twist given the story by the author, Richard Washburn Child. Accepting the premise, which isn't strong in logic, the development of the plot holds well together. There is frequently a feeling that more could have been made of it; that the convict hero's determination to sacrifice himself that his daughter might never know who her parents were, and that she may be permitted to marry the rich young man who loves her, is rather lightly woven into the fabric of the story. But the working out of the convict's scheme of revenge, which is to inspire such fear in the heart of the girl's mother, who has threatened to betray the secret and blackmail the girl's guardians, that she will be thrown into a panic and abandon her schemes, is splendidly handled. It is "Heliotrope Harry's" plan to haunt his wife with the scent of the perfume which he knows will suggest his avenging presence and he keeps persistently upon her trail until, with his object accomplished, he leads her on to his own destruction and dies happy in the knowledge that his daughter

(Continued on page 66)



"Risky Business" is the oft-told tale of the jewel thief and the trusting ingenue, who finally reforms him. Gladys Walton, a Universal-discovered flapper, of great possibilities, is the ingenue.



Ouida Bergere's narrative, "Idols of Clay," is reduced, in picturizing, to a gorgeous jumble of striking pictures from Limehouse London to gardens in Greece. Mae Murray and David Powell play the leading characters earnestly.



"The Life of the Party" proves Roscoe Arbuckle's ability to conduct himself as a legitimate comedian. He plays the role of a fat mayoralty candidate caught outdoors at night in a pair of rompers. Julia Raye appears in support.

Famous Families of the



Charlotte Fairchild

The Talmadge trio—Constance, Norma, and Natalie. They have always helped each other along the glory road—Norma paved the way for Constance, and now comes Natalie. They are chums as well as sisters.

THE cinema is a craft which reverses all rules. To youth and beauty goes the palm which in any other profession would be handed only to sages of lifelong study. And this is not all: in the films there are not only famous individuals with the twin possessions which insure acclaim—but famous families; actually related collections in which the success of a brother equals the success of a sister; in which all the children are equally favored by Dame Fortune. We present, here, some of the most notable of these phenomena: sisters who have grown up together in the studios and are today as devoted to one another's interests as they were in baby-days; brothers who have worked together since boyhood and are still pals.



Shirley Mason and Viola Dana, both born Flugrath. Viola is Shirley's idol and has been ever since Miss Mason could toddle.

Below, Bushman and Son. Although Francis X. has been Ralph's father for nineteen years now, it is only recently that Ralph has followed him into the films.



Films

Demonstrating that "It runs in the family"
best refers to the motion picture art.



Hoover

How'd you like to have a big sister who makes you a present of a motorboat, an automobile or a new dog every day or so? And Anita Stewart ushered her young brother George into the film game besides.



Lottie and Jack Pickford don't resent it when referred to as "Mary's sister and brother." The Pickford family is as devoted as any you'll find in films. Lottie's little daughter is named for her famous aunt.



Above—Someone sang, "Have you another girl at home like Mary?" and Mrs. MacDonald, mother of Mary MacLaren, led forth Mary's sister, Katherine. Both are popular stars—and pals.



William and Cecil deMille, the directorial gold dust twins. While Cecil is perhaps better known, William's new pictures have placed him in the front rank of directors.



In the circle—those Corsican brothers of stage and screen—Dusty and Bill Farnum. They still spend their vacations together just as they did when they were small boys—and in the same way. They go fishing!

At the right—Dorothy and Lillian Gish. They first entered pictures through the Biograph-Griffith gate and grew up in the movies together. Both are real blondes—but Dorothy became a brunette for screen purposes.



At the left—the stellar Novak sisters, Eva, in the chair, and Jane. Jane is the pensive blonde who used to play with Bill Hart; Eva is a Universal ingenue.



Below—Misses Margaret and Juliet Shelby. Perhaps Juliet is better known as Mary Miles Minter. Margaret often appears on the screen with her sister.



Other People's Dollars

Some persons who display the courage of lions when speculating with the coin of their stockholders, play "close to their bosoms" when they are playing poker with their own cash.

By JOHN G. HOLME

SOME day New York City will hold a Parade of Optimism. It will be a popular pageant. Good many of us will take off our blue spectacles and camp out the night before along the curb on Fifth Avenue so as to miss nothing when the show begins. The parade will be as follows:

FIRST SECTION

Pollyanna mounted on a white elephant, Grand Marshal of the Day.

Steam Calliope playing "Hail the Conquering Hero."

Presidents of motion picture companies, each carrying a life-sized lithograph of himself on a ten-foot-pole.

Float bearing a great canvas with painting of a rainbow on a background of gold.

Presidents of motion picture companies, each carrying a life-sized lithograph of himself on a ten-foot-pole.

Float with a great canvas showing a painting of a Castle built on a fleecy cloud, on a background of gold.

Presidents of motion picture companies, each carrying a life-sized lithograph of himself on a ten-foot-pole.

Motor-truck with printing press turning out at lightning speed beautifully engraved stock certificates.

Two brass bands.

SECOND SECTION

Men and women who believe in Santa Claus and fairies and who have never bought stock in new motion picture producing companies.

THIRD SECTION

One man, looking as lonesome as a bartender, but cheerful. This is the only man out of five million motion picture stock purchasers who still believes that he will become rich on his investment.

FOURTH SECTION

Two brass bands.

Press agents on motor cycles.

Motion picture stars in imported automobiles, each carrying an enlarged photograph of his or her million dollar California bungalow, and receipt for payment of first instalment.

Press agents on motor cycles.

Two brass bands.

FIFTH SECTION

Little four-year-old girls, dolled up in their Sunday best and each carrying a bright red balloon.

You make up the rest of the parade yourself. I had always thought that the happiest creature on this footstool of the Lord was a four-year-old girl in her prettiest dress carrying a red balloon until I met a motion picture magnate dressed like a Grand Opera tenor with a million dollar stock issue and his pockets full of other people's money.

I was struck amidships by this foolish fancy after adding up

the total capitalization of some seventy-odd motion picture companies which are selling their stock to the trusting public of this land. The total reaches the groggy height of \$174,125,000. Sounds like a Congressional appropriation.

Please remember that with one or two exceptions, none of the companies with this fearsome total capitalization have ever produced anything in the motion picture line. With one or two exceptions they are amateurs. Bear that fact in mind for a couple of minutes.

I showed the list to several gentlemen who have been closely associated in various professional capacities with motion pictures for many years. One of them glanced at the figures and asked:

"Are the people really buying this junk?"

"They are buying from \$25,000,000 to \$50,000,000 worth of motion picture stock yearly, and practically all of it is no good," I informed him.

Then turning to his companions with a chuckle, this veteran of the motion picture industry asked:

"How much do you suppose one would have to pay in cash for all the well established film producing companies in the United States—I mean all the companies that are making all the motion pictures now being produced in the country?"

"About fifteen million dollars," answered one man.

"Just about," the veteran agreed. "Give me fifteen million dollars, cold cash, and I'll promise to deliver you within thirty days every gosh-dinged motion picture producing company in this land. Now if the people of

this country are so interested in motion picture making, why don't they chip together and buy up all the old companies?"

And there you are. The people of this country are spending probably twice fifteen million dollars yearly for the sweet privilege of being angels for amateur companies when they could become real "movie magnates" by gobbling up the old companies for half that sum. live at the Astor, eat at Delmonico's and wear diamond horseshoes in their neckties.

It would not cost nearly so much to finance such a deal as it now costs to finance all these new companies, most of which start their corporate lives with loan-shark millstones tied around their corporate necks. There is, after all, very little difference between the financial acumen of Bill Jones, brakeman or university professor, who borrows \$100 from a loan-shark, and signs a promissory note pledging himself to pay the \$100 with interest at the rate of 10 per cent. a month, 120 per cent. a year, and the Wild Tom Motion Picture Company which sells a \$100 stock certificate, paying from 30 to 50 per cent. to the underwriter and salesmen, and promising to pay 8 per cent. dividend on the stock. On the whole, Bill Jones makes a better deal. He gets \$100. spot cash first, and pays the shameful interest later. The Wild Tom pays (*Continued on page 109*)



Keep Your Hands on Your
Purse And Ask Us—

IF you desire information regarding the value of any film stock proposition, write to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, enclosing stamped addressed envelope.

The PORT of HIS DESIRES

Love is the bridge that carries many of us into the land of our dreams. Another of the stories entered in Photoplay's \$14,000 fiction contest.

By

SVETOZAR TONJOROFF

Illustrated by Will Foster

DEXTER ARNOLD & COMPANY

NEW YORK—CALCUTTA—CAIRO—SINGAPORE—
TIMBUCTOO.

A DINGY window that gave upon a blank brick wall was Dexter Arnold's physical outlook upon life. The pudgy finger of bullet-headed authority had pointed to a battered, ink-splotted desk in a back room of the offices of the Tropical & Orient Importing & Exporting Company, and the voice of the same authority had ordained, "There you sit." And there he sat through five years.

The dingy window, the blank wall beyond and the room of perpetual twilight into which he was ushered, appalled him at first. But the pungent odor of balsams, gums and spices that permeated the establishment and exhaled into the noisy street for half a block relieved the gloom of his prison from the very beginning.

He had migrated to pent-up city canyons from the wide spaces and the unstinted sunlight of an Indiana farm.

"Tropics and Orient!" he had gasped as he read the advertisement in the "Help Wanted" column of an evening newspaper a few days after his arrival in New York. The name of the firm had stirred his imagination to swift glimpses of magic panoramas.

"Tropics and Orient!" he had murmured with quivering nostrils. "Why, that must mean Cartagena, and Bogotá, and Tahiti, and Singapore, and Cairo, and Calcutta, and Constantinople and Timbuctoo!"

For geography had been his passion during the school days that ended with his graduation from the Classical High; and the still, small, but irresistible voice of heredity spoke in his veins—the roving blood of his grandfather Dexter, who had built clipper ships on the Kennebec and had sailed them on seas lighted by the flare of the Southern Cross.

To the bullet-headed authority by the name of Driggs who had pointed out the ink-splotted desk in the light of a smoke-smearing window he had said, with the hopeful hardihood of youth on the day he was engaged:

"I suppose there's a good chance of my being sent to Singapore or Calcutta, or somewhere before long!"

And the man by the name of Driggs had replied with a suppressed chuckle:

"Oh, you're sure to be sent *somewhere*—if you don't mind where it is."

For Driggs saw something in the vivid gray eyes behind the horn-rimmed spectacles that modified the broader rebuke that was on his thick lips.

There was only one person in the office who obtained any inkling of the largeness of Dexter Arnold's dream as the months slipped by and the order to send him to the Tropics or the Orient tarried in high quarters which he knew only by name and direction. The keen discoverer of the secret was Kathleen Sheridan, secretary to Driggs.

Coming to his desk one day, she found the gray-eyed, curly-headed clerk in the shipping department gazing abstractedly out of the dingy window upon the blank wall. It was the far-away smile on Dexter's face that brought an answering smile to her own lips, with the reflection:

"The poor lad's dreaming, surely enough." And then to Dexter:

"I found this among that last batch of invoices you turned in to Mr. Driggs, Mr. Arnold."

And on his soiled blotter she laid a square of white cardboard, bearing a legend in bold characters to resemble print.

He turned to her with a start, and a blush mounted to his face as he beheld the object which she had placed before him and ran his eyes over the revealing legend. It ran:

From the prompt and somewhat vigorous movement with which he swept the piece of cardboard into the top drawer of his desk, Kathleen knew that her surmises had been correct; that she had inadvertently set foot in a land of dreams. It must have been some irresistible vein of contrariety in her nature that brought the bantering remark to her lips:

"What was it you were seeing on that bit of wall this busy morning?"

"Oh, a good many things, Miss Sheridan," was his dry response.

"For instance?" she insisted with a smile that disclosed peculiarly small, regular and dazzlingly white teeth.

"Too many to talk about this busy morning," he retorted with precision; and his lips closed squarely down with an expression of firm finality that must have come to him from his grandfather Dexter, who had acquired it through many an ocean race with a lime-juicer.

But a warmth stole into her heart which the acerbity of his manner failed to dispel. For the country of dreams is a land of light that illumines all who approach its boundaries. It was that light that shone in Kathleen's brown eyes—but they might have been vermilion for all Dexter noted or cared. As she passed out of the room she could not forbear a turn of her bronzed head over a plump little shoulder for a glimpse of Dexter in this new light; but for all that Dexter cared, or apparently observed, that hair might have been purple.

From the sombre, isolated office room in which he worked to the hurly-burly of the waterfront was but a step. That step Dexter frequently took after a hurried lunch, to squander the remainder of his noon-hour sitting on the stringpiece of the pier where the white ships of the New York and South America Line loaded and unloaded.

The odor of tar and of creosote was incense to his nostrils and tonic to his nerves. His spectacled eyes caressed the great hulls. His heart beat wildly when one of these giants, the Stars and Stripes at her taffrail, pushed, shoved and bullied by a swarm of fussing tugs, backed from her berth, turned her nose into the channel and steamed slowly down the Narrows headed for the ocean, toward the land of his dreams—or, rather toward one of the lands of his dreams.

At such times a fever seemed to seethe in his veins. He forgot the dingy office; forgot he had bills of lading to make out and cases to receive; forgot he had a father and a mother on the farm in Indiana. He was conscious only of a passionate desire to plant his feet on the deck of the outgoing ship and to sail southward, whithersoever it might take him.

And then the still, small voice of a heredity that would not be denied—the inherited instinct of duty and responsibility—would make itself heard. He would take out his watch, glance at it, bite his lips at the headlong passage of time and hurry officeward with decisive stride of his long legs.

It was at one of these moments of exaltation that Kathleen Sheridan came upon him, sitting on the stringpiece, his tall, lank figure folded like a jack-knife.

With a whirl of winches, a clatter of chains and a tumult of shouts from bustling stevedores, the last bales were being stowed into the hold of the Río de La Plata. Hatches were being battened, and thick smoke was boiling from her funnels.



"Have you two had it out?" asked Driggs . . . : "Had it out?" stammered Dexter. "What do you mean, had it out?" "Oh, nothing," rumbled Driggs irritably. "I've got good news for you, Dexter."

A raucous blast from her iron lungs rose about the tumult of the street and the roar of the city beyond. The gangplank already was being taken up and a small flotilla of tugs were busying themselves about the Rio like hounds harrying a hippopotamus. In five minutes at the most the great ship—America's messenger to the Seven Seas—would be on her way out of the smoke, the dirt and the confusion of the city to the vast, clean solitude of the Atlantic, on her voyage across the equator, to ports where palms waved, rustled in hot breezes and guitars strummed in moonlit patios rhythmic with passion.

Dexter leaned forward, breathing hard, his fingers gripping his knees. It seemed harder than ever to go back to the ink-splotched desk, barely lighted by the window looking out on the blank wall, to the bullet-headed human symbol of order and authority, to the boarding house in East Ninth street, thickly peopled with persons of no imagination.

A light touch on the shoulder roused him from the contemplation of far horizons to the sound of Kathleen Sheridan's voice:

"Excuse me, Mr. Arnold, but I thought you might thank me for reminding you that it's half-past dreaming time."

"Half-past dreaming time?" he murmured vaguely, with the absent air of a young man who had just returned from a great distance. What did she mean?

"Yes; it's twenty-six minutes past one, and just four minutes of clock-punching time," she announced, holding up to his gaze the gold watch and bangle on a dazzlingly white wrist. But he had no eyes for the whiteness of the wrist.

"Oh, thank you, Miss Sheridan," he stammered as he awoke to actualities.

Among the books that Dexter kept in his desk were two works that absorbed him almost equally. They were a school geography—the kind with old-fashioned woodcuts—and a bank book.

He had read, and still was reading, from night to night, the newest books dealing with the divisions of the earth and the distribution of its peoples. But his first love and his true love had been the "Higher School Geography," the book that first had lifted his eyes from the flatness of the Indiana farm and had opened wide before them the endless panorama of the world.

From time to time, at lunch hours at his desk, he would take out his well-marked and copiously thumbled, "Higher School Geography" with the spirit of absorption with which a devotee might turn to the Bible, the Talmud or the Koran. He would read with ever new thrills such fascinating bits as the text accompanying a picture of the wild life of the European continent:

"In the Alpine scene below, the lammergeyer (lamb vulture) is driving the frightened chamois over the precipice that it may feed upon its carcass. The wary chamois (whose skin is made into soft 'shammy') and the ibex, in the foreground, inhabit the summits of the Alps, the Pyrenees and the Caucasus mountains."

Dexter had acquired the power of projecting the pictures, the map and the setting they suggested, upon the blank wall on which his window gave. The information that gave him most delight, and frequently brought a chuckle to his throat were scientific bits like this:

"At the bottom of the column is the sagacious elephant, found from Senegambia to the Orange River. . . . The long-necked giraffe, or camelopard, the tallest of the quadrupeds, is browsing on the leaves of trees; and the thick-skinned, two-horned rhinoceros is drinking. A young gorilla on the branch of a tree completes the picture."

Or, again:

"The next scene represents a buffalo keeping at bay a royal Bengal tiger. A single tiger is sometimes the terror of a neighborhood, prowling around the villages and carrying off unwary natives, till he earns the title of Man-Eater. . . . Finally we have a native of Tibet mounted on a yak. The yak gets its name from the grunt it is wont to utter; it has

extremely long hair and a thick, bushy tail, which is often cut off and sold while the animal is yet alive."

Dexter vowed that he would some day see, in their native haunts, the lammergeyer, or lamb-vulture, as it drives the frightened chamois over the precipice that it may feed upon its carcass, and the sagacious elephant on its stamping grounds, extending from the Senegambia to the Orange River; that he would stalk the royal Bengal tiger as it carries off unwary natives, and hear the grunt from which the yak derives its name. Perhaps he might even help in the shearing.

In the other volume—the bank book—Dexter entered from week to week the record, in dollars and cents, of his purpose to see and to be a part of the world of romance so vividly suggested in the "Higher School Geography." It was a record in small amounts which he added to his savings with rigid regularity and the cheerful, unwavering industry of an ant filling its granary during the steaming summer for the needs of ice-bound winter.

On the ruled pages of the bank book, as he gazed at the lengthening columns of deposits, slender minarets gleamed against purple skies, and royal palms thrust their shimmering plumes into golden sunsets.

And yet, his brief trips to castles in Spain over, Dexter applied himself to his job with a grim purpose that bordered on religious zeal. It was the bullet-headed authority that struck a spark from the Arnoldian flint one day, when the bean-pole from Indiana had been in the employ of the Tropics & Orient Importing & Exporting Company for more than four years.

Passing by the desk at which Dexter was applying the acid test of his industry to the verification of the ship's manifest of the "Atlanta," just in from Mediterranean ports with a cargo of hides, Driggs had a happy idea of piling some more work on his willing subordinate:

"Dexter," he said in his thick, throaty voice. "I wish you'd audit Capt. Sotiris's expense account while you're going over his manifest."

And he laid a few more sheets of paper on the ink-splotched desk.

"Yes, sir," assented Dexter with a rapacious dive for the papers that argued an insatiable desire for work.

"And take a pretty close squint at it, because Mr. Wyman seems to have an idea Sotiris is piling things on a bit."

"Yes, sir."

In fifteen minutes by the actual passage of time, Dexter's black alpaca suit, with Dexter in it, breezed into Driggs' office. Kathleen looked up from her typewriter, but she got no returning look from the gray eyes within the horn-rimmed frames; for Dexter had not yet discovered, or had not the slightest reason to believe he had discovered, that Kathleen dwelt on the same planet with him.

"Mr. Driggs," he announced in a firm voice. "Captain Sotiris's expense account is \$20.75 United States out of the way."

"How do you make that out?"

Dexter laid a sheet of paper before the bullet-headed authority and pointed with a long, lean finger to an entry: "For present to port captain at Constanza, 150 lei and box of fifty Imperiales, at \$12.50; total, \$42.50."

"Well, what about it? Don't they have to grease the palms of the port captain at Constanza to speed things up?"

"Of course they do; but there's an overcharge of just \$20.75 United States."

"Where does the overcharge come in?"

Dexter's sensitive ear caught a note of unbelief in his chief's voice. He returned to the fray with aroused fighting instincts:

"In the first place, the regular brand of cigars that go into the ship's stores on the Mediterranean route are not Imperiales at \$12.50 a box but Flor de Bridgeports at \$3.50 a box. That's the brand the port captain at Constanza has been smoking for the past three years, and it isn't likely he would jump to Imperiales all at once."

(Continued on page 62)

Perhaps—

This story will win the first prize of
\$5,000

Photoplay's \$14,000 prize fiction contest is well under way. Some of the year's best fiction will be published during 1921 in these pages. Turn to page 6 for full particulars of this contest.

In ten minutes— a perfect manicure

Three simple operations will give your nails the grooming that present-day standards require

ONCE, manicuring was slow, difficult and even dangerous. There was no way of removing dead cuticle except by cutting, and whether people had it done by a professional manicurist or did it themselves, it was a very tiresome business.

NOW, manicuring is so quick and easy that anybody can have smooth, lovely nails. Cutex removes the dead cuticle simply and safely without cutting. Just a few minutes' care once or twice a week will keep the nails looking always as if freshly done.

This is the way you do it

FIRST THE CUTICLE REMOVER. After filing, shaping and smoothing the nail tips, dip an orange stick wrapped with cotton in Cutex and work around the nail base, gently pushing back the cuticle. Wash the hands; then, when drying them, push the cuticle downwards. The ugly, dead cuticle will wipe off, leaving a smooth, shapely rim.

THEN THE NAIL WHITE. This removes stains and gives the nail tips an immaculate whiteness without which one's nails never seem freshly manicured. Squeeze the paste under the nails directly from the tube.

FINALLY THE POLISH. For a brilliant, lasting polish, use first the paste or stick, then the powder or cake. If you want an instantaneous polish, and *without burnishing*, one that is also water-proof and lasting, apply a little of the Liquid Polish.



First a smooth, shapely cuticle; then snowy white tips; then just the brilliant polish you have always wanted

Make the test yourself

Try this new Cutex way of manicuring. Ten minutes spent on the nails *regularly* once or twice a week will keep them always in perfect condition. Then every night apply Cutex Cold Cream around the nail base to keep the cuticle soft and pliable.

Cutex manicure sets come in three sizes. The "Compact," with trial packages, 60c; The "Traveling," \$1.50; "The Boudoir,"

\$3.00. Or each of the Cutex items comes separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores.

Complete Trial Outfit for 20c

Mail the coupon below with two dimes for the Cutex Introductory Set, large enough for six manicures. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City. If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 702, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH TWO DIMES TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. 702, 114 West 17th Street
New York City

Name.....

Street

City and State.....



(Continued from page 60)

"That sounds fair enough," chuckled Driggs, throwing his head back and displaying a fat, throbbing throat that oddly reminded Dexter of the palpitating throat of a canary when it is singing. "But where do you get the balance of your \$20.75 United States?"

"Mr. Driggs, the port bribe at Constanza for the past three years has been 75 lei. There is no explanation of this sudden rise in the tariff. And even at that, Captain Sotiris has been juggling his exchange rates; because 150 lei make four dollars less than the thirty dollars United States at which he has figured it."

"H'm, you might be right—and then again—"

"I know I'm right, sir; I've been keeping track of all port charges, legal and illegal, from Archangelsk to Louraço Marquez, for years. It's a regular tariff, Mr. Driggs, and the port captain who would exceed the tariff—"

"H'm, it will be hard to prove, Arnold; but the thing is worth noting. I'll report to Mr. Wyman that Sotiris will bear watching."

Despite his capacity for grasping the realities of business, the spectacled eyes of Dexter Arnold saw with increasing clearness from year to year on the blank wall on which his window gave, the moving picture of palm-fringed atolls, of verdure-clad oases, glittering like emerald gems out of the gray background of the desert; of caravans, moving slowly over sun-baked sand-dunes. He heard the beat of Berber drums and smelled the savor of steaming *kous-kous* rising from copper pots over Arab fires.

As the fifth year of his employment with the Tropics & Orient Importing & Exporting Company was drawing to its end, a new element crept with growing distinctness into the pictures that limned themselves upon the blank wall.

One evening he went to a little restaurant called The Harem, in a cellar close to the spot where, by night, Fifth Avenue springs in twin streaks of fire from the shadow of the Washington Arch. As he sipped after-dinner coffee in the Turkish style, served by a Romany woman—or a woman that called herself a Romany and wore a red skirt, a spangled bolero and a yellow kerchief on her black hair to bear out the legend—he saw through the smoke of his cheap cigar something that added a human touch to his recurring dreams.

From this moment a new thread—a woman's presence—was destined to be woven into his visions.

As he gazed into the cigar-smoke, he reconstructed in his mind, with extraordinary vividness, the illustration of a scene in Constantinople which had strongly appealed to him when he first ran through the pages of the "Higher School Geography" in the white-walled schoolroom in Indiana.

It was the picture of a Moorish arch, the entrance to a coffee house, with a view of the many-minareted Mosque of Sultan Ahmed in the background. Often, in his boyhood, he had fancied himself standing beneath the arch and gazing at the forest of slender towers beyond, springing from domed roofs and piercing the sky with their needle-like points. Once more, under the spell of Oriental surroundings, spurious though he well knew them to be, he stood (Continued on page 88)



BILLIE BURKE JOINS THE MIDNIGHT FROLIC!

BUT only for an afternoon. When his distinguished stellar wife told Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., that she was playing a chorus-girl in her new picture, the impresario promptly offered to transplant intact from his New Amsterdam Theater roof to the Paramount studio a whole scene from the *Midnight Frolic*: six celebrated beauties, a jazz orchestra, and a carload of scenery. Billie Burke herself led the chorus in a gown of pink chiffon with a turban headpiece surrounded by a miniature pink parasol. And for the first time, under Eddie Dillon's direction, the *Midnight Frolic* really frolicked for the films. Here, from left to right, are Miss Burke; Mr. Dillon; Melissa Ten Eyck and Max Weily, dancers; and Babe Marlowe.



Launder your silk underwear this gentle way—it will wear twice as long

IT was putting that georgette and satin camisole away without laundering, or laundering it the wrong way, that made it go so fast. The acids in perspiration attack the fine silk threads and make them tender. Leaving a vest slightly soiled even a single day will injure it—make it wear out quickly.

Your fine silk things must be laundered immediately and in the very gentlest way, if you want them to last. As soon as you take off your crêpe de Chine chemise drop it into a bowlful of pure Lux suds.

There is no harsh rubbing of cake soap on the fine fabric—there is not one particle of undissolved soap to lodge in the delicate threads to weaken or yellow them. Lux is as delicate as the most fragile

fabric—it cannot injure anything pure water alone won't harm.

That jade bed jacket of charmeuse will come back from repeated Lux tubbings without the slightest fuzzy look. There is no rubbing to split or break the threads in your sheerest stockings. The careful Lux laundering will lengthen the life of your silk underthings so that they actually wear twice as long.

To launder your fragile silk underthings

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds again and again through soiled spots. Do not rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring. Roll in a towel—when nearly dry, press with a warm iron, never a hot one.

Colored silks. Lux won't cause the color to run if pure water won't. If you are not sure a color is fast, try to set it this way: Use half cup of vinegar to a gallon of cold water and soak for two hours.

Wash your most cherished possessions the Lux way. They are too important—too expensive—for you to take chances. Lux keeps their sheen, their soft, fine texture, after innumerable launderings. Your grocer, druggist, or department store has Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



LUX

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Waiting for Fame

May McAvoy says success has simply come her way, that's all.

By
DELIGHT EVANS

WE have told you the story of the Great Star who has struggled every Inch of the Way; who has surmounted mighty obstacles in the way of parental objection and insufficient funds, only to win out in the end. The story of the Little Girl who, at the age of six or thereabouts, starts to support the family by playing Little Evas at the neighborhood theater.

In fact, if we are to believe the biographers, the road to Fame is long and hard. But consider May McAvoy. One of our youngest and, according to all critics, our most promising ingenue. She is only nineteen—her mother, her birth certificate, and the family Bible all bear her out in this. And she is already well along the way to Fame—or rather, Fame is on the way to her.

For May, to attain success, has merely—waited.

Not for her the early struggles in atmospheric parts. Nor the cold, cruel rebuffs that meet every aspirant.

May was waiting for an actress-friend back-stage when a friend of the friend asked for an introduction to May and, in turn, introduced May to the movies.

She was waiting—to be explicit, in maid parts on feminine stars—when a director selected her to play Madge Kennedy's sister in "The Perfect Lady."

She was waiting for a new job when J. Stuart Blackton engaged her for a series of pictures, as the featured feminine lead.

And while she told me about it, to pass on to you, she was waiting—waiting for director John Robertson to call her for a scene. Waiting, a veritable Hebe in hoopskirts, to bring to life Barrie's delightful heroine, *Grizel*, in the Paramount version of "Sentimental Tommy."

Her everlasting luck brought her this latest and choicest part. Another actress was selected, tried out, and failed completely. Robertson dropped into a picture theater and saw May McAvoy on the screen. He saw in her the ideal *Grizel*—and the next day she was engaged.

May is a New York girl with most unprofessional parents, who never dreamed of a theatrical career for their daughter. She was in school when she made her first venture into the land of make-believe, visiting the actress-friend back-stage. Since then, she has been introduced to films, has learned makeup and camera manners, has played leading roles with Lionel Barrymore and is slated



May McAvoy's qualifications were a rose-petal complexion, a perfect mouth, deep blue eyes—and no little talent. Below, as *Grizel*, with Gareth Hughes in "Sentimental Tommy."



for stardom, according to the latest report.

"There's nothing to it," she says. Of course, a rose-petal complexion is an asset. And a small and perfect mouth and deep blue eyes help a little. And perhaps also the fact that she has always worked hard to justify her directors' confidence in her may have something to do with it. In other words, May, when success steps up to her, is always ready for it.

She makes it a point never to be late at the studio. She has a disposition that laughs away klieg eyes, studio waits, and burned bacon for breakfast. She goes to a theater every other evening to study the work of worth-while stars. And she keeps up her French and her music, besides taking long hikes with Brother to keep in condition. Outside of that, though, things have "just come to her!"



"Then cease to mourn
thy ravished hair."

—Pope.

Beauty through Harmony

THE famous French physician-scientist, Dr. Emile of the Paris Faculty and Pasteur Institute, discovered the scientific coloring process

INECTO RAPID

Used for the last six years in 97% of the European Beauty Salons by Royalty and leaders of society and now adopted in the very best American Beauty Parlors from coast to coast.

In New York it is used exclusively in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, Waldorf-Astoria, Biltmore, Plaza, Commodore, Pennsylvania and many others.

INECTO RAPID not only accomplishes beauty through harmonizing the hair with your individual characteristics but possesses superior features over anything hitherto known.

Permanently colors white, gray or faded hair regardless of cause in thirty minutes. Does not stain linens, brushes or hat linings. Is easy to use, has pleasant odor and is guaranteed harmless to hair or growth. Is not affected by shampooing, salt water, sunlight, rain, perspiration, permanent wave, Turkish or Russian Baths. Cannot be detected from nature's own coloring—not even under a microscope. Is packed in a new and very attractive manner which eliminates waste.

INECTO RAPID must not be confused with obsolete restorers, darkeners and ordinary gray hair lotions. It is a new, scientific process of impregnating the hair-shaft so that repigmentation takes place after nature's own method.

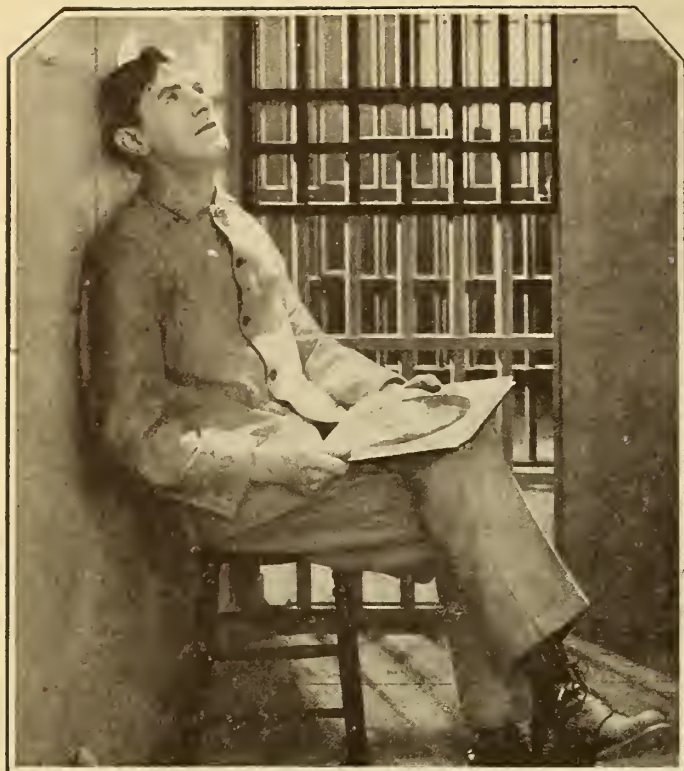
You can safely apply INECTO RAPID in the privacy of your own home if you so desire.

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LONDON PARIS BRUSSELS MADRID MILAN

*Gray Hair
banished
in
30 minutes*

(Continued from page 53)



"Heliotrope" has two outstanding virtues: finished direction and an original twist in story by Richard Washburn Child. There is good performance by Frederick Burton, as the convict, William B. Mack and Julia Swayne Gordon.



"The Forbidden Thing" is a simple tale, told as only Allan Dwan could tell it. It concerns itself with a Puritan who marries a Portuguese girl and later finds her unfaithful. Marcia Manon and James Kirkwood play the leading roles.



"Twin Beds" neither profits nor bores. Carter De Haven, as the Italian tenor in the wrong flat, is lively, and consciously amusing. Mrs. De Haven assists. Twenty minutes of diverting nonsense and a test of patience after that.

is saved and his wife safely on her way to take his place in prison as a "lifer." The prison scenes are realistically filmed, the lighting is generally good as are all the individual performances of the cast, particularly those of Frederick Burton as the convict, William B. Mack as his loyal pal and Julia Swayne Gordon as the mother, although the lady is inclined to be a trifle extravagantly melodramatic.

THE PENALTY—Goldwyn

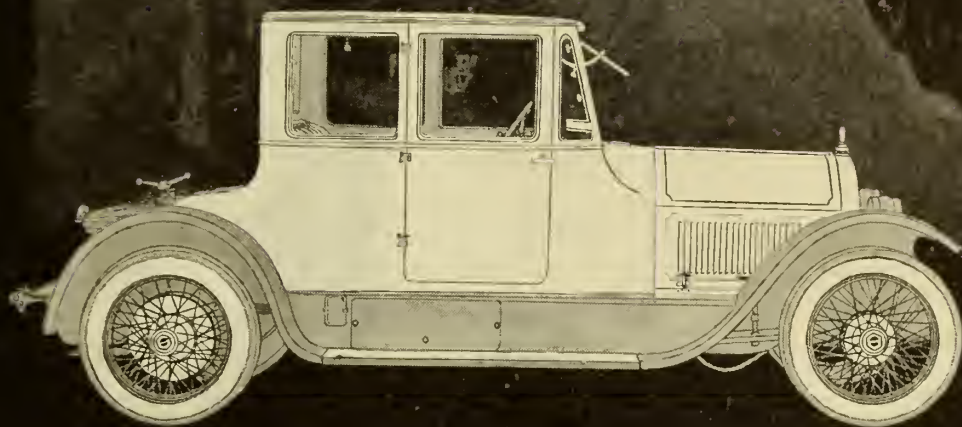
HERE is a picture that is about as cheerful as a hanging—and as interesting. You can't, being an average human and normal as to your emotional reactions, really like "The Penalty," any more than you could enjoy a hanging. But for all its gruesome detail you are quite certain to be interested in it. It at least offers an original story, and heaven and all the angel fans know how scarce they are. Also it has been screened by that crafty Goldwyn crew with a good sense of the dramatic episode and a free employment of theatrical tricks. Chief of these is the trick of making Lon Chaney "what he ain't"—a perfectly good legless wonder—by bending his legs back at the knees and strapping them against his thighs. You can see the strap arrangement, and you know the long coat conceals the feet, but you are extremely interested in watching him try to fool you. Then there are several sets of trick scenery—a practical fireplace that slides up into the chimney and reveals a secret cavern below, flaring, as it were, with the white hot flames of hell; rope ladders hung below peek-hole windows that the legless one may climb up like a misbegotten spider to take a look around; trap doors through which the investigating youth in search of the heroine is shot down to the villain-infested depths below. Chaney's role is that of a man who has sworn to be revenged upon society in general, and one man in particular, because, as a boy, he was crushed in a traffic jam and had both legs amputated above the knee by a careless surgeon who might have saved them. Legless, but bitter, he becomes one of those "rulers of the underworld" who have only to push a white button to summon an army of cutthroats, dope fiends and fancy lady-fiends. But after getting all his enemies in his power the wicked one is restored to the world of decent men by an operation which removes a blood clot from his brain, and while he is later killed by one of his old pals the happy ending is provided by the appearance of Mr. Chaney with legs attached. It is a remarkably good performance this actor gives, and he is capably assisted by Ethel Grey Terry, Kenneth Harlan, Claire Adams and Charles Clary. Wallace Worsley's direction helps the picture a lot. Charles Kenyon and Philip Lonergon wrote the scenario, from a Gouverneur Morris story.

TWIN BEDS—First National

THIS is another of those comedies that profit not, but neither do they bore. Carter De Haven is not, to me, gifted with the true comic spirit. He is lively and eager and occasionally amusing, but the effort to be amusing is always a conscious effort. It never is fired by the spark of spontaneity that, for example, inspires a natural comedian of the Roscoe Arbuckle type. In "Twin Beds" De Haven elects to play the role of the Italian tenor, Signor Monti, and the somewhat drawn-out adventure of the careless signor, when he mistakes Neighbor Hawkins' apartment for his own, and, being befuddled by liquor, calmly undresses and flops himself into the Hawkins' twin bed, just across the lampshade from Mrs. Hawkins, keeps him pretty busy for five reels. His efforts to get out of bed, and out of the apartment and out of the scrape without having to explain to his wife necessitate his hopping into hampers and rolling under beds and climbing up fire escapes and dashing into bathrooms, which is diverting nonsense for twenty minutes and a test of patience after that. Mrs. De Haven, William Desmond and Helen Raymond assist.

SO LONG LETTY—Robertson-Cole

THERE is considerable variety, a good deal of fun, frequent glimpses of the Christie bathing beauties and not a little domestic philosophy mixed up in the screen version of "So Long Letty." The main story is (Continued on page 94)



There is only one Stutz car—its supremacy
on the road and boulevard is known to all

STUTZ MOTOR CAR CO. OF AMERICA, INC., Indianapolis, U. S. A.

How to Keep Your Hair Beautiful

Without Beautiful Well Kept Hair
You can never be Really Attractive

STUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you care for it properly. Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the care you give it.

Shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing, to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length down to the ends of the hair.

Rub the Lather In Thoroughly

TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

You can easily tell, when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo, you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-oz. bottle should last for months.

Splendid for children.

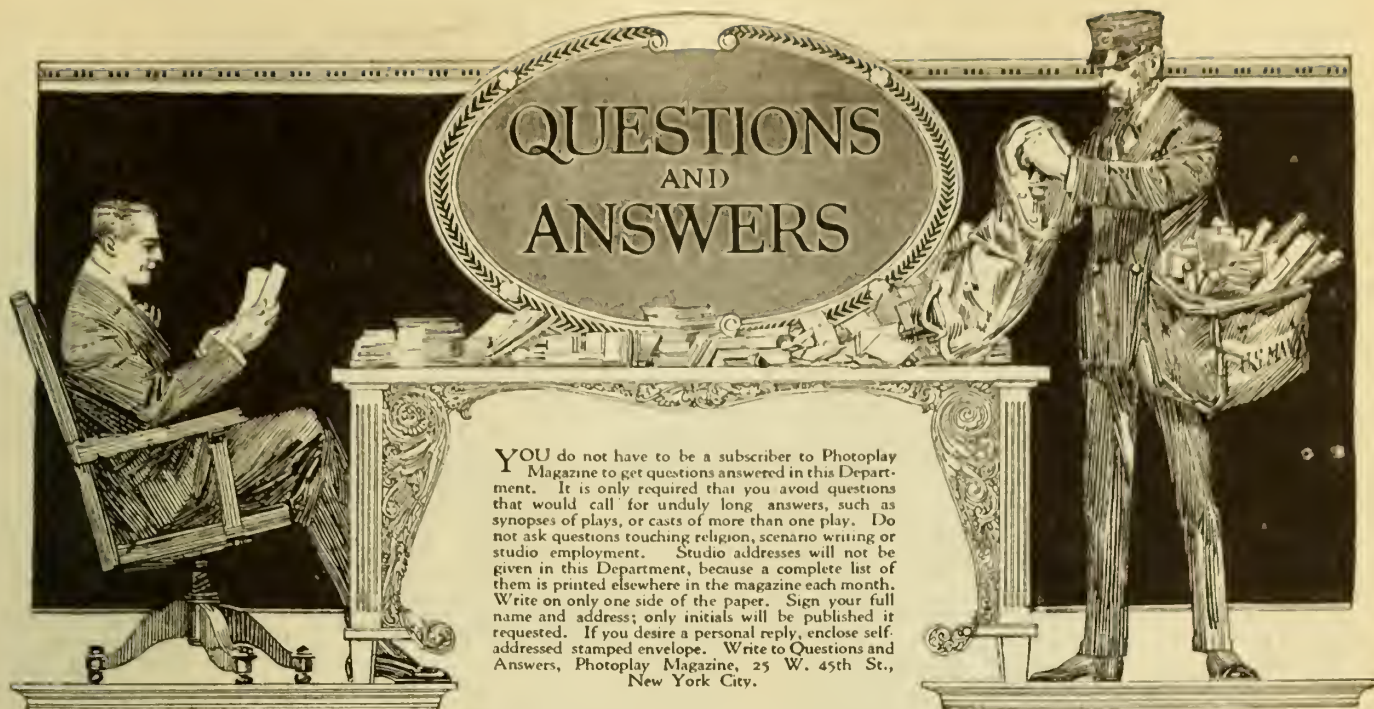
WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO



Betty Compson

Mae Murray

Ruth Roland



YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, 25 W. 45th St., New York City.

J. M. D., CANADA.—Yes, many a man has worked his son's way through college. Unfortunately my father was not in a position to do this for me so I had to work my own way through. For obvious reasons, questions about religion are not answered in these columns.

F. D. S., CAMP BENNING.—Yes, that is a very good place to go for rheumatism. A dear friend of mine got his there. Shirley Mason is a sister of Viola Dana, and the wife of Bernard Durning, actor and director. Her latest picture for Fox is "Flame of Youth." Her real name is Flungrath. Address her care Fox studio, L. A., California.

M. R., INDIANAPOLIS.—We certainly do have our ups and downs, you say,—especially when we have a seat on the aisle. You're too clever, Maisie. I could never keep up with you. Cullen Landis is married, and he is twenty-three years old.

CURIOUS ANNE, PHILADELPHIA.—Oh, a cat had nine lives long before the psychic experts ever began to psych. Some of the players may be reached care the Mabel Condon Exchange in Hollywood, but not all; and I haven't a list of those who may. However, the best thing to do is address them their respective companies.

BETTY C., DETROIT.—Speaking of cats reminds me that the good old saying that a cat may look at a king is soon going to be out of date. Harrison Ford was divorced from Beatrice Prentice. You have been misinformed. I have never said that Constance Talmadge is married. In fact, I have spent most of my working hours denying the existence of a Mr. C. Talmadge. And... all comes to this!

LOUISE GALE, KANSAS CITY.—You want to see your name in print. All right, here it is. Louise Gale. *Louise Gale.* LOUISE GALE.

MONTÉ BLUE ADMIRER, AUSTRALIA.—Let us now rise and sing The Monte Blues. Your hero was born in Indiana, went west at an early age and punched cows, reformed and went into the acting business. He was an extra for quite a spell but soon he rose.

Now Monte is the featured player in Paramount's "Fighting School-master," adapted from "The Jucklins." You think Dorothy Gish is as funny as Charles Chaplin. Why, I think Dorothy has very pretty feet.

BROWN EYES.—You think you can ride a lot better than some of these girls who play in western pictures. That isn't saying such a mouthful. Why don't you hand yourself something? Edith Hallor and William Courtleigh in "Children of Destiny." Brown eyes—ah me, ah me!

VIRGINIA N., DALLAS.—I'm simply going all to pieces. The other day I received an enormous amount of mail and my face fell. Today my landlord called me up over the telephone and in speaking to him my voice broke. Whatever shall I do? Marguerite Clark has made "Scrambled Wives"; it will be released through First National. Irene Castle hasn't returned to pictures yet. Hale Hamilton is now married to Grace LaRue. They are appearing together in musical comedy. Miss LaRue was formerly a vaudeville actress.

MRS. A. C. E., CHICAGO.—So you cannot get the baby to sleep nights. Why don't you talk about the League of Nations to it? Or the Irish problem? They always put me to sleep; they might do the same for your baby. Yes, Agnes Ayres does resemble Alice Joyce. They are very good friends, so it won't annoy either of them to be reminded of the likeness. It isn't always so safe. Have no record of Edna Mayo since 1918. I know, however, that she is not working on the stage or screen. Henry Walthall is a fine actor but he is seen only too seldom. Now touring the country in Ibsen's "Ghosts"—in person, that is. Last on screen in Dwan's "Splendid Hazard." Married to Mary Charleson. Regards to *Pensant terrible*.

D. F. P., PENN. YAN.—The most I ever catch when I go fishing is the first train home. But aren't you doing your summer vacationing a bit early? I suppose it's never too early to begin to read the books of views. Louise Huff made only one picture for Selznick, "The Dangerous Paradise"; then there was a disagreement and Louise left. Here's the cast of Vitagraph

"Trumpet Island": *Eve de Merincourt*, Marguerite de la Motte; *Richard Bedell*, Wallace MacDonald; *Allen Marsh*, Hallam Cooley; *Jacque de Merincourt*, Joseph Swickard; *Henry Caron*, Arthur Hoyt; *Hilda*, Marcelle Daly; *Valinsky*, Percy Challenger.

G. B. G., ALABAMA.—Every once in a while I open my windows and throw out my chest. That is, you will admit, quite a feat. Shirley Mason, Pearl White, Fox studios, western and eastern, respectively; Alice Joyce, Vitagraph, Brooklyn; Eugene O'Brien, Selznick, Fort Lee.

C. JOHNSTON, BRADFORD, CONN.—For a man of twelve your intelligence is amazing. Except when you say that I may be mad at you for writing to me. Not so, Charles. Here are the males in the cast of "When the Clouds Roll By": Doug, Frank Campeau, Ralph Lewis, Herbert Grimwood, and Albert McQuarrie.

L. K. P., LONG ISLAND CITY.—Suppose you folks out there are all het up about the new Paramount studios closing and all the stars beating it for California. That is hard luck—to watch and wait for the blamed thing to be built, to hang around waiting for Ethel and Billie and Dorothy to come out, and then to be deserted like that. It's a shame. Chester Conklin—are you married? I think he is, but have no record.

A. M. W., ATLANTA.—I like your letter. You do not demand an answer in the next issue, or at once. You request a paragraph "as soon as possible"—and here it is. Kenneth Harlan is married. Robert Harron is dead. There was a full-page portrait of him in the December issue. He was not married. I wish you would write to me again. It's a pleasure to hear from you.

BROOKLYNITE.—You think that book of verse was *ex tempore*? I think it's rotten, but then I'm not much of a judge of literature. Corinne Griffith is married to Webster Campbell. Harry Morey is married to a non-professional. He is playing the lead in a new Selznick production, his first screen appearance since he left Vitagraph. He's forty-one or so. Mostly so.

(Continued)

ETHEL, BUFFALO.—Why, John, not Lionel Barrymore, played both parts in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Suppose you thought John played Dr. Jekyll and Lionel Mr. Hyde? No—unlike "The Jest" this photoplay was not a family affair. Perhaps both brothers will appear in the screen version of "Peter Ibbetson" which they—and their sister Ethel—did on the stage. Hedda Hopper is slated to take Ethel's part in the filmization, as Miss Barrymore prefers not to do it in pictures.

THE GOLDEN GOOSE, ZENIA, OHIO.—Yes, I often get discouraged. At such times my friends are worried about me. They don't know what I'll do. They are afraid I might even get married. Norma Talmadge has her own studio—consult our studio directory for the address. Constance works there too. Charles Ray's wife was Cora Grant. She isn't a professional although 'tis whispered that she was once an extra girl, for a brief period. Don't breathe it to a soul.

BOB AND CO., SCHENECTADY.—You wonder and wonder if I will ever write a personal letter to you. Don't overtax your imagination, children. I am considered eccentric so do not be surprised if you hear from me some day, particularly if you sent me a stamped addressed envelope. Bert Lytell is married to Evelyn Vaughn. Douglas McLean is married and very happily, but not to Miss Doris May. She is still Miss May. Alla Nazimova is Mrs. Charles Bryant. Carmel Myer's latest picture is "Beautifully Trimmed."

ALICIA.—Oh, I never work for nothing. That's one of my peculiarities. But as for you sending me a fee, it's out of the question. The editor believes I am sufficiently recompensed for my contributions to learning and literature in this Koran of screen culture—and perhaps he is right. At any rate, we don't permit fees or anything like that. Thank you, ma'am, for your solicitude, all the same.

MANOLA, DORCHESTER.—You are a sweet soul, Manola, even if your name does remind me of salad dressing. The pie has not come and I don't know whether to blame the postman, Mack Sennett, or you. Only—send me fudge, next time. I have never posed—for a still or moving picture. The former would be the latter in my case, so what's the use, anyway? Come in often.

W. C., HELENA, MONTANA.—So the motion picture camera is supposed to be the X-Ray of the soul. If that were true I am afraid some of our best little artists would be out of a job. I mean, of course, that so few of our celluloid villains are villains in real life, don't you know. I hope I make myself clear? Bebe Daniels isn't married, but she is running Connie Talmadge a close second as the subject of engagement rumors. Once it was Harold Lloyd, then Lew Cody—and still our Bebe remains unmarried. Bebe will, I am sure, answer your letter and send you her photograph but I am equally sure she will not accept your proposal of marriage. However, it won't do any harm to ask.

U. D. Y., ENGLAND.—Once I left my hall-room for lunch and, expecting the milkman, wrote a note and tacked it above the door: "Don't leave anything." When I returned I found another note beside mine: "Thanks," it said, "we didn't leave much." They had walked off with a jar of strawberry jam, three of my best ties, and my dress-suit—practically all my worldly possessions. I hope they may see this and return them. Pauline Frederick's latest production is "A Slave of Vanity" for Robertson-Cole, adapted from Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's "Iris." Pauline isn't married, now.

D. E. G., INDIANAPOLIS.—Your initials are the same as Dorothy Gish's. Bert and Wilfred Lytell are brothers. Bert is with Metro and has been for several years. His

latest is "The Misleading Lady." Wilfred is in "Heliotrope," a Cosmopolitan-Paramount production. Roberta, I don't believe in being hypocritical, so I shall not praise your poem, which you know is not good as well as I know it. Why waste your time on that sort of thing? You could do something really very fine if you set your mind to it. I've no patience with you—but then, neither have I any right to talk to you like a Dutch uncle—at least, not right out in public this way. However, since you are engaged and I anonymous, 'tis the only way. Farewell, Roberta. And now let's get down to business. Yes—I saw "Sand" and liked it. Bill Hart may retire some day but the day is not yet. He lives with his sister, Miss Mary, in Beverly Hills, Cal.

M. J., HARTFORD.—Where have you been living? Mary Roberts Rinehart is not an actress, but a very well-known woman writer. Her stories have, many of them, been filmed. Among them, the "Bab" stories and "Dangerous Days." Mary Pickford is Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks in private life and her latest pictures are "Rag Tag and Bob Tail" and "The Flame in the Dark." Neither has been released at this writing.

YVONNE, BELLOIT, WIS.—Even if you hadn't promised to think me the dearest Answer Man in the world I'd have answered your question. It's a pleasure, a great pleasure, to tell you about Katherine MacDonald. She is one of the most charming young ladies I know. Her cover appeared on PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for June, 1920. She has blonde hair and blue eyes. Some of her pictures have been, "The Thunderbolt," "The Beauty Market," "The Turning Point," "Passion's Playground," "Notorious Miss Lisle" and "Curtain." She's a sister of Mary MacLaren, which is another point in her favor.

(Continued on page 86)

DO YOU BELIEVE—?

(Being a few of the popular convictions concerning motion picture plays and people)

By

MAY STANLEY

THAT Theda Bara was born in Arabia?

That all Far North pictures are made in Jersey snow storms?

That babies interfere with a career? (Referred to Billie Burke and Gloria Swanson.)

That "pull" is the only thing you need to get a job in the pictures?

That directors are brutal to every one but the star?

That stars are brutal to every one but the director?

That bathing beauties never know how to swim?

That picture tears are never genuine?

That huge sums are paid for all accepted scenarios?

That life in the studios is just one divorce after another?

That an actress with a pretty face doesn't need brains?

That when you get a scenario back it means the company has stolen your idea?

That no comedy is complete without a custard pie and a revolving door? That the best comedies have both?

That press agents never tell the truth?

That Ethel Clayton is as sophisticated as she pretends to be?

(a) That all the pretty girls in the pictures come from Virginia? (b)

That they are only working to make enough money to buy back the old plantation?

That film stars never have time for lunch?

That Nazimova suffers terribly in a big emotional role?

That husbands and wives would appear together if there was as much money in it that way?

That all the pictures of English country life are staged in Los Angeles?

That David Wark Griffith is an Englishman?

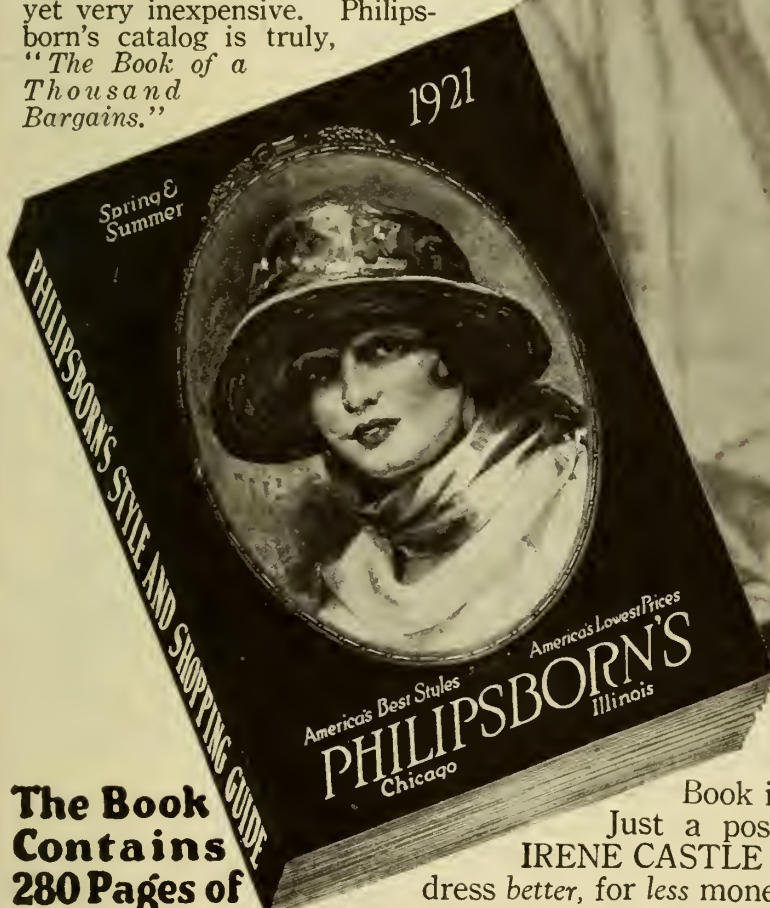
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PHILPSBORN'S
DEPARTMENT 706 CHICAGO



Our Mary—and her location wagon. Miss Pickford is getting ready to take a nap in this home on wheels, which has a portable couch on which she reclines when she's not on the set, and also contains kitchenette, library, dressing-table and other comforts of home.

Plays and Players

Real news and interesting comment about
motion pictures and motion-picture people.

By CAL. YORK

AN electrician working on a set for Thomas H. Ince planted an enormous coil of wire almost in the middle of a rather well-trodden path. Thinking it best to issue all the warning possible, he decided to put up a sign.

It read:
"2,000 volts. Let your conscience be your guide."

THEY'RE telling a good one on Bryant Washburn.

When Bryant was in London, he was held up on location by a heavy shower. In fact, he was held up many times by showers; this was only one of the times. He and his company took refuge in a little inn, whose keeper recognized the American screen star and urged him to come and meet his mother.

The nice old lady shook hands with Washburn and asked him his name. "The reason I want to know," said she, "is because you look so much like a gentleman I saw in the kinema. I might say as how you look enough like him to be his brother. His name was Skinner and the play he was in was called 'Skinner's Dress Suit.' He was jolly good in it and I hope you'll make good too." Bryant assured her that he was none other than "Skinner" himself, in the flesh.

"No, no, me lad," said the old lady kindly but firmly, "you're not Skinner. Skinner is a good-looking man."

EVERYBODY'S talking about it in the Hotel Seymour in Manhattan where Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Meighan live. About how Mr. Meighan always keeps Mrs. Meighan

waiting because of a certain young lady. In fact, Tommy spends most of his time in the young lady's apartments, only hurrying from them barely in time to meet Mrs. Meighan for dinner. It's an intrigue.

Tommy will call for a little chat. The young lady will immediately ask, "Where's your wife?"

"I'm sorry, but she's waiting for me," says Tommy. "I can't stay long."

"She's always taking you from me," cries the young lady, before kissing Tommy good-bye.

I suppose we must mention that the young lady is Dorothy Dickson Hyson, daughter of the dancers, Carl Hyson and Dorothy Dickson, and that she's only a little past five years old.

WE quote:

"Lady Diana Manners, one of the world's famous beauties and the daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, and since her debut and presentation at the Court of St. James, the most widely discussed woman of the day, is to become an American motion picture star, under the direction of J. Stuart Blackton.

"Lady Diana has heretofore refused to appear professionally on stage and screen. She has, however, as an actress of much natural talent . . . felt a great desire to do professional work. Lady Diana and her family would never have consented but for two reasons. One was that they had met Mr. Blackton personally, and he knew some of their friends. The other was that, from this acquaintance and his

reputation, they knew him to be an artist of high attainments and intellectual qualifications. Mr. Blackton passed the acid test and won out, where many others had failed."

To begin with, Lady Diana Manners is now Lady Diana Cooper, having married Duff Cooper sometime ago. In the second place, there might be mentioned as one of the "reasons" a trifling matter of remuneration. In the third place—but oh, piffle, in the first place!

SET your minds at rest. You're going to have your long-awaited laugh after all. Chaplin has sold "The Kid" to First National for, according to report, \$800,000. And he is going to make some new pictures right away. Probably is working now. And from now on he'll be the only star by the name of Charles Chaplin in pictures because, as is mentioned elsewhere, Mildred Harris is not Mrs. Chaplin any more.

THE prize publicity perpetration of the month:

"The City—in all its false gaiety—was never more vividly portrayed than in Neal Hart's third big picture, 'Danger Valley.' To drive home with all possible force his main contention—that the city, with its all, is like unto the desert, to those who see only by calcium, Neal Hart spared no expense in setting up the biggest, most magnificent ball-room set ever used. . . . Between 75 and 100 extra people have been engaged for this scene alone."

(Continued on page 74)

How to prevent the homeliness that creeps upon us unaware

A SHINY, rough, coarse-textured skin; a sallow, muddy complexion; how easily these annoying foes of loveliness can gain a hold! And yet how easy it is to ward them off when you know exactly what to do. Just applying a few simple little rules can work such wonders with your complexion!

BY the right method of powdering you can forever ward off shininess. Always remember that you should not apply the powder directly to your skin. When you make that mistake you have to keep powdering again and again all day. You really cannot expect the powder to stay on unless you use a powder base. For this you need a cream that cannot leave a trace of shine on the face. Pond's Vanishing Cream contains no oil. It cannot come out in an ugly shine. Before powdering apply a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream; then put on the powder. In this way you can make the powder stay on two or three times as long; then no longer need you keep worrying about your face becoming shiny.

COLD weather whips the natural moisture out of the skin, leaves it dry and harsh. By giving your skin additional mois-



Before you go out, protect your complexion from cold, wind and dust this way

ture to make up for this, by protecting it before going out, you can prevent the roughening and coarsening caused by cold, wind and dust. For this protection, as for a powder base, you need a greaseless cream. Pond's Vanishing Cream has just the ingredients which keep the skin soft, supple and prevent chapping. Always protect your skin before going out by applying a bit of this softening cream.

AT the end of the day your pores are choked with tiny particles of dust that work in too deep to be removed by ordinary washing. These tend to make your skin look muddy. At night before retiring your skin needs a deep cleansing with an entirely different cream from the greaseless one you use in the daytime, a cream *with* an oil base, which will work well into the pores. Pond's Cold Cream has just the amount of oil to cleanse the skin and clear up clogged pores. Every night and after a motor trip, give the skin a deep cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. In this way it will become clearer, fairer.

Neither of these creams will foster the growth of hair on the face. Get a jar or tube of each of these creams at any drug or department store today. Remember, every normal skin needs *both* these creams.



The dust specks that work deep into the skin must be removed each night with an entirely different cream—a cream containing oil.

POND'S Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

One with an oil base and one without any oil

Free sample tubes—MAIL THIS COUPON

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 116-Z Hudson St., New York

Please send me, free, the items checked:

A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream

A free sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Instead of the free samples, I desire the larger samples checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:

A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream

A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Plays and Players

(Continued)



The
Price of a Perfect Complexion
A Few Minutes a Day the SEM-PRAY Way
THE greatest of beauty specialists, visiting you daily, can do no more to keep your complexion "Always Young" than you can do alone with fragrant Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay.

**SEM-PRAY
JO-VE-NAY**
Sempre Giovine
Meaning "Always Young"



IT keeps the skin young by restoring Nature's own oils lost by contact with the harsh, drying winds, by the exhausting strain of the social season that bring those tiny lines that herald the approach of age.

After out-door exposure, before retiring, apply. Smooth gently with the fingers. Leave undisturbed for a few moments. Then remove with a soft cloth, and your skin will be perfectly cleansed, invigorated and glowing with youth.

A seven-day trial convinces. Just send us your name and address and we will gladly forward a week's supply free.

At All Good Toilet Counters

The Sem-pray
Jo-ve-nay Co.
Dept. 1252
Grand Rapids, Mich.



A movie mob can now hear everything a director says six blocks away—and the director doesn't even have to raise his voice. Here is William deMille saving his own vocal chords by using the "Magna Vox" in directing a scene. Beats the old-fashioned megaphone, doesn't it?

THE exodus of the Famous Players from the east to the west coast studios has begun. Elsie Ferguson was the first to depart. She went not unwillingly, but perhaps not joyously, for she has never worked elsewhere than in New York and she was rather loath to leave her home and her husband. Ethel Clayton, having only just settled down in her new apartment in Manhattan, packed up again for a California bungalow. Justine Johnstone's husband, Walter Wanger, becomes general manager of production of all the Paramount branches all over the world, and when he goes to the coast his lovely Realart wife will go with him. With the advent of all these luminaries, there will be a collection of stars under one studio roof—the Lasky—that the world of films has never before witnessed. Wonder how it will work out?

A GREAT deal has been said and written about the practice of producers changing the titles of well-known books and plays to lurid pack-'em-in billings. A recent instance of this occurred in the screen translation of Henry Arthur Jones' work, "Michael and the Lost Angel," which reached the screen as "Whispering Devils." But consider, folks, what they are doing in Germany. We see advertised in a German

trade-journal "Unchained Passions" and "Irene's False Step." But the title which wins the beautiful tin pen-wiper is "The Vampire" from St. Louis." Accompanying it in the list, are "The Inn of Chicago," "The Jewelry Thieves from San Francisco," "The Inheritance from New York." An interesting study in German psychology, isn't it?

THE last chapter has been written in a glittering career, and the book of Olive Thomas' life is closed forever.

The chapter was written in bold-type in many papers—in the form of an advertisement. It announced the auction sale of the effects of the late star, a sale originally scheduled for two days but which required only one, for the bidding was brisk.

The two biggest buyers were Lewis J. Selznick, president of the corporation which released Miss Thomas' pictures, and Mabel Normand, one of the late star's best and most loyal friends. Mr. Selznick purchased the Locomobile and several articles of jewelry. Miss Normand purchased a gold toilet set for \$1,425, among other things. There were many valuable pearl and diamond rings and bracelets, pearl necklaces, and fur wraps.

The proceeds of the sale went to the mother of Olive Thomas.

Plays and Players

(Continued)

WHAT, the film enthusiasts always want to know, does my celluloid favorite do when she isn't working? Well, most of them come home and read a book and go to bed, except on Saturday nights. But it remained for Mary MacLaren to do something absolutely different. Mary, after working all day in the International studios away uptown in New York, comes home to her hotel for dinner and then—four nights a week—hastens to art school. She has a decided talent in this direction and her teachers say that if she ever gets tired of motion pictures she can always illustrate for a living.

THE Actors' Equity gave a ball at the Hotel Astor in New York. John Emerson, you know, is president of this leading actors' body and so he and his little brunette wife, Anita Loos, were there, supported by Norma Talmadge, looking particularly spectacular in a lovely new gown from Paris, Joseph Schenck, John and 'Nita's film master, and Charles Chaplin. The last should really be first, for Charlie was pretty nearly the most popular person at the ball. Wherever he went he was surrounded by an admiring group of fellow thespians.

In speaking to some of them of an incident that occurred several years ago Chaplin said with a twinkle in his eye, "That was when I was famous!"

PERHAPS you read about William Brady Junior's marriage to Thelma Percy, sister of Eileen. (Bill Brady, Jr., is Alice's step brother, Grace George's and Bill Brady's only son). Perhaps, then, you'll be interested to know that there isn't a word of truth in it. Oh, no—the young man didn't contradict it, but his dad did. "My son," said William A. Brady, Sr., "does not even know the young lady." So that's that.

FLORENCE LAWRENCE, famous some years ago in films, went to California to become the head of a dramatic school out there. But some picture producer waylaid her and persuaded her to practice her art instead of teach it. So you'll see her soon.

HERBERT RAWLINSON is to be a featured player for Louis B. Mayer. He is Anita Stewart's leading man in her new picture. Mayer is to concentrate in the future on special productions, with a featured cast instead of a star. With Mildred Harris leaving, Miss Stewart remains the only Mayer luminary.

THEY tell many tales of temperament around a studio. But some of the best have never been told.

One of them concerns itself with a very famous, very emotional, very beautiful star. She has a reputation for temperament that causes directors to pluck at the coverlet and studio managers to seriously consider the best way to end it all.

The other day, she was doing a Spanish dance on her set. Every time she rehearsed it, she stepped a bit over the "camera line"—meaning that she stepped out of camera range and had to do it over again. Finally her director became a bit exasperated. "For heavens' sake, Miss Blank," he protested, "try to keep within that line!"

It was a gentle protest—oh, so gentle. But Miss Blank gave a shriek, threw aside her Spanish shawl, and flung her castanets as far as she could fling them.

They missed her director. But they hit an innocent and eminent author who was merely a pleasant onlooker in the studio. He retired holding his nose.



If a Price Tag came on breakfasts

Were breakfast dishes marked with prices you would see this at a glance: Quaker Oats costs one cent per large dish.

A chop costs 12 cents—two eggs cost 9 cents. One serving of bacon and eggs costs as much as 15 of Quaker Oats.

A meat, egg or fish breakfast, on the average, costs ten times Quaker Oats.

Then figure by calories—the energy measure of food value. Quaker Oats nutrition costs 6½ cents per 1,000 calories. Meat, eggs and fish will average about nine times that.

Consider how that difference mounts up. It means 35 cents per breakfast in a family of five.

The One-Cent Dish

The oat is the greatest food that grows. It is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness. As food for growth and vim-food it has age-old fame. Everybody should start the day on oats. Then think what you save when Quaker Oats is made your basic breakfast.



Calories per Pound		Cost per 1,000 Calories	
Quaker Oats	1810	Quaker Oats	6½c
Round Steak	890	Average Meats	45c
Average Fish	375	Average Fish	50c

Quaker Oats

The flavory queen grains only

Get Quaker Oats to make the dish doubly delightful. It is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. These super-grade oats cost no extra price, so you should insist that you get them.

15 cents and 35 cents per package

Except in far west and south

Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover

Sani-Flush

TRADE MARK. REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring



Surprisingly Easy

CLEANING the closet bowl is easy when you do it with *Sani-Flush*. Just sprinkle a little into the bowl according to directions. Flush. The work is done. The bowl and hidden trap are made spotlessly white without any dipping out of water, scrubbing or scouring. *Sani-Flush* cannot harm the plumbing.

Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing, and house-furnishing stores. If you cannot buy it locally at once, send 25c in coin or stamps for a full sized can postpaid. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)



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Canadian Agents:
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd.
Toronto

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PROPERLY TRAINED EARN \$100 A WEEK UP

MEYER BOTH COLLEGE (a Department of the Meyer Both Company) offers you a different and practical training. If you like to draw develop your talent. Study this practical course—taught by the largest and most widely known Commercial Art Organization in the field with 20 years' success—who produced and sold last year over 12,600 commercial drawings. Who else could give you so wide an experience? Commercial art is a business necessity—the demand for commercial artists is greater every year—today's shortage acute. It's a highly paid, intensely interesting profession, equally open to both men and women—home study instruction. Get facts before you enroll in any school. Get our special book, "YOUR OPPORTUNITY"—for half the cost of mailing—4 cents in stamps.

MEYER BOTH COLLEGE OF COMMERCIAL ART
Michigan Ave. at 20th St.
Dept. 31 CHICAGO, ILL.

Plays and Players

(Continued)



Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr., the "millionaire reporter," visited the Goldwyn studios in California the other day. They offered him a job in the films, but he said he preferred journalism. He is at the right, talking to little Johnny Jones and Director Mason Hopper.

HERE'S a hint for exhibitors. Take it or leave it.

There is no doubt that one gets an eye-ful every time he goes into a picture palace. What with brightly colored pictures, of the land of the sky-blue water, and the tints and the shades, not to mention the close-ups of the heroine and the long-shots—we wish they were longer—of the beach beauties. One's ear is also satisfied, nobly so, with the outpourings of the million-dollar organ, the expensive orchestra and the over-advertised tenor. And sometimes there come to the ear additional thrills furnished with all film explosions, trains, waves, motors, and airplanes—in other words, appropriate accompaniment from queer instruments expertly manipulated by the smallest man in the orchestra.

Now, why not exercise the olfactory nerve as well? In case you have forgotten what that is, we would specify—the nose. Give us, oh managers, the sweet smell of jasmine sprayed by eager ushers when the hero kisses the heroine one night in June. Give us the good strong smell of gin. Give us the odors of baking bread with the bakery scene. Do not forget the smell of soap-suds when the little country girl on the screen sees her sprightly reflection in the Monday washtub. Then, indeed, will we cease to begrudge one of you the price of admission, including the tax.

MABEL NORMAND has been taking a vacation. On an up-state farm. Only comes into Manhattan once in a while. Leading the simple life. Reason? Mabel wanted to gain ten pounds. Doesn't know when she'll come back to work. "Want a good story first," she says. She looks perter and prettier than she ever did.

MAYBE it isn't quite fair to tell this one on Wally Reid. But it's too good to keep. And besides everybody in San Francisco is talking about it, so what can you expect?

It seems that Wally and his company

went to the Bay City not so long ago to film some scenes for "Always Audacious." Between scenes, as it were, Wally managed to dig up quite a bit of excitement and even discovered some leftover local color on the Barbary Coast where he played the saxophone and the drum and various other instruments at the dance palaces and conducted himself generally like a two-year-old on a vacation.

Returning one evening from a little party of this nature, Wally and his boon companion, one "Hezi" Tate whose other business is being assistant director to Cecil de Mille, sat in the window of their room at one of the local hotels and suffered the pangs of ennui.

Then they had an idea.

A little later a large number of indignant citizens began entering the revolving doors of the famous hostelry, irate citizens with entirely incapacitated hats held in their hands, on which apparently some aviatorial hen had tried to lay eggs from about the height of the 11th floor.

Likewise, a number of the hotel's perfectly good pillows were returned under circumstances most distressing.

And the awful part of it was that when the manager traced the crime to the two culprits, they threw him out and shot him a couple pillows for good luck.

Well, boys will be boys.

Only next time perhaps they'd better choose locations in Death Valley or on the Salton Sea. San Francisco is a hard combination of circumstances for any hard-working young actor.

ACCORDING to a report, Mack Sennett is going to write five musical comedies a year to be produced by Al Woods. After presentations on Broadway the plays will be pictured at the Sennett studios in California. Oh yes—a bevy of California beauties will be brought on from the coast to appear in the comedies. Meanwhile Sennett is trying his hand at comedy-drama. The first is called "Heart Balm."

Plays and Players

(Continued)

THE delighted expectation of the public in regard to the oft-rumored re-marriage of Lew Cody and Dorothy Dalton having practically evaporated, the question arises as to whether Mr. Cody really will continue a bachelor-from-experience or whether he will enter the ring with Willard Mack in the contest of many and beautiful wives.

We don't know what Bebe Daniels' views on matrimony are, but it's safe to say at the present writing that whatever they are will undoubtedly have a marked effect upon Mr. Cody's decision.

GOD bless the Irish!

Hal Roach, the guy that manages every little thing for Harold Lloyd, walked up to a policeman in Los Angeles the other day to make some inquiries about the new traffic signals.

He said:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but my name is Roach—"

"And a foine guy y'are for apologizing fer it! It's a grand name. Ye should be proud to own it. Don't come around me excusing yerself fer havin' a name loike Roach. Git out av the way now or a flivver will stip on ye. Good day."

THE month's most unlucky man—Lambert Hillyer.

While the Bill Hart director was out visiting the other evening, some vile person broke into his house, filled Lambert's own beautiful new coupe with Lambert's extensive and priceless stock of liquid goods—including several cases of champagne—and beat it.

As yet no trace has been found of the villain.

Lambert inserted the following ad in the Los Angeles papers: "You can keep the car if you will bring back my liquor."

SALARY stories—statistical and otherwise—are legion. Here's one from an entirely new angle.

When Tony Moreno recently re-signed with Vitagraph for another five years, one of his friends said to him, "Tony, I don't believe you're a very good business man. Seems to me you could have got a lot more money out of that contract if you'd worked it right. I don't believe that your salary (which runs well into four figures per week) is what you're worth."

Said Tony: "Don't think it's what I'm worth, eh? Maybe not. But if there are no pictures—how much am I worth? I guess I might be getting \$3.00 a day, digging ditches, maybe. I guess I get all I'm worth. I'm not sore. I'm darn grateful!"

But then, Tony always was the most utterly regular human fellow in the entire picture game.

THE only person who seems to have received authentic information as to the movements of Charlie Chaplin is little Jackie Coogan, the boy whom Chaplin once designated as the greatest child actor on the screen.

Jackie got all busted up in an automobile accident recently, and his convalescence at the hospital was cheered by a wire from Chaplin stating that he would be home to spend Christmas with the youngster—home being Los Angeles in Jackie's case.

JULIAN ELTINGE is coming back to pictures. He is making a photoplay of what was perhaps his greatest stage success, "The Fascinating Widow." Harry Beaumont, who lately left Goldwyn, is directing, and Ann May is the leading woman.



The Hand of Ina Claire

HANDS are expressive. The slightest movement of the hand—the simplest gesture—focuses the attention immediately. What is the appearance of your hands? How do they feel?

The artist appreciates most, perhaps, that the skin of the hands should be kept in perfect condition—smooth, soft, pliable, attractively beautiful—free from blemishes—or painful irritations which annoy and distract.

Ina Claire recognizes the cleansing, softening, healing properties of Hinds Cream, and uses it regularly to keep her skin in perfect, natural health.

The comfort and charm this snow-white, daintily scented skin lotion brings, makes Hinds Cream the indispensable toilet requisite in many refined homes.

FOR TRIAL: Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 5c. Either Cold or Disappearing Cream 5c. Talcum 2c. Face Powder, sample, 2c; trial size 15c. Toilet Soap, 8c. Be sure to enclose amount required, but do not send foreign stamps or foreign money.

Hinds Cream Toilet Requisites selling everywhere or mailed postpaid in U. S. A. from laboratory.

A. S. HINDS

228 West Street, Portland, Maine



The
HINDS
WEEK-END
Box
Six dainty
pink
Packages
in trial
Sizes
50¢



Plays and Players

(Continued)



The Coquetry of Yama Yam.

Posed by Bessie McCoy Davis.

IT twinkles in her agile toes and sparkles in her lustrous eyes. You can have alluring eyes by cultivating beautiful brows and lashes. Use **Lashlux**, a dressing cream which darkens the lashes at once and makes them grow long, silky and glistening. Apply after powdering; it supplies the natural oil absorbed by powder and gives a well-groomed sheen to brows and lashes. A harmless, delicately scented cream. Dark, Brown and Colorless. 50c per jar at drug counters or direct from makers.

ROSS COMPANY

Makers of "Ripplesheen" Shampoo Powder
29 East 23d Street NEW YORK

LASHLUX

means
luxuriant
lashes

LABLACHE

FACE POWDER

When you ask your druggist for Lablache, why is it he seldom offers you a substitute? Because he knows there is no better face powder, and that the class of women who use it are satisfied—it's so natural.

Refuse Substitutes
They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c, a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 10c. for a sample box.

BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. 57
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.



If the roof were removed from the new Paramount studio in Long Island City and an airplane picture taken, the result would resemble this. The above photograph was snapped from the grill work high above the studio stage where Dorothy Dalton and company were assembled in the Aurora Borealis saloon, erected for a western drama. The gambling tables and the bar may be distinguished but the people look like the shell marks on an airplane picture made in France. Note the huge lights in the foreground.

POOR John Wray!

Of course everybody knows a lot of grief has to happen to a director. But this seems a bit strong.

Wray was directing the new Thomas H. Ince special starring lovely Florence Vidor. The scene was a most elaborate one, using several hundred extra people in evening garb, a large sunken pool, an orchestra, and expensive scenery.

What with the orchestra and all, John couldn't make his directions heard. At a given time, several hundred of the extra people, supposed to be guests at a smart-set dinner party, were to throw discretion to the winds and jump into the pool.

So Wray sent his assistants about and notified everybody of the exact action, telling them when he was ready that he would fire a shot from a revolver.

A grand idea. Only Hobart Bosworth happened to be working on the next set and he shot the villain just about five minutes before Wray was ready to shoot. The extras jumped.

We haven't the heart to tell any more—

OLIVE TELL is playing opposite Eugene O'Brien now. Quite a few erstwhile stars have voluntarily resigned their stellar estates to take up the more pleasant and less arduous duties of leading business.

THE crowded condition of Broadway, New York, picture theaters is traditional. Still, it was something of a surprise to see Morris Gest, producer of "Aphrodite" and "Mecca," standing patiently in a long line waiting to see the film version of Otis Skinner's "Kismet."

BECAUSE of the vogue of "Way Down East," several producers are going in for the dear old rural drammar. Hugo

Ballin is making "East Lynne," which, while perhaps not rural, is most certainly drammar. Then too, Vitagraph is doing "The Heart of Maryland," with Catherine Calvert in the rôle made famous by Mrs. Leslie Carter.

NOW that the Talmadges are settled down in New York again everyone wants to know what they're doing.

Constance is as busy as ever. When she isn't working she's having a good time. Constance regards life in general in the nature of a lark, and a trip to Europe and attendant glories hasn't spoiled her optimistic outlook.

Norma, escorted nearly always by her husband, has gone south on location, returned, started work, seen all the new plays, and signed a new contract. That is, Mr. Schenck has arranged to release his wife's and his sister-in-law's pictures through Associated First National for a period of four years. In addition Schenck has secured the services of Herbert Brenon to direct Norma for an indefinite engagement, has enlisted the support of Harrison Ford, Kenneth Harlan and James Harrison as leading men, and has purchased several new plays for production.

SOMEBODY of importance was paying Agnes Ayres compliments upon her beauty as that young actress stood on the deMille set in her marvelous "Cinderella" costume.

"Well," said Agnes slowly, in that pathetic voice of hers (the kitty-cats have even been known to call it a whine), "I'm glad you think I'm beautiful. You've got to be something in this world and I've discovered I haven't any brains, all right."

Which leads us to believe Agnes may be deeper than we had suspected.

Plays and Players

(Continued)

DENIALS—vigorous and emphatic—are the order of the day with Allen Holubar. The ceaseless repetition of stories about his forthcoming production—stories as to its moral tone, its sacrifice of human life in the making, its nudity of costuming,—have heaped coals of fire on the director's head, so he says.

Mr. Holubar declares that his picture is not immoral, that on the contrary it has a highly moral lesson—that it does not contain a single nude scene, and that if anyone cares to investigate he will show them the insurance records to prove that only one person was injured, and that the injury was slight.

Like everything else, "time will tell."

But if Mr. Holubar's denials are true, gossip has surely used him ill and he's got a lot of reparation coming.

MILDRED HARRIS CHAPLIN secured a divorce from Charles Spencer Chaplin in Judge York's department of the superior court of Los Angeles on November 8th. Upon the witness stand, with tears streaming down her face, the young wife of the screen's greatest comedian repeated her oft-told tale of alleged cruelty, neglect and wedded unhappiness.

She was accompanied only by her mother and her attorney. Mr. Chaplin did not appear, but his lawyer was in the courtroom.

The decree was granted by Judge York upon the ground of desertion when Mrs. Chaplin stated that in spite of repeated appeals on her part, Charlie refused to come home and act like a husband is supposed to act.

A property settlement arranged out of court awarded Mrs. Chaplin \$50,000 at that time, and \$57,000 in six months.

Incidentally, while on her visit to Los Angeles, Mrs. Chaplin (now Mildred Harris, since one of the conditions of the divorce was that the divorced wife should use the magic name of Chaplin no more for professional purposes), was, as usual, widely quoted by the newspapers upon various subjects.

Among other things she stated that "there is somebody I am very much interested in, but I sha'n't marry again for a long time."

She also stated that she expected to build a beautiful new California home, out Beverly Hills way between the Bill Hart and Wally Reid mansions. Well, Hollywood real estate is a good investment.

All in all, we wonder how Mildred feels about it. Her one great moment on the witness stand came when she spoke brokenly of the tiny son whose passing shattered her last hopes of a reconciliation with her husband.

YOU couldn't turn around in Hollywood on any lot this month without stumbling over producers, presidents, and other "higher up" powers that be. It's been a regular open season for all the important fellows to look over the western front, as it were.

Jesse L. Lasky and Adolph Zukor, of Paramount-Artcraft; Winnie Sheehan, vice-president of Fox; Albert Smith, Vitagraph president; Carl Laemmle, head of Universal; Marcus Loew, of Metro; Samuel Goldwyn, and Arthur Kane have all been in our midst.

It doesn't seem to portend anything important to the industry except perhaps a general tightening of the more systematic method of government in the studios and a cutting away of any possible unnecessary overhead.

It's a long, cold winter.



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Plays and Players

(Continued)



And they took this in California! King Vidor and Colleen Moore on location in the northern part of the Golden State for snow scenes in "The Sky Pilot." Colleen threw her first snowball since she was a kid back in Chicago.

WHEN she has completed two more productions for Famous, Billie Burke will probably leave that company. Flo Ziegfeld may enter the picture producing field himself and in that case his wife will be his first star. Miss Burke prefers to live and work in New York, while all the other Paramount stars have participated in the transfer of studio activities from the east to the west coast.

MAY ALLISON is laid up at her home in Beverly Hills with a couple of busted ribs. We admit it seems difficult to connect the dainty little blonde with such a catastrophe. If it were Bill Hart, or Tom Mix—but May Allison!

It happened, according to inside information, while May was holding an hilarious frolic on the lawn with some of the neighborhood kiddies—a frolic including a football.

May is a lot better, entirely out of any danger of complication which at first threatened, and hopes to be back at work in six weeks or so. Anyway, I never saw so many flowers in my life as her devoted admirers sent her on learning the sad news. Most anybody would bust a rib or two for such gorgeousness.

THE entrance of Elinor Glyn into motion picture circles in Hollywood has produced a good deal the same effect that a charge of dynamite under a building will show.

The English author, with her red hair, her exquisite jewels, her green eyes and wonderful manner, has been the one topic of conversation in the movie colony.

Incidentally, she is being handled with kid gloves by the Paramount-Artcraft organization, for whom she is to write stories. The lady is forceful and determined, and rumor hath it that her original story is to be presented according to her dictates or not at all.

She has been extensively entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Jesse L. Lasky and Mr. and Mrs. Cecil B. deMille. Mrs. Lasky, it

seems, won her instant approval, because she "had the most perfect hair and hairdress in America—exactly like Paris."

Her remarks to a young male star—who has been told by some millions of women that he was utterly perfect—were so revolutionary and helpful (?) that the young man appears to be starting life all over again. Mrs. Glyn cryptically stated that he "didn't take enough Turkish baths and Sandow exercises, nor sufficient outdoor sports, that he cut his hair as though he had a ring worm in the back of his neck and wore his boots as though they were made by his butcher."

Nevertheless she has completely fascinated everyone who has met her, and the privilege of a few moments with her is being fought for by the different stars. It isn't difficult on witnessing her effect upon people here to understand her great vogue with such dignitaries as the King and Queen of Spain.

COLLEEN MOORE was standing in the lobby of Grauman's Theater in Los Angeles one afternoon waiting for a friend (she says a female friend), to go to the picture. The friend was late in arriving. Colleen stood close to the box-office window where a young lady with a large stack of chewing gum and a Better-Baby stare was handling the clamorous throngs.

One fresh young man lingered rather long discussing the position of the seats which he and his female of the species were to occupy. At last he said belligerently, "Now understand, I want those seats on the aisle."

"Both of them?" asked the girl in the box-office sweetly.

An elderly lady who apparently thought she was talking across the backyard fence with all morning ahead of her, was curious as to price, location and general desirability of every one of the hundreds of seats in the house. At last she seemed about to decide, then hesitated again.

"Well, tell me one thing, lady," said the girl wearily, "Will you have 'em plain or breaded?"

Plays and Players

(Concluded)

FOR a P. A. we think this is pretty good—
“A great psychological authority has stated that there is a great crook play every five years which fastens itself upon the public thought.

In 1900 it was “Jim, the Penman.”

In 1905 it was “Leah Kleschna.”

In 1910 it was “Alias Jimmy Valentine.”

In 1915 it was “Within the Law.”

And in 1920 it is going to be “Outside the Law,” the crook drama just completed by Tod Browning, starring Priscilla Dean, with Lon Chaney and Wheeler Oakman.

THERE is a big sign just inside the door of one of the famous beach eating resorts near Hollywood, where the luminaries of the screen are wont to gather and frolic. It reads:

“Have you left anything?”

Sessue Hayakawa regarded it rather sadly the other evening as he was about to depart and then remarked to his wife, “Let’s change it and make it right. It should be—

“Have you anything left?”

Right along the same line was Betty Blythe’s answer to the Mexican official on the Tia Juana border who asked her if she was bringing back anything of value.

“Good heavens, no,” said Betty heartily.

“Don’t you worry, old dear. They got every cent of it before they let me start, so I’m afraid you’re out of luck.

“Gee,” she remarked later, “They ought to have an American on the other side to do that when you go down. I could have helped him out a lot.”

HAMPTON DEL RUTH, director of comedies, married Alta Allen, one of the beauties who appears in his pictures, in Los Angeles.

PERHAPS you read a newspaper report to the effect that Cecil deMille and Louise Glaum had been married. Perhaps you were surprised, particularly if you had read “What Does Marriage Mean?” Cecil deMille’s story in the December issue of this magazine. Of course, the report was false; but suppose we quote Mr. deMille himself, who denies it in a characteristically charming fashion: “While I have never met Miss Glaum I am very sure that any man would be honored by her hand. Unfortunately I was unable to be present at the ceremony because my wife and three children would not let me!”

MARY PICKFORD has a new director—her own brother. Frances Marion, who was to have directed two of Miss Pickford’s pictures, was recalled by International to continue her interrupted contract before the second picture was begun. So Mary enlisted Jack’s services. Al Green will co-direct.

\$\$\$

THERE’S millions in it”—when it’s the real thing. There were seven hundred and sixty-seven millions in it for the motion picture theater box offices of the United States during the year from July 1, 1919, to June 30, 1920, to be exact, \$767,336,470 poured from the public pockets into the coffers of the country’s cinemas. The figures were revealed in the preliminary report of the Department of Internal Revenue; the Government collected from exhibitors taxes aggregating \$76,733,647; and from the distributors of films taxes aggregating \$4,381,470, on the gross distributing business coming to \$87,628,200.



How Pretty Teeth are ruined during sleep

When you retire with a film on your teeth, it may all night long do damage.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. The tooth brush does not remove it all.

That film causes most tooth troubles. So millions find that well-brushed teeth discolor and decay.

How film destroys

Film absorbs stains and makes the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It

holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Few escape its damage. So dental science has for years been seeking a film combatant.

New methods found

Now ways have been found to fight film and film effects. Able authorities have proved them. The ways are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. And millions of people every day enjoy its benefits.

Watch it for 10 days

This offers you a 10-Day Tube. Get it and watch its effects.

Each use of Pepsodent brings five desired effects. The film is attacked in two efficient ways.

It multiplies the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

It also keeps teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere.

These five effects, attained twice daily, have brought to millions a new era in teeth cleaning.

Send the coupon for the 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

Judge by what you see and feel. Our book will tell the reasons. This is too important to neglect. Cut out the coupon now.

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Non-Essentials

(Continued from page 30)



A half hour ago Peggy had a tight, ugly cough and Mother was worrying about all the troublesome remedies she knew Peggy disliked. Then she remembered the bottle of Kemp's Balsam she had got months ago for just such a time. And Peggy was glad she did. Just enough to moisten her throat and the horrid old cough stopped. The sand man came and Mother heaved a sigh of relief.

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there with his head in his hands as though an overpowering emotion had taken hold of him.

Finally, he spoke of taking a trip. Afterwards she remembered this as the first definite step.

"I think I need a change, Lucy."

"Perhaps you are right, John. Where shall you go? To Florida?"

"Florida! Heavens—no!" He laughed at her suggestion. "I'm thinking of going to Europe. I'm in need of new ideas. I should have a new perspective of American life. Europe will give me that."

"England?"

"No—France. I think I'd like a Latin point of view just now. There is so much of reconstruction there."

She tried to make her answer sound casual. "Do you think the trip would be safe for baby? I understand conditions there—"

He looked up quickly. "I was thinking of going alone."

Again the forced, casual note. "Perhaps you are right. A family on such a trip might be too—too confining."

He did not meet her eyes. "I'm glad you see it that way. Would you be happy here—alone with baby?"

"Happy? Hardly that. I should miss you too much to be happy, John."

"But—I mean—you'd get along all right. You'd be contented?"

"How long will you stay?"

"Oh, it's all an idea—just now. Perhaps nothing at all will come of it. I only wanted to talk it over with you."

So her fear, her intuition, had not been unfounded! The battle between intellect and domesticity was in full swing. Discouragement swept over her and was pushed aside. Fighting qualities sprang into life which had hitherto been unsuspected. The cheeriness of her voice deepened; her interest in her husband's comfort increased; the house was never so well nor so quietly run, so delightfully charming and peaceful; more flowers made it gay; the wheels of life seemed recklessly oiled.

The campaign demanded another call upon Mrs. Havilow. Lucy was received with modulated but evident surprise. A patronizing note was apparent in the greeting.

"So awfully good of you to come. And housekeeping—how is it going on?"

"Perfectly. You haven't an idea how satisfactory it is."

"But—I thought you had all sorts of difficulties!"

"The satisfaction is in overcoming them."

"Ah."

"You've never had that experience?"

"Housekeeping? Heavens—no! My maid and I and hotels—that is my creed. In that way I avoid all the difficulties of life."

"But, in that way, don't you miss individuality? Aren't you always merely—merely a number?"

Mrs. Havilow's grey eyes showed the least signs of hard glitter. "I don't mind my—what shall I call it?—body being a number, as you put it, provided my mind is free to soar. One can't follow intellectual pursuits if one is forced to think of bodily comforts."

"But if one happens to be a sabbatite?"

Mrs. Havilow's eyebrows went up. "I should hardly have said that of you."

"I was not speaking of myself."

"I don't believe I understand you."

"My husband is."

The hard glitter did not successfully hide surprise. "You mean—"

"My thought of him—my love of him—has made me concentrate on the things he demands."

"Demands?"

"Well—needs."

"Why not lead him away from them? He only *thinks* he needs such things. It would only be a question of time to persuade him that he was wrong. He is far too clever, too sensitive—" She let a discreet pause end her praise and continued: "He should be made to see that such things are not really necessary."

"You think that possible?"

"I'm sure of it."

"But—how could it be done?"

"By gradually eliminating non-essentials." Good enough advice, if one were in the mood for accepting it, which Lucy Scotwell was not. On the contrary, she continued furnishing, even creating, non-essentials to such an extent that she went perilously near to over emphasis.

At luncheon the next day her husband mentioned her call on Mrs. Havilow.

"Ah—she told you? Did you see her last night?"

"For a moment—at the Perkins." His side-long glance was incriminating.

"Did she mention our conversation?"

"No. Why?"

"We discussed the non-essentials of everyday life. She maintains that we do not need them."

"Perhaps she is right."

"Perhaps she is."

After this the climax came quickly.

Scotwell mentioned his decision to leave the next week in a most casual way. As to the length of his stay he said he had not decided; perhaps three months, perhaps longer. Regarding his wife's plans he asked no questions and offered no suggestions. After this statement, he spoke very little of the voyage, and indeed was very seldom in the house. When at home he spent almost every moment in the nursery. His devotion to the baby was deeper than ever. His attitude towards his wife was that of one who rather dreaded her presence. It was very evident to her that meeting her eyes was a real pain to him.

Lucy missed nothing. It was all too obvious for her not to realize that her fight was over—at least in the direction she had gone. Even the tie she had counted on most, their child, would not hold him now. Everything crumbled about her. Still she did not let him know that she knew or suspected anything.

In a last spasm of hope she went to the office of the steamship company and there her final doubt vanished. Mrs. Havilow's name appeared among the passengers. Wild plans of going to her, taking her baby with her, and begging for her happiness, her future, raced through her mind; but thoughtful consideration kept her inactive. If her husband had decided to leave her, violence on her part, tears, pleadings would not hold him. Beyond that, too, a certain deep sensitiveness made her silent. If she had failed to satisfy him it was no one's fault but her own. She had had him twelve years all to herself. If in that time she had not made herself indispensable, nothing now would. Indispensable! The word clung to her thoughts. Perhaps. But—no. There was no use now in giving vague hopes a chance to live. She prayed to keep up her courage until he had gone.

The morning he was to leave—he had not come to her room that night—she made no attempt to help him with the packing. This was not intentional on her part; it was due to her fear of breaking down. She waited downstairs until he should come to tell her goodbye. She knew he had gone to the nursery and when he did not come and she saw that it was time for him to leave, if he ex-

Non-Essentials

(Continued)

pected to reach the boat, she called from the hall that he must hurry. His hurried kiss, his avoided eyes, brought iron into her soul.

When he was gone, she went up to the nursery, told the nurse to go out and leave the baby in her care and in this way got through the morning trying not to think.

After luncheon, a special delivery letter came from him, sent from the boat. She opened it calmly, read it through to the end and rising, still calm, tore it into bits and threw it into the fire. She had not expected such a letter and yet, in a way, it was characteristic of him. He had always had a certain honesty in meeting every situation and even this one, which he had hidden or at least tried to hide from her, had caused him suffering. He told her so quite frankly in the letter. His idea had been to save her and himself useless suffering. He could not tell her, to her face, brutally, that he had awakened at forty-five to the realization that she was not giving him what he needed mentally; he could not have said this to her and met her eyes; so he had chosen as the easiest way writing it to her. She must not think that he had not resisted this new, overpowering element which had come into his life. He had, he had resisted, and he had found himself overcome. The woman who had come into his life—he did not mention her name—had grown to mean everything to him. She made him happy in a way he had never been before; she stimulated him; she would save him from rusty, dull old age; she would make his next years—probably the best of his life, the most productive—wonderful with achievement. He actually felt it a duty to himself to cast everything else aside and follow her; it would mean everything to him. She, Lucy, after the first shock, would understand. He begged her not to suffer too much—for the child's sake, if not her own. He had left everything for her future comfort with his lawyer. He wished above all that she should want for nothing. He had also instructed his lawyer that he would make any declaration necessary that would facilitate her in obtaining divorce. He was sure that the sooner this were accomplished the happier both of them would be. He asked for her forgiveness. Some day, he felt sure, she would forgive him. She must not think that the step was causing her alone unhappiness. The decision, or at least arriving at it, had been a time of torture for him.

That was all! That was the end of twelve happy years! Not even a word of appreciation! Ah, but she was glad of that! He had at least spared her pride. The future loomed before her, empty, desolate. A phrase she had recently read came back to her. When happiness goes out of the door, contentment comes in. Contentment! She shook her head. At that moment she was more furious with herself than with him. She was tasting the bitterness of failure.

A little later, her thoughts turned to the immediate future. What was she going to do? She sat down at the telephone and called up his lawyer. At her request he promised to call the next afternoon.

When she looked up from the telephone, she saw the maid coming into the room with a strangely disturbed expression on her face.

"Oh, Ma'am, something awful's happened. Mr. Scotwell's left most all the things he needs most. His dressing gown, Ma'am, and his slippers, and his shaving things, Ma'am, and worst of all, his brushes! What can I do about it? The boat must be a long way off by this; isn't it, Ma'am?"

Lucy met the maid's anxious eyes; and for the first time that day, she smiled.



"In Case of Cough or Cold—Musterole"

He takes no chances. On the road or at home, Musterole is his faithful old router-out of colds and congestions. Twenty years ago they used to put a stinging, messy mustard plaster on his chest when he had a cold. It was a harsh but effective remedy.

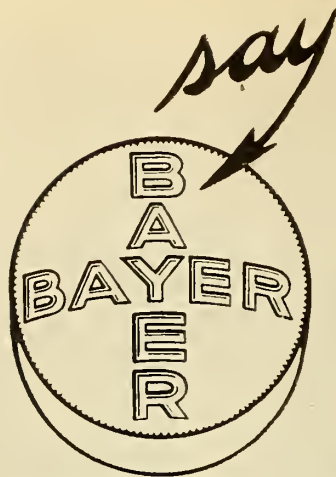
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You just rub a little of this clean white ointment over the congested spot. First, there is a gentle tingle, then a soothing coolness. But way down deep underneath the coolness, where Musterole has penetrated, there is generated a peculiar heat which soon disperses congestion and sends the cold away.

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Non-Essentials

(Continued)

"My husband wrote me from the steamer that he wished me to sue for divorce."

"Yes, Mrs. Scotwell," the lawyer replied in a voice that was a compromise between sympathy and stolidity. Her eyes had not yet given him a clue to the proper manner to employ. "He also wrote me to facilitate the matter for you in every way possible."

"I have no intention of asking for a divorce."

The lawyer's expression changed slightly. "But—Mrs. Scotwell—"

"Will you convey this information to him?"

The rapid fire of statement and question proved somewhat bewildering to the old man. He was accustomed to clients who were a little less assured than this very calm woman with such steady, straightforward eyes. "Before doing that," he hesitated, then continued, "if you will permit me—I think that in consideration of—"

"Consideration? I was not aware that that entered into the matter. Surely it was not shown to me!"

"But—"

"No—there is nothing further for us to discuss. That is all that I wished to tell you. Perhaps—perhaps I had better write him myself. Have you his address?"

The lawyer nodded.

"I will send you the letter tonight." She stopped, suddenly caught by an entirely new idea. "I may have several letters to send him," she said slowly now, as the idea developed in her mind. "Can I trust you to see that they reach him?"

Again the lawyer nodded and rose when he saw that she had risen.

"You refuse to discuss the matter further, Mrs. Scotwell?"

"What more is there to say?"

"Surely—you do not wish to place your husband and Mrs. Havilow in such an embarrassing position!"

"Is their position more embarrassing than mine?"

"At least they cannot marry until there is a divorce."

"Ah! Then I still have some power left!"

"Power that I am sure you will not wish to use."

"For the moment—I think I do."

"Then—I think I had better telegraph your husband."

"On the boat? No—I think it would be much better to send him my letter." She sat down again; the lawyer followed her example. The interview was proving interesting to him and developing in an entirely unexpected channel.

Lucy Scotwell rested her chin in her hand for a few moments, reflective. The old lawyer was not sure, but he thought her lips were curving in the very slightest of smiles. However, when she met his eyes again, hers were entirely serious.

"I wonder if I might ask a very great favor of you?"

He bowed and made a gesture of deference to her wishes.

"I mean—would it be possible for you not to mention to my husband that you had seen me? Would you be willing to send my letter to him without comment?" Again she stopped quickly, reflective. "No—it would be much better for me to send it myself."

"Have you his address?"

"I shall send it to his bankers in Paris."

"Would you consent not to write to him until I have a reply? That—that would make it so much easier for me."

That night she wrote the letter, not carefully and considering every word, but with a certain surety and swiftness that was char-

Non-Essentials

(Continued)

acteristic of her. She made no reference to his letter. She began with regret that he had left his brushes and slippers and shaving outfit and wondered if he had been able to find such things on the steamer. Should she send them to him and where? Then followed two pages descriptive of her morning with the baby; how she had drawn pictures of the boat to amuse her and even attempted a likeness of him promenading the decks. It had been a great success, her first attempts at drawing; and the baby had responded with enthusiasm. The afternoon had been rather lonely. Nurse and baby had gone out for a walk and she had remained at home, wandering about rather disconsolately. He must not stay away too long; life was already beginning to stretch out in long, lonely vistas; besides, think how much baby grew now each week; he would not know her when he returned. That was all. No reference to the letter he had sent; no reference to anything that he had not spoken of to her.

The next week she sent a similar letter—exactly the sort of letter that a good wife and home maker would send to a husband off on a business trip. News of the baby filled most of the pages. She had been brought down from the nursery to the dining room. It was too lonely eating alone. Besides, two years old was quite time to begin to learn to sit at a table. The weather was beautiful—cold and brisk. She had continued to keep violets on his desk. His room looked exactly as if he might come into it at any moment and begin writing. That cheered her—the idea that he might decide to come back and surprise her. She even had his slippers and his dressing gown and his shaving outfit—all the things he had left behind—always ready for him. He must not think her too sentimental, but little things like these made him seem so much nearer. Baby had added two more words to her vocabulary.

The third week she wrote another letter, always in the same key; and on and on until five weeks had passed. Then the lawyer telephoned and asked if he might call at once.

His glance this time was neither sympathetic nor stolid; it was frankly curious.

"I had a most extraordinary letter from your husband this morning."

Lucy's hand went to her throat. "Has anything happened to him?"

"No—no. Nothing of that sort. He appears to be under the impression that you did not receive the letter he sent you from the boat."

"Ah!"

"He said you do not write as if you knew—exactly—in fact, not at all—what—"

"What he has done?"

"Yes. Exactly that."

"Well?"

"He asked me to find out if you had."

"To ask me?"

"No—to find out—"

"Surreptitiously?"

"Well—yes."

The lawyer found himself staring into wonderfully glowing eyes.

After a pause: "What shall I tell him?"

"Tell him—tell him that I did not receive it."

"But—I know you did."

"And now I tell you that I did not."

"I beg your pardon. That would not be the truth."

"I do not mind telling a lie—this time."

Lucy rose from her chair and went to the window. When she came back the lawyer thought she had wiped away a tear. When her hand shot out pleadingly towards him

he was sure of it

"Are you willing to help me—or is it against your interests as his lawyer?"

"My dear Mrs. Scotwell, I *am* his lawyer, you know."

"Then—surely you are willing to help him!"

"I don't understand."

"Please don't try. Only do what I ask you. Write him that I did not receive his letter."

The old man pulled out his handkerchief and wiped his brow. He had had a good deal of experience but this case was quite beyond him.

"At least do it this once," Lucy pleaded. "Later—you may write him that I received the letter. But now—just give me a little more time. I promise that you may write him later. If you receive another letter from him instructing you to tell me, then—then you can say I know—everything. But just now—please—please."

The lawyer left, shaking his head and not at all sure that he was not being tremendously played with.

And the letters, gentle, sweet, domestic, continued to be written and mailed each week.

Three months had passed and the lawyer had not returned; nor had any letter been received. Summer had come in, bright and beautiful. Lucy, in the Park with the baby, looked up at the clear blue sky. The world was too bright and happy not to carry messages of hope. She lifted her head and smiled. Surely she had not lost her battle! Surely ahead of her was still happiness! Her hand tightened on the little one clasped in hers.

She sat down under the trees and released the little girl, watching her as she rolled on the grass and called back words to her. What terrible three months, months in which imagination had to be crushed, months in which she would not allow herself to visualize what might be taking place! It would have been so easy to have imagined all sorts of things. If she had once unleashed her thoughts, ruin, she knew, was lurking in the shadows to overtake her. She had concentrated on the things about her, the child, the house, the mere living of everyday life. That had kept her occupied and strong. But could she go on much longer? There must soon be an end to all hope.

And while she sat there, the lawyer was closeted with a client who had just returned from Europe.

"You are quite sure she never received that letter?" Scotwell asked for the third time.

The lawyer met his glance with eyes that long service in his chosen profession had made steady. "As I told you, she gives the impression of knowing nothing."

"But I have never written to her. Did that not appear extraordinary to her?"

"She never mentioned it."

"Did she ask about me?"

"You must remember I have only seen her twice. Her principal anxiety appeared to be whether you were receiving her letters or not. Did you?"

Scotwell rose and walked about the room. "Yes—I received them. Wonderful letters they were, too!"

"Wonderful? How?"

"So simple, so sweet, so homelike! No straining after the impossible in them—nothing that was not real and true and honest. Reading them, I could see exactly what was going on at—at home. The baby—" Suddenly he came back to the table and sitting



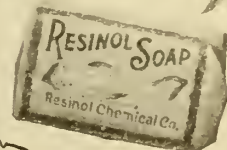
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Non-Essentials

(Concluded)

down, bowed his head on his hands. "Good God, what a fool I've been!"

"You mean—"

"I thought I needed something else. I thought she—that other woman—would make everything so different. Well—she did. She brought me to my senses. She showed me that my wife had given me what I must have. It's all nonsense—this talk about mental stimulation. What good is all the mental stimulation in the world if you are so uncomfortable you haven't time to think!"

"Uncomfortable!"

"Yes, uncomfortable—beastly uncomfortable. How under the sun can a man write or think or contemplate if he has to give all his time to thinking of the non-essentials!"

The lawyer smiled. "Isn't your argument rather contradictory. Isn't thinking of non-essentials thinking in the wrong direction?"

"Don't talk foolishness. You don't know what non-essentials are until you don't have them. Then they become the most important part of life. You see—I had everything in my home. I didn't have to think of a thing. I only had to live—and think all the time, if I wanted to."

"Then, why in thunder did you run away?"

"I was laboring under the greatest fallacy of the ages—what the French call a grand passion. There isn't any such thing. It exists only in the minds of poets and writers. If there is such a thing it is a man's love of his home and his child. Why, talk about inspiration, do you know I haven't been able to write a line since I've been away!"

"Will you be able to now?"

"Will I? Only give me a chance!"

"Well—you have it."

"What do you mean?"

"Go back to your home and begin."

"Good God—if I only could!"

"There is nothing to keep you from it. Your wife is there. Didn't you tell her you would be back in three months? The time is just up."

"She must know."

"When you see her you will find out."

"That's just it. When I see her, I've got to tell her. She would know then even if she doesn't now."

The lawyer leaned back reflective. The drama he had seen played so silently, so well, unfolded before him in a flash of clarity. For the first time he began to see clearly what this man's wife had been doing and he made a mental note to speak that night at a banquet against woman's suffrage. Women were entirely too dangerous to be given any more power. Power! Good Lord, what were men in their hands but mere babies!

Scotwell lifted his head and sought advice. "Tell me—what shall I do?"

"Go home—and say nothing. You have made a trip and you have returned. I doubt very much if you ever make another one."

"You think I can do that?"

"My advice is to try it."

When he was alone the lawyer went to the telephone and called up Mrs. Scotwell. She was out with the baby but was expected in within half an hour. He put up the receiver, ordered his car and drove to her home. He found her coming up to the door.

"Will you come with me—quick?" he said. "Leave the child. I must speak to you a'one—and not in your home."

Lucy got into his motor, trembling. When she was beside him and the motor had driven off at his direction, he took off his hat and extended his hand to her.

"Brava, Mrs. Scotwell! You are the cleverest woman I have ever known."

"What have I done?" she asked, anxious and yet a little comforted. There was something very promising in his manner.

"You have saved your happiness—your home—by doing what few women know how to do—by giving your husband what he had to have."

"You have heard from him?"

"I have seen him. He returned today."

Lucy sank back in the car and covered her face with her hands.

"He thinks you know nothing. He thinks you did not receive his letter. When you return home you will find him there." He waited for her to lower her hands. "May I ask, Mrs. Scotwell, what you are going to do now?"

She looked up at him and smiled slowly. "Is that necessary?"

The lawyer settled back comfortably and marvelled again at the cleverness of women, and not only their cleverness, but a certain great quality that no man who had ever come under his observance possessed—capacity for forgiveness.

When he left Mrs. Scotwell a block from her house, a precaution he was careful to observe, he smiled and held her hand in his.

"If you ever decide to take up a profession there's a place open for you in my office."

"Thank you. I already have a profession."

He laughed. "I see. And you are making a success of it. Can't you let other women know of it?"

"Most of them know. Newspapers to the contrary, most homes are happy."

"But the vote."

Lucy shook her head. "There will always be foolish virgins."

When she entered her home the maid told her that Mr. Scotwell had returned and had gone to the nursery. She went up the steps slowly, gathering her forces, struggling to remain calm. Sitting near the window with the baby on his knees, he did not see her enter. She came quietly across to him, laid her hand on his shoulder and bending over, kissed him.

"I am so glad you are back, John."

His eyes sought hers and dwelt in them. "Will you ever forgive me, Lucy?"

She laughed easily and saw a great relief spread over his face. "For staying away so long, John? Now that you are back, nothing matters."

"Nothing, Lucy?"

"Nothing, John."

At luncheon, facing each other, she saw the look of anxiety return to his eyes.

"Lucy—I've never lied to you. I don't want to now."

She lifted her hand as if to ward off a blow. "Wait a moment, John. I want you always to be honest with me—of course—except—well, except when it is a question of my happiness. I think most of us would be happier if we didn't know a good many things. If there is anything that would hurt me—I'd rather not be told. I am so happy now in your return that I want nothing more."

He rose from his chair and came around the table to her.

"Lucy—you know."

She looked up and met his eyes, smiling frankly into them.

"I only know that you are home again. That is all I want to know." Then, still with his eyes in hers, she felt something flash through her like a long forgotten joy. He was looking at her as he had twelve years before.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 70)

F. B., ALBERTA.—Oh, I rarely indulge in an evening at a Broadway film palace. I take my exercise in other ways. You know you have to stand at least an hour before there are any seats vacant and then you have to walk several blocks to get to them. No—thanks. Donald Gallagher played with Nazimova in "Eye for an Eye." He is now acting opposite Helen Hayes in the dramatic version of Mary Roberts Rinehart's "Bab" stories, at the Park Theater in New York. Address him there.

CECILE.—You say, "It seems as if 1920 was an unlucky year for movie stars. I met quite a few of them personally." Aren't you rude! Anita Stewart is working right now in Los Angeles, on "The Tornado," an original story by Jane Murtin, scenarioized by Anthony Paul Kelly.

RUTH AND THELMA.—How are you, girls? I think "The Lady of the Lake," Scott's famous poem, was picturized by Vitagraph some years ago with Edith Storey. That reminds me of the good old one about the girl who was trying to impress a gentleman with her knowledge of literature. "I love Scott," she thrilled. "You like 'Marmion' and 'Ivanhoe'?" I presume?" said the gentleman. "Oh yes, yes," she gasped. "And how about Scott's 'Emulsion'?" "That is my favorite!" cried she.

JULIA, MOUWER, ARIZONA.—Another new one. Called after a cat, I'll be bound. Neva Gerber has been married and was recently divorced, I believe, but not from Ben Wilson. She and Wilson appeared in serials for a long time. Ben was an actor for Edison in the good old days.

MISS CLEVELAND.—You are a most disturbing person. You shatter my self-esteem every time you write—and you write often. I never believed anyone could take me seriously, but evidently you do. So, if you're disappointed it's your own fault. Write to Monte Blue at the Hollywood studio of Lasky. He is back there now. I am sure he'll write to you. Ann Forrest in "The Faith Healer," she's with Paramount.

M. M., NEW YORK.—I can tell you whether or not your favorite actor is married, my dear, but I am no ouija-board, so I draw the line when you ask. "Is he *happily* married?" However, I am glad you like this department and hope you'll write again—and ask some easy question, such as a list of all the extras in a deMille ballroom scene, or the name of the canary in "Whose Cat is That?"

LU, TOLEDO.—Yoo-hoo, Lulu—that would make a good name for a musical comedy. Harold Lloyd isn't married or engaged, old thing, so I can't tell you what color eyes his wife has. If Harold ever becomes a benedict rest assured your query will be answered.

SHIRLEY.—Attention, everybody! Here is a young lady who took my advice and profited by it. Such persons are very, very rare, but that does not mean they should not be more frequent. Shirley of Frisco wrote to me two years ago asking for advice as to how to enter the movies. I told her to finish school and then think it over. She has. And she's decided she doesn't want to be a motion picture actress after all. There—I told you so! (That's the first time I've ever had a chance to say that, and I fear me 'twill be the last.)

(Continued on page 101)



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ringlel thrilled
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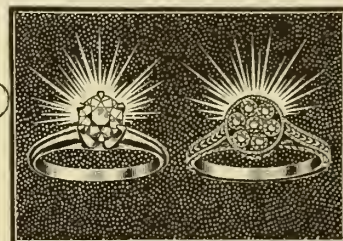
I've just gotten a new one and it's a beauty with its lovely soft hair falling over the combs at the back that slip so easily through my hair. I just use an invisible pin to attach the ends and it's on and off in a jiffy. How did I get it? I sent a strand of my hair with \$10. and it was sent postpaid.

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medium brown..... light brown.....

Name..... Street.....
Town..... Co..... State.....

The Port of His Desires

(Continued from page 62)

in fancy under the Moorish arch.

But this time, as never before, there was another standing beside him—a woman. He discerned her features and her entire personality with a clearness that first astonished and then vaguely disturbed him. Out of the smoke of his cigar this new creature of his dreams emerged and stood forth with an insistent impression of reality. She was a small, slender creature with a pale face, full red lips, warm brown eyes and wavy dark hair touched with bronze.

At his first mental view of her he could not recall that he had seen her anywhere before. For up to this time women had not entered into Dexter's life. He had seen them come and go. He had talked with them, laughed with them with shy indecision—and then each one of them had gone her way and he had gone his.

But the woman he now beheld through the curling haze of tobacco-smoke was destined, after this memorable evening in spurious surroundings, to figure in all his visions, to run as an ever-present thread through the fabric of his dreams like a warp of fine-spun gold through a woof of silver.

On the next day it fell to him to route the company's shipment to Timbuctoo, by way of the Senegal. It was an invoice of bright-colored cotton goods directed to the Sheikh Abu Ben Ibrahim. The name lingered on his lips like the flavor of a sugar plum, with a sweetness long drawn out.

Timbuctoo! Well he knew the story of that ancient city, now rising in new glory and new power out of the sands seeped upon it through the centuries. Well he knew the great part that Timgad had played in the Roman march southward into the heart of Africa—Timgad the magnificent, Timgad the unfortunate, Timgad the hated of the desert and the all but conquered by the desert!

His mind followed the journey over seas and lands which the bales he was forwarding would make on their far way to Timbuctoo. He closed his eyes and saw the caravan as it plodded its way northward and eastward from the Senegal; saw it wearily entering the village of huts that once had been a metropolis; saw the camels as they knelt down with groans and grimaces to be relieved of their burdens.

And then he saw, issuing from a tent, a woman with a pale face, fresh young lips and warm brown eyes—the woman he had seen the previous evening in the shadow of the minarets of Sultan Hamid.

Again, a few days later, as Dexter was looking at a famous painting of the Taj Mahal at Agra—the dream-tomb of lace-like walls and Arabian Nights portals which Shah Jehan built as a casket for the woman he had lost in the game with death—he caught a glimpse of the same face, the same lips, the same eyes.

She seemed to know him now, to smile at him with a vague expression of timid recognition, and as the picture vanished he found himself shadowed by a feeling of loneliness, a sense of isolation which he never had had before.

Yet another day, when he had made the entry of fifty cases of copra from Hilaire, Fils & Compagnie, of Tahiti, his young eyes rested dreamily upon the blank wall opposite his window and discerned by slow degrees a green stoll gleaming in a flood of silver moonlight. The picture was so vivid to his vision that he heard the rustling of the long, plumelike fronds of cocoanut palms, and in the distance, where the coral island stretched wide-open arms to the broad Pacific, the muffled roar of breakers came surging to his ears.

He saw a native youth, clad in a scant loin-cloth, clambering up a palm tree with quick, supple movements of hands and feet,

and distinguished the thudding fall of cocoanuts upon the ground—the cocoanuts of which the copra for the candy manufacturers is made.

And then, in the half-shadow of the grove he saw—or he could have sworn he saw—on the bank of a clear stream singing its way to the ocean, a maiden half-covered by the glory of dark-bronze hair.

Presently she sank into the limpid, moonlit water with the slow, graceful motions of a nymph. He even heard her laugh—a laugh that disturbingly reminded him of a voice he had heard somewhere else, at some time before, he knew not where nor when. He saw a hand waved in beckoning to him with the playful, tantalizing spirit of youth and innocence.

Then, at the tread of brisk workaday steps behind him, the picture vanished into the grayness of the wall; but the impression graved deeper upon his consciousness the image of that maiden of his dreams. He named her "The Woman."

The face of The Woman he saw again on that memorable morning when the calendar told him he had been five years in the employ of the tropics and Orient Importing and Exporting Company. She seemed to be smiling mystically into his eyes from between the pages of the bankbook that held the tangible record of his dreams. The end of the last column on the last page, balanced on the previous day, was a verdict of success—the great success of his young life.

The total was large enough to take him, for a year at least, out of the dingy office corner in which he had lived the better part of five years; large enough to send him around the world; large enough to make of his dreams a stirring reality.

Dexter sighed deeply, stretched his long arms, threw his shock-haired head back and laughed an audible laugh of triumph, of happy anticipation. As he gazed at the wall opposite his window with a strange feeling that he would miss the screen upon which the moving picture of his dreams had unrolled itself for five years, he became aware of a light step and the rustle of a skirt. He turned to find Kathleen standing at his side. She held a letter.

"Delivered by mistake to Mr. Drigg's office," she explained. And then, noting the light in his spectacled eyes:

"You look as if you had taken a mortgage on the earth!"

"That's just what I have done," he answered buoyantly, thrusting the bankbook into the inside pocket of his coat, and there giving it a reassuring pat.

"How nice!" she exclaimed banteringly, laying the letter on his desk. Dexter glanced at the inscription, recognized his father's familiar, cramped handwriting and thrust the unopened envelope into his pocket beside the bankbook for future reading at his convenience.

"Nicer than you think, Kathleen," he rejoined.

Her smooth young forehead gathered in a slight frown. It was the first time he had called her "Kathleen." She shook her small head, puckered her red lips and rallied him:

"Kathleen, did you say, Mr. Dexter? Aren't you unduly familiar on five years' acquaintance?"

And she laughed; but had Dexter had ears to hear—or had he realized that he had ears to hear—he would have detected a note of pathos in her laugh.

Even so, he had a moment's surface agitation as she stood beside him, smiling. But the moment was brief; for Kathleen turned abruptly and went her way. Had she remained facing him for the space of a breath longer he could not have failed to see the

The Port of His Desires

(Continued)

gathering tears in her eyes. But he was intent upon the task of great importance he had to perform that day.

He began the task by striding out of his dingy office and into the lighter, larger and more commodious room where the bullet-headed authority presided over a large flat desk.

"Hello, Arnold, what can I do for you this fine day?" asked Driggs in his manner of my lord the elephant speaking pleasantly.

Dexter folded up his great length in the arm-chair beside the desk, took an expensive cigar out with the air of having saved it for an occasion, struck a match on the sole of his shoe and lighted the cigar with deliberate movements.

The series of operations helped him to put a soft pedal upon the tumult of his feelings. Finally he settled back in his chair, took a full-volumed puff at his cigar and made his momentous announcement:

"I'm going to quit you, Mr. Driggs."

He was unaware that Kathleen Sheridan had entered the room. He had not heard the office door open or shut, or the quick tap of high heels on the linoleum floor as she walked to her desk. He was oblivious to all sounds save the beating of his own heart.

But at his brief announcement Kathleen sat still with fingers poised rigidly above the keyboard of her typewriter. She scarcely breathed, waiting for what was to come next. Of all this Dexter was likewise unconscious, for he sat with his back to her.

"To quit us?" echoed Driggs, rising from his seat and surveying the long, lank figure in the arm-chair. "What's the idea?"

"I'm going to take a little trip."

"Well, then, why don't you take a couple of months leave of absence?" suggested Driggs hopefully, resuming his seat with an expression upon his heavy features that plainly betokened a cordial frame of mind. "There's a two weeks vacation coming to you pretty soon, anyway."

"Thank you, sir; but my trip is going to last at least a year."

Kathleen's fingers dropped suddenly and heavily upon the keys, relaxed and weak. At the sound of the sharp click of the metal, Driggs turned his head in the direction of his secretary, saw the rush of color in her cheeks and made a mental note. Dexter heard only the pounding of his own heart.

Driggs stuck a pudgy thumb in the arm of his waistcoat and uttered a low whistle, returning to the subject in hand:

"At least a year?"

"Perhaps two," volunteered Dexter.

"Well, I'm mighty sorry," rejoined Driggs after he had recovered his breath.

Dexter resumed, after another protracted puff at his cigar:

"I hoped, when you gave me my job five years ago today, that I might sometime get a chance to go to Singapore, or Calcutta, or somewhere. Perhaps you'll recall my speaking about it the day you hired me. That was my idea in taking the job. New York was only the beginning of the journey I had mapped out for myself, way back home. The longest trip you ever sent me on took me only as far as the Hoboken waterfront."

He swallowed bitterly and resumed:

"So I've decided to go the limit—all the way around the world—on my own hook."

"You have absolutely made up your mind?"

"Yes, sir; and I'd like to get away by the end of the month."

"That's too bad, Arnold. We had hoped—Mr. Wyman and I— But look here. I'm going to hand it to you straight from the shoulder. You've made a mighty good man on the job. Any time you want to come back there'll be a fifty per cent. raise in salary waiting for you."

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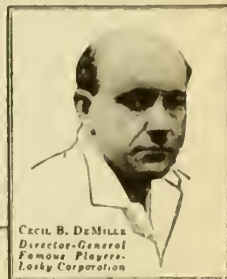
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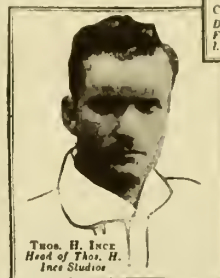
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The Port of His Desires

(Continued)

Dexter caught his breath at the announcement. A year ago the proposal would have seemed to him like the offer of the key to the wonder-chamber of the world. On this day of days only one thing mattered and Dexter tugged at the leash to do that thing. "Thank you, Mr. Driggs," he responded in an indifferent voice after his brief moment of elation. "But it's too late for me to change my mind now."

As he was leaving the office he glanced at Kathleen, paused a moment as if some unexpected idea had come into his head, and then passed out of the room with a confused sense of realities placed into close juxtaposition with fancies. But Kathleen gave him no look; for her head was bent over the machine and her fingers were dancing nervously over the keys. Perhaps if she had met his eyes at that moment— But who knows?

Hardly had Dexter closed the door behind him, however, when Kathleen's fingers ceased to fly over the keys. She raised her head, surveyed Driggs' face with a furtive glance, cleared her throat and spoke, with cunning approach to the subject that was eating her heart out:

"Mr. Driggs, did you ever feel inclined to discharge me?"

"Not yet," he replied, looking at her curiously.

"Well, you will in a minute," she announced demurely.

"What do you mean, Miss Sheridan?"

"I'm going to try to tell you how to run your business," she explained.

"Fire away," he permitted briefly.

Kathleen rose from her seat, moved to Driggs' desk with a tense expression which Driggs did not fail to notice, and there and then achieved an act of self-sacrifice that measured the unselfishness of her love for Dexter. She said, in a voice that she meant to be casual but the tremor in which did not escape even the dull ear of the bullet-headed authority:

"There's the vacancy at Calcutta."

"Vacancy at Calcutta!" he echoed, looking at her sharply and surmising something of the feeling that lay back of her act in putting Dexter away from her by helping him to reach the port of his desires at the other end of the earth. "H'm. Didn't know there was a vacancy at Calcutta."

"There is," she assured him. "I got it from Mr. Wyman's office. Rankin has resigned."

Driggs looked out of the window with a vague feeling that the slip of a girl beside his desk was living through a big moment and that he was sharing in it, glanced into her face, noted the color in it, cleared his throat and said, with the air of a man who has made up his mind:

"All right, since you are determined to send that bean-pole from Indiana to Calcutta—take this dictation, please. But I wash my hands of the whole business. This is Mr. Wyman's affair, not mine, and as likely as not he will resent it as a piece of interference on my part."

When he had finished dictating Kathleen started for her desk to transcribe the notes, and then stopped, turned to him and said with restored self-possession:

"Thank you, Mr. Driggs."

A quarter of an hour after the memorandum had been dispatched to Wyman's office, it was brought back by an office boy. Driggs, on the way out, laid the paper on Kathleen's desk. Kathleen glanced at it and saw, written across its face in Wyman's coarse hand:

"Sorry; but the vacancy was filled from the Cairo office this morning."

And her lips were closely pressed together as she returned to her work.

At the lunch hour Dexter walked the three blocks to the bank with an odd feeling that he was treading the silver side of a cloud. He presented himself at the paying teller's window, drew out enough cash for immediate needs, and took letters of credit for the balance of his account. He walked out of the marble corridor of the bank with an even lighter step, signalled a car and swung himself aboard, keeping a guarding hand all the time on the bulging coat pocket that contained his passport to the manifold land of his dreams.

In half an hour, he reflected exultantly, he would be standing at the grilled window of the steamship office. A few minutes after that he would hold in his hand the bit of paper that would open the portals of the world of romance to him. He laughed inwardly at the assured prospect.

Seven weeks from the present moment, he estimated, he would be sitting in a steamer chair on the deck of a dahabié, on the Nile, in the shadow of the ancient temple of Isis. Three days later he would be climbing the pyramid of the Temple of Cheops. In less than a fortnight after that he would be at Constantine, the new city built upon the site of the obliterated ruins where Roman legionaries had scaled the walls of Carthage. And then—Timbuctoo, and Constantinople, and Agra, and Pekin, and Tokio!

His chest expanded with a new sense of freedom, his shoulders, bent by five years of toil over a desk, took an extra backward hitch. He breathed deeply. A great light shone in his spectacled eyes.

And then the face of The Woman took substance out of the stuff that his fancies were made of. He saw, more vividly than ever, her pale face, her red young lips and her soft eyes, warmly brown. She seemed to be sitting in the car at his side, to be touching elbows with him and returning his smile—to be thinking his thoughts and sharing his elation.

He found himself analyzing the expression of her eyes. They were eyes which, now that he thought of it, he felt sure he had seen in a living woman's face. He wondered who the woman could have been. He ran over all the women he had known with a mental movement similar to that of the hand in seeking a card in a pack. But he could not recall her—unless, it occurred to him with a little start, she might be Kathleen Sheridan.

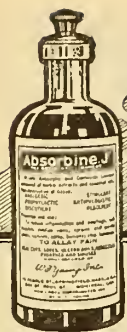
But the thought of her only brought to his mind the letter she had laid on his desk that morning—the letter from his father. He must read that letter.

"I mustn't forget to leave a banker's address for Mother and Dad," he thought as he took the missive out of his pocket, tore off a narrow strip of the envelope with clerkly care, pulled the folded sheet out with casual fingers and began to read.

As he read, the smile vanished from his features, his lips first quivered and then stiffened as he pressed them together, and something very like a groan sounded deep in his throat. He swallowed hard, shifted in his seat and his Adam's apple worked up and down nervously.

He folded the letter, put it back into the envelope with fingers that seemed oddly awkward, restored it to his pocket, signalled to the conductor, tottered from the car when it stopped, and shuffled to the sidewalk.

Here, standing on the edge of the curb, he did not seem to know where to go next. A mist was spreading before his eyes and the tall building seemed to be swaying and turning about him in a gyrating motion. The stuff of which his dreams had been made—pyramids, minarets, golden domes and tinted pagodas—seemed to be tumbling about him



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The Port of His Desires

(Continued)

in a crash of ruin; to be piling up on him; to be crushing him into the gutter.

"You're obstructin' th' sidewalk in a rush hour, young feller," a policeman warned him.

"What did you say?" asked Dexter vaguely, blinking at the policeman.

"I said you'd better be moving on an' givin' th' rest of th' town a chanst on th' sidewalk," urged the bluecoat with a severe manner.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," mumbled Dexter under his breath. "I had no idea—"

He turned mechanically in the direction of the office, walked dazedly to the building, so different from the Mosque of Sultan Ahmed; paced unsteadily through its dingy entrance, so different from the lace-like gate of the Taj Mahal; groped his way to his room and sank into his seat with a groan of utter weariness.

Suddenly, in the flashing of an eye, his bright world had turned dark. As he bowed his head upon his arms, his hands seemed to be stretching out uncertainly in the blackness, seeking answering hands. But there was no responding touch out of the chaos.

His face was flushed and his eyes were bloodshot as he raised them to the wall opposite. There were no attols, no waving palm-fronds, no slender minarets limned upon it now. It was a dead, blank wall—a hideous thing of brick and mortar and accumulated grime.

Then an idea came to him—a wild desire to tell somebody about it. He must speak to someone at once, must get into human touch at once—or go mad.

He took up the telephone instrument, joggled the hook, got the operator and asked her to connect him with Miss Sheridan.

"Is this Miss Sheridan?" he asked, unaware of the hoarseness of his voice.

"Yes; what's the matter?" asked the voice at the other end.

"Could you possibly come in here for a moment? I—I want to see you," he continued.

The receiver at the other end was so abruptly restored to its hook that he thought the connection must have been accidentally broken. The severance affected him strangely. It seemed to cut him off from all help, all understanding—to isolate him, to place him beyond the reach of friendship and sympathy.

The next moment Kathleen Sheridan entered the room with rustling skirts, hurriedly, almost running. She stopped short as she caught the first glimpse of his face, and stood within the doorway staring at him with large eyes.

"What's the matter, Dex—Mr. Arnold? Have you hurt yourself?"

She came quickly to his side, her pale face drawn, her red young lips tremulous and her warm brown eyes swimming in tears. But none of these things did Dexter see at that moment, for he was struggling to extricate himself from the wreckage of his dreams.

"Read that," he said shortly, almost gruffly.

Kathleen took the letter with a pounding heart, read it through and laid it down on the desk with a catch in her throat that would have been a sob if she had not choked it down.

"It's got to be done," he told her hoarsely. "I can't leave father and mother in the lurch in their old age. I can't let the old home be sold over their heads. And it will take all I've saved but a few dollars."

Kathleen longed to place a hand upon his shoulder; to press him to her heart; to take

How I Saved \$67 on One Dress

A Personal Experience

By ROSE LORENZ

1145 Twenty-third St., Des Moines, Iowa

LESS than a year ago, my sister made all my clothes. I had taken a commercial course and secured a position as stenographer in a Des Moines business office. Besides working eight hours every day but Sunday, I taught four evenings a week in night school. I had never learned to do any but the simplest kind of sewing. And ready-made coats, suits and dresses such as I wanted cost a great deal more than I could afford.

In the early months of 1920, my sister's health became so poor the doctors insisted that she go away from home to rest and recuperate. Her absence, of course, increased my responsibilities at home and I could not imagine what I would do about clothes—as professional dressmakers were a luxury I could not afford and my wardrobe was exhausted.

I finally decided to try and make some dresses myself. But I knew so little about sewing that the three or four simple ones I made all looked alike. Other people noticed it, too, for one day my chum asked me why I didn't sometime get a pattern with a different style.

Then—just when I was almost discouraged—I read the story of the Woman's Institute in a fashion magazine I had bought in the hope of getting some ideas about clothes. It seemed almost too good to be true—that I could keep my position, do my work at home and still learn in spare time, at my own convenience, by correspondence and home-study how to make just the kind of dresses, suits, coats and hats I had always wanted.

But I wrote the Institute and asked for full information. And when I found that thousands of other women and girls had solved their clothes problems through this great school, I made up my mind that I, too, could do it. So I joined the Institute right away and took up the complete course in Dressmaking and Millinery.

When my first lesson came, I seized it and ran up to my room to devour its contents undisturbed. What a delightfully fascinating way to study! Before I had read three pages I learned things I never knew before. The language was so simple anyone could understand it perfectly and the illustrations were simply marvelous!

I soon began making blouses, skirts and house dresses. And now, after only a few lessons, I have just finished what I call my masterpiece. I saw a dress in one of the large department stores here marked \$85.00. Of course, I could not afford to buy it, so I decided to get the materials and copy it.

I studied the dress carefully, then I came back to the office and wrote a description, making a sketch and all. The next day I went back and studied it again until I had every detail worked out in my mind. I then got a foundation dress pattern and from that pattern cut a pattern for the dress.

Then I measured up the amount of material necessary and bought it. The other day I finished my dress and it couldn't be more like the original. I have copied it to the smallest detail.

Now the wonderful part of it is that by careful huying, I got a splendid piece of serge for \$4.95 a yard, which made the actual cost of the dress as follows: Materials, \$14.85, bright colored yarn for trimming, \$2.13, findings, 95c, making a total of \$17.93 for the dress which is an exact duplicate of the \$85.00 original. In just this one garment I have saved more than the cost of my entire dress-making course.

And here is another point. Because I made this dress myself, it enabled me to buy a beautiful hat and gloves to go with it. If I had bought the dress at the store, I would have had to wear my last year's hat and no gloves for I believe in paying for one thing before I buy another.



"Everyone who sees this dress admires it."

Everyone who sees this dress admires it, for it is so much prettier and more becoming than the dresses I have been wearing.

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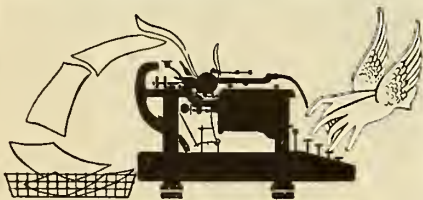
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upon herself the burden that was pressing him down.

"But you've got your job here to fall back on," she sought to comfort him.

"My job? I wouldn't take this job back after I've given it up—not for all the money the company's got," he announced fiercely. "Not after that speech I made to Driggs. No, no!"

The moment of hope that Dexter might remain, that somehow he might know and understand flickered into futility with his bitter refusal to even consider the possibility of remaining at his task. But all the regret in her loyal breast was for him and not for herself.

She held out an impulsive hand to him. He clasped it gratefully.

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Arnold. I can't tell you how sorry I am! But you can make a new beginning; start all over again—and get there just the same."

But Dexter shook his head with the dejection of utter defeat and despair.

"I don't see it at all."

And, lifting himself heavily from his chair as if his body were a burden to him, he thrust his hands into his trousers pockets and began to pace the room nervously, with baffled movements that reminded Kathleen of the paces of a wild animal in its barred cage in the zoo that had excited her pity.

It was at this moment that Destiny walked into the room in the portly person of Driggs. The bullet-headed authority glanced from one to the other, paused, turned, closed the door carefully behind him and asked, with a smile:

"Well, have you two had it out?"

A flush mounted to Kathleen's pale face. She backed with an instinctive movement of escape to the window that gave on the blank wall—the blank wall on which the hand of Fancy had limned Dexter's day-dreams—and stood with folded arms and drooping head, a figure of desolation, a flower wilted in the sun.

Dexter did not even glance at her. Instead he stared at Driggs with an expression that one might see on the face of a bewildered child. At last he stammered, foolishly:

"Had it out? Wh-hat do you mean, had it out?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" rumbled Driggs irritably, waving a pudgy hand as if to sweep an obstruction aside. "I've got good news for you, Dexter."

"Good news?" echoed Dexter with the same dazed expression.

"Calcutta?" breathed Kathleen.

"Calcutta—nothing!" announced Driggs with a mysterious smile.

Dexter showed the first sign of intelligent participation in conversation by asking:

"What about Calcutta, Mr. Driggs?"

"Oh, the Calcutta proposition was turned down flat. This is a much bigger idea. Mr. Wyman has got on the track of big graft by

Captain Sotiris that's been going on for years. Amounts to fifty or a hundred thousand dollars. He wants somebody to go to every port he's been going to, from Constanza to Zanzibar, and check up every transaction in hides."

"Yes!" from Kathleen, and "yes" from Dexter as if they had one thought between them.

"And he was so impressed with your intelligence in getting on to that little graft in the expense account that he wants you to undertake the job. He wants to see you as soon as you can get around to it."

Dexter tried to speak, but the words stuck in his throat and choked him. Kathleen's hands went to her breast as if she found difficulty in getting her breath. Finally Dexter managed to break the tense silence:

"Mr. Driggs, I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

And he held out a moist, trembling hand. Driggs ignored it.

"Don't thank me," he announced severely.

"Thank Miss Sheridan. She got you the appointment. She's the best friend you've got on earth."

And he turned briskly on his heel, opened the door, let himself out and closed the door carefully behind him.

Dexter turned dazedly to Kathleen and surveyed her with mute questioning in his eyes.

"Oh, all I did was to try to get you the appointment to Calcutta," she explained with a persistent shortness of breath. "But that fell through. I suppose, though, Mr. Wyman may have got from Mr. Driggs's memorandum the idea that you were a good man to put on the other job."

And as she spoke a great light flooded Dexter Arnold's mind. His eyes saw for the first time, against the background of the blank wall on which his dingy window gave, the appealing figure, in living, breathing substance, which so often he had seen in his day-dreams. He saw in the body, outlined in the frame of the window, the pale face, the fresh young lips and the warm brown eyes of his dreams—and he knew that they were the face, the lips and the eyes of Kathleen Sheridan; that it was Kathleen Sheridan his mind's eyes had beheld under the Moorish arch of the Mosque of Sultan Ahmed, among the tents of Timbuctoo, in the limpid stream of the South Sea Isle.

"You!" he murmured as one who awakes from a reality and finds the reality glorious.

Slowly he moved toward her.

"W-why, Kathleen—you are The Woman!" were the words that struggled to his lips with the poignancy of discovery long-deferred.

The next moment he gathered her in his arms—oblivious to the stuffy office, oblivious to possible prying eyes, oblivious to everything but the deep throb of the realization that he had reached the port of his desires.

And her lips were moist with tears as he kissed her.

Lois Weber's Rival

WE have been so long accustomed to thinking of America as the only country where women put constructive brains as well as beauty and acting talent into motion pictures that the recent visit of Mme. Germaine Dulac, of Paris, had in it something of the quality of surprise.

Mme. Dulac is a director. What is more, she is an independent producer. Just before

sailing for her brief American tour she completed her forty-fifth feature photoplay. Many of her works have been among the most popular French successes since the war. She is a characteristically alert, energetic Parisienne, still in her early maturity, and while a very frank admirer of the mighty picture accomplishments of America, is not at all willing to see her country take second place as a developer of real screen art.



Si
Says:

(Accordin' to
Leigh Metcalfe)

JOSH WIMP has quit going to the movies sence his wife bought the new sofy.

SAM SLOSH, the village p. o., says he can recollect when the only hosiery you seen in the movies was hangin' over the mantel at Xmas. Sam's no yearlin'.

THEY say Harry Lloyd's specs ain't got no glass in them, but Harry's a heap far from bein' blind.

THE farmers decided at pea-meetin' last week to ask the prop. of the Elite theater to change his show to Friday, instead of Saturday, on account of so many folks missin' their baths.

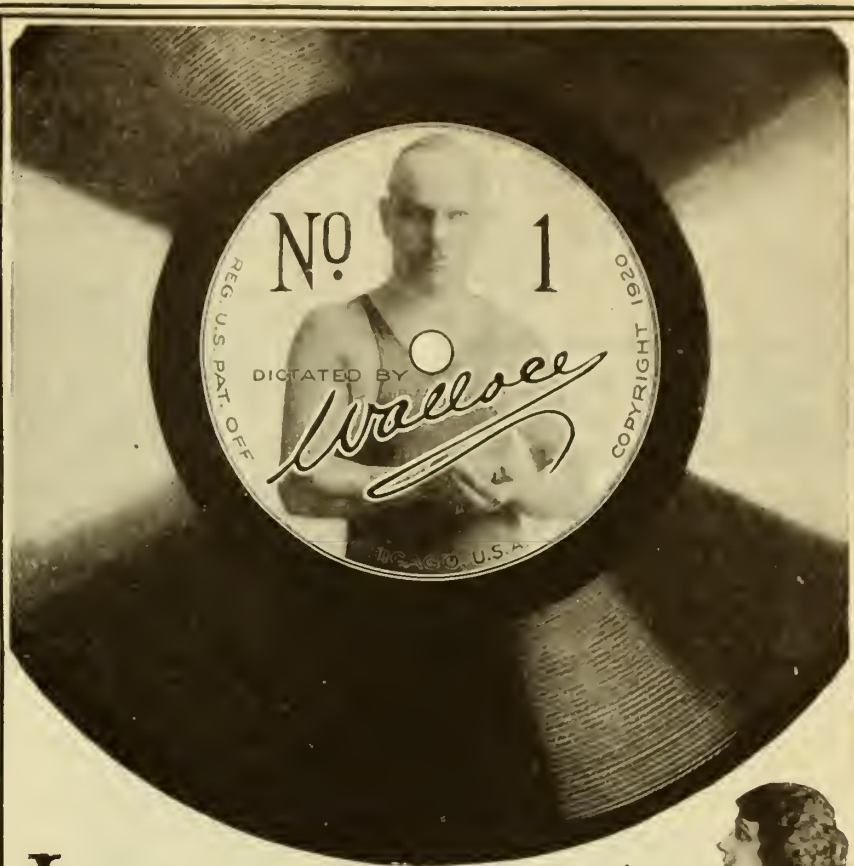
OLD Pete Gridley's half-starved hoss follered him to the show the other night and when he seen a stack of hay in the picture he fell over and died.

THE magazines say that Sennett's ambition is to produce "Twenty Thousand Legs Under the Sea," but I don't guess Mack could find that many girls willin' to get their feet wet.

THE producers that are talkin' 'bout realism oughta practice it by puttin' the crank on the telephone, such as every farmer in Tassel County knows it should have.

SIS BEATRICE says that judgin' by the styles in the films nowadays, the hosiery factories must be over-worked turnin' out gowns and suits.

I SEE by the papers that a N. Y. musical show producer paid \$300 for a pair of tights, but Jed Slocum, of Mud Township, is payin' \$15 a wk. alimony on account of one hairpin found in the buckboard.



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My instruction by records with photographic poses is just as direct and resultful as if I stood before you. More convenient, for you take your daily lesson of 20 minutes whenever you like in absolute privacy, without restraint. If you had enrolled only two

short months ago, you might today feel as these women (whose letters are in my file): 'I am 51 lbs. lighter and a new woman' * * * 'The exercise to music is not only delightful, but has made me within six pounds of the right weight for my height' * * * 'Reduction has commenced already and my skin and complexion wonderfully improved' * * * 'My figure was embarrassing but is now almost what it was when a girl' * * * 'I lost 14 lbs. the first three weeks' * * * 'I never appeared or felt so well.'

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NOTE: Readers of Photoplay will be interested to know that the above advertiser is the same Wallace who took a class of fifty extraordinarily stout women selected by a Chicago newspaper which reported at the end of thirty days, the amazing average reduction of 37 lbs. to each woman.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 66)

"SO LONG LETTY"—Robertson-Cole

that of the musical comedy hearing the same title—that of two bungalow neighbors in Hollywood who fancy themselves mismatched. One wife is flighty and flirtatious, all for a good time outside and canned food at home. The other is a natural hombody, more interested in domestic science than she is in pretty clothes. The flighty girl, of course, is married to a sohesides who wants to be fed and pampered, and the serious girl has drawn the town rounder who had rather dance than eat. The boys propose an exchange of wives. The girls, getting drift of their scheme, agree, with the stipulation that there shall again be a family readjustment at the end of a week. Then they lock themselves in their respective bedrooms, send the expectant "new" husbands to sleep wherever they can find a resting place, and proceed to make life generally miserable for them. At the end of the week the heaten husbands are glad to accept the wives the Lord and the law have given them. It is very well played, and though it is wildly farcical in most of its scenes the story touches closely enough upon human relationships to arouse an interest in the outcome. Roy Barnes, Walter Heirs, Grace Darmond and Colleen Moore are the quartet of misfits and the bathing ladies are all there in one-piece suits and spreading smiles.

THE LIFE OF THE PARTY—

Paramount-Artcraft

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE will never be a successful light comedian, speaking by the hook—and the scales. And yet, putting aside the evidence of the hook, he is already well on his way toward a successful career as a light comedian. If there were any who doubted that, given time and a little encouragement, Roscoe could live down his farcical past as a floundering halloon and proceed through the present toward the future as a legitimate comedian. "The Life of the Party" will do much to convince them they were wrong. He reverts to type a little more frequently in this screening of the Irvin Cobb story, falling upon himself and over himself with more frequency and greater abandon than he was willing to do in "The Round-up." But he still plays the character straight and sustains a legitimate interest in it. In the story he is a fat lawyer who is induced to run for the mayoralty against the agents of the milk trust. In the course of his adventures he is lost in the city streets in the early morning hours in a suit of rompers which he had worn to a "children's" party. It is snowing and hold-up men take his overcoat away from him. His adventures are many, now ludicrous, now serious, but he finally is elected mayor and all is well. I had more fun at "The Life of the Party" than at any other comedy performance I saw last month. Joseph Henaberry did the directing and the cast includes Frank Campeau, Julia Faye, Viola Daniels, Winifred Greenwood and Roscoe Karns.

"THE RIDDLE: WOMAN"—Pathe

THERE isn't much of the riddle about Geraldine Farrar's characterization of the harassed wife in "The Riddle: Woman." She is quite obviously the usual sort of movie heroine; one who has been deceived by the arch deceiver of Denmark and who revenges herself by strangling him when she can no longer stand his blackmailing

practices after she is happily married. In playing the part in the stage version of the play Bertha Kalich, being a tense and highly emotional person, was able to develop an interest in the character that Miss Farrar is not able to create. And so the picture passes as another mildly interesting melodrama of the screen, sans romance, sans thrills, sans everything except some effectively photographed scenes and the acting of a distinguished cast. Montague Love, playing the husband who understood, and William Carleton the hold villain who was a glutton for punishment, kept the plot moving.

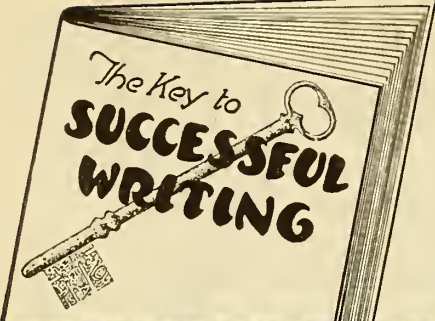
"OFFICER 666"—Goldwyn

THERE is much hurrying and scurrying through darkened passages in this picture, with the flashing lights now disclosing one officer and now a dozen or twenty, and again the hero, masquerading as an officer, and frequently the heroine, tense and unhappy, wondering whether she should trust Jerome Patrick, who invited her to the house, or Tom Moore, who was there when she arrived and seemed such a nice man. And when all the scurrying is over, and Jerome is proved to be a notorious "art collector" who had planned to steal Tom's most valuable paintings and elope with the heroine the same night, and Tom turns out to be the real Travers Gladwin Jerome pretends to be, someone says to someone else: "It doesn't seem as though it could ever have happened, except in the movies." And Tom replies: "Believe me, it couldn't." So everybody ducks from under responsibility for the picture. Which is an easy way of getting out of it. "Officer 666" is light entertainment, light and dark entertainment, you might say, that makes little impression but fills in the hour between the news pictorial and the comic. It is a little like taking tea for dinner. It isn't very stimulating, but neither will it keep you awake.

By Photoplay Editors

MIDSUMMER MADNESS—
Paramount-Artcraft

THERE are a few directors of pictures you can depend upon for sane, sensible, and spirited productions. Allan Dwan is one. William deMille, no longer merely Cecil's brother, is another. William's latest photographic essay is not a world-beater, not, perhaps, even a sensation—but it is believable drama, remarkably well executed. From Cosmo Hamilton's he seller, "His Friend and His Wife"—and why did they change such a typical film title, we wonder?—deMille has woven a real screen story, telling it by pictures, not captions, glossing over its unrealities with his sane sentiment, and embellishing it all with some scenes as lovely as etchings, some touches that are heart-warming. The fiction version of this photoplay appeared last month in this Magazine so it will not be necessary to relate the story. It is a good one. Many people will be grateful to deMille for affording Lois Wilson, at last, her opportunity. There is no sweeter nor more able actress on the screen today. She proves her place, here, among the first ladies of the films. Conrad Nagel is superb as the erring Julian. Jack Holt is adequate as the neglectful husband. Lila Lee is inclined to theatricalisms of pose and gesture and expression as Daisy, Julian's wife. Miss Lee needs a strong guiding hand at this point in her career. Some-



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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

one has told her she is an actress. All in all, a picture worth seeing. This deMille is a conscientious artist.

THE FORBIDDEN THING— Dwan-Associated Producers

A SIMPLE tale, told as only Allan Dwan could tell it. That is saying a great deal. Dwan is always interesting; he invariably makes his characters living and vitally human beings. This, his first Associated Producers picture, is unusual because it is consistently and effectively developed. It concerns itself with a Puritan who marries a Portuguese girl and finds her unfaithful soon after. He is finally able to marry the right woman and bring the tale to a happy ending. Dwan has extracted from this real drama. He is immeasurably aided by the stalwart presence of James Kirkwood; the charming and competent Helen Jerome Eddy as the right woman, and Marcia Manon as the siren. Put this on your list of photoplays not to be missed.

WEST IS WEST—Universal

THE more you see of Harry Carey, the better you like him. Not only that his characterization sort of grows on you, but that his work is improving all the time. And that is no mean compliment. This time he deserts the familiar cowpunching complications and keeps things humming in a mine. If you have ever liked Carey you must see him here. Even if you are not a Carey enthusiast, go to see it anyway—there is enough plot to keep you entertained, and a large chance for your conversion.

JUST PALS—Fox

NOT a great picture, but a very human one, Buck Jones' latest vehicle. He is not a cowboy in this, but a lovable loafer, who is accompanied in his wanderings by a small boy. The small boy is little George Stone, who, for a wonder, is an engaging child seemingly unaware of his appeal. "Bim," the loafer, finally loafs his way into a tidy sum and the heart of the village school mistress. Jones is a likable chap, not an actor, certainly, but all the more convincing on that account.

THE DAUGHTER PAYS—Selznick

HOW these women suffer! Particularly Selznick heroines. Poor Elaine Hammerstein is imposed upon in every picture. Just because she is attractive is no reason why she should be saddled with a story such as this, nor that she should have to wander about disconsolately for five reels while a man who hates her mother marries her for revenge. Pleasant little plot.

A BEGGAR IN PURPLE—Pathe

ANOTHER strong man who has risen in the world and has enemies to thwart. Another Edgar Lewis production. However, competent direction makes a little less tiresome this very conventional story which tells of the hero's revenge and his winning of the love of the woman.

WHERE IS MY HUSBAND?— Pioneer

WIVES who have asked themselves this question may get a few pointers by going to see the picture. And then again, they may not. Just another one of those inquisitive titles which might as well be called "Who Rang the Door Bell?" for all it solves the problem presented. Jose Col-

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

lins came from musical comedy to make this picture. Miss Collins made a slight mistake—that is all. Poor direction and photography haven't helped her any. Oh, well—

THE BRUTE MASTER— W. W. Hodkinson

HOW does a caveman behave when he has command of a ship and there is one woman on board? Let Hobart Bosworth show you. He aided Charmian London, widow of the late author, in directing this. Mrs. London has not told a particularly original story, but she affords the virile Mr. Bosworth plenty of opportunity for strenuous fisticuffs. Just how her caveman's better nature asserts itself is shown when the picture develops into one of those desert-island twosomes. What with natives snooping about there is plenty of atmosphere. And the blonde Anna Quarentia Nilsson is the woman, so it's all quite all right.

IT MIGHT HAPPEN TO YOU— S. E. Enterprises-Artclass

IT might, but in these days of prohibition the chances are all against it. Are you still seeing lions and monkeys? No. But *J. Worthington Butts*, the leading gentleman in this comedy, has imbued too well and none too wisely, so that our old friend Felis Leo, King of the Forest, has no mean role, ably aided by an orchestra of monkeys and a set of stray dogs that look as if they came straight from vaudeville to act in this picture. It's one of those things in which the furniture, the scenery, the chandeliers, the lion and the populace get all mixed up. Now you know whether you like it or not.

A CITY SPARROW— Paramount-Artcraft

THE tale of a country girl who comes to the city and goes right. That is, goes on the stage, meets with an accident and goes right back to the country, and marries a gentleman farmer. There is an element of tragedy which enables Ethel Clayton to do some fine work, but outside of that it is meagre dramatic fare.

SEEDS OF VENGEANCE— R. Macauley-Select

"TAIN'T right fer a boy to grow up with murder in his heart," say the natives of the Cumberland mountains—but they say it too late. A d'ng father extracts a promise from his small son to avenge his death. Like Shylock, the youth will have revenge, and there you have the story. Of course he gets it—and also the girl. Nothing new, and very little of compelling interest. Bernard Durning—yes, Shirley Mason's husband—is the featured member of the cast.

SHE PLAYED AND PAID— Joan Film Company

MADE in France. Fannie Ward, long lost to our films, plays a wife with a wandering heart. It peregrinates to a man who has embezzled much money and proceeded to lose it on the races. Fannie tries to help him retrieve his losses and his honor, but it only results in the lover's use of the faithful gun-in-the-table-drawer. Strange as it may seem, the picture ends right there—it isn't a dream, or anything. Proving,

perhaps, that the Frenchmen have the courage of their dramatic convictions.

LIFE—William A. Brady Production

DON'T let the title frighten you. This is not life as it was lived in Paris before the war or any of that sort of thing. But it is life as it is in college, life as it is in the underworld, and life as it is in society, with a murder mystery thrown in for good measure. In fact, you get your money's worth. It made a hit when it ran in New York and it will probably make a hit with you. The cast is as long as the Situations-Wanted-Ads in the Sunday paper and includes Nita Naldi, who gives new aids to vamping Arline Pretty, and Rod laRoque.

AN OLD FASHIONED BOY— Thomas H. Ince — Paramount-Artcraft

NO little boy or girl will need to be told who stars in this. Who other than Charles Ray? A favorite in-or-outdoor sport these days is blaming it on the landlord, and this picture proves conclusively that apartment houses are the route of all evil. Jerome Storm directed and Mr. Ray provides another one of his pleasant characterizations. A mild, but very human little picture, this one.

THOUGHTLESS WOMEN—Pioneer

MANY hands may make light work, but Daniel Carson Goodman is ready to take all the responsibility for what he does. He is the author, director, and the producer of this new Alma Rubens vehicle. Simplicity seems to be Mr. Goodman's aim. He tells about a selfish mother and the unhappiness she causes to her long-suffering family in general and to her pretty daughter in particular. There is a good idea, crudely worked out. Alma Rubens is given her best chance in months as the heroine. She holds the center of this stage and suffers sympathetically throughout, despite the fact that if she had had a little more spirit all those sufferings could have been avoided.

SMILING ALL THE WAY— D. N. Schwab Productions

POLLYANNA had nothing to do with this picture, although the title may lead you to think so. It is imbued with a far more material outlook, being the account of a chef who throws such a tasty flapjack up in the Maine woods that he wins the heart of a society maiden. It is true, then, that the way not only to a man's heart but a maid's is through the culinary department. Leatrice Joy as the heroine is synonymous with the latter part of her name, and David Butler is featured and has a right to be.

THE STAR ROVER— Shurtleff-Metro

COURTENAY FOOTE, oh, so spiritual of it. He is suspended in the air by a prison warden and then he gets talkative and tells everything that occurred in his varied existences. In each he is hounded. Whether he was choked to death as a hardy Norseman or hounded to death in ancient China, he was always being sacrificed for our inspection, and the process at times is thoroughly disturbing. Beautiful settings fill the eye when it is not already occupied with salty effusions from the well-known tear ducts. It is so easy to get fed up with this sort of thing, isn't it?

The Shadow Stage

(Concluded)

HONOR BOUND—Universal

IF it happens to be a cold bleak day when you read this, go right out and hunt the latest Frank Mayo picture. It is laid in the tropics and will undoubtedly warm you up. Not much story, it's true, but the action is stirring and the atmosphere convincing. Mayo is his usual husky self, while Dagmar Godowsky is extremely exotic as a southern siren. In fact, Dagmar could give hints in home-wrecking to many a little bara.

THE IRON RIDER—Fox

HORSEPLAY, gunplay, and brandishing of weapons. Bill Russell, playing a misunderstood hero. Viola Vale, playing a damsel in distress. Really very good for this sort of thing, with, if not a thrill a foot, at least three to a reel and no lagging in the action from start to finish. An "iron rider?" Sort of a solitary Ku Klux Klan, of course.

THE U. P. TRAIL— Ben Hampton-Hodkinson

FOR those who like their westerns straight, we recommend this good old melodrama with dancing girls and Indian massacres and strong romance, all provided by Zane Grey with the vigor characteristic of that author of "red-blooded" best sellers. One of these proprietresses of a dance-hall who turns out to be truly noble is a leading figure in the drama. Her name is Beauty Stanton. So you probably can guess the rest. You know that Roy Stewart, as the hero, couldn't possibly marry a girl whose reputation was not as pure as the driven snow. You know that's why Marguerite La Motte comes along for the final fadeout. But Kathryn Williams as Beauty does prove that these western dance-hall girls aren't always as bad as they are cracked up to be.

THE PLUNGER—Fox

ADYED-in-the-wool villain, a murder mystery, and George Walsh. Now you know all about it. If you have never seen Wall Street, or even if you have, you will get some glimpses of life as it is lived near the curb, for our hero is one who has risen from office-boy to millionaire—and still keeps smiling. The ticker may have run smoothly for him, but not so his romance. Virginia Valli, with her quiet charm and decided good looks, provides very reasonable cause for George's heart trouble. And—well, you know George Walsh. He is at it again.

Worth While Popularity

IN Bologna, Italy, recently the dressing-rooms of a large cinema company were invaded by thieves. They robbed the leading woman of hundreds of dollars worth of costumes and finished up with authentic props borrowed from neighboring villas for an antique and curio shop scene. About \$5,000 worth of loot was carried off and every room ransacked but the comedian's. Here on the wall above the popular Leon's mirror was written in pencil:

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A grateful touch of Latin sentiment appreciated by the comedian, whose wardrobe was worth about \$1,000.



Mae Murray and David Powell in George Fitzmaurice's Paramount Picture, "Idols of Clay."

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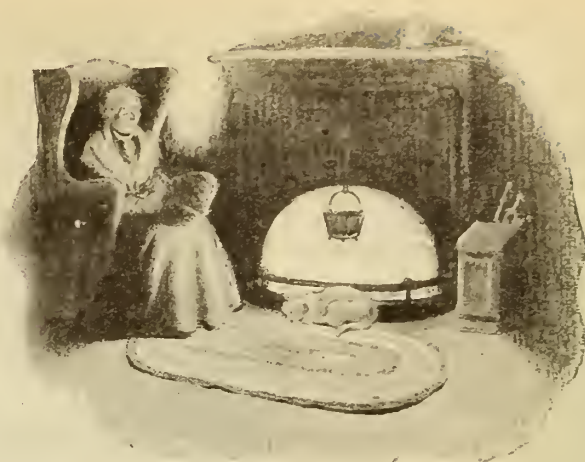
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Road-Building

A Fireside Talk on the Art of Making People Like You

By

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

MANY writers have been honored, respected, and feted. Many writers have been paid exorbitant prices for their work, have been praised by royalty, have even been decorated—with the seal of a great nation—for some particularly brilliant bit of literature. Many writers have been raised to positions of great responsibility and trust and glory. But few writers have been loved as Robert Louis Stevenson was loved.

Few individuals, I think, have done more to make life cheery and beautiful than he. The books that he wrote and the songs that he made were filled with bravery and happiness. No one, reading them, would have guessed that his life was a long battle against pain—no one would have dreamed that, even as a little child, he had known intense suffering. The creed that he preached was the creed of fortitude; the melody that ran through his poetry was the rhythm of strength. No one, who knew his work, would have imagined that he was physically weak.

Because of his illness, Stevenson was forced to live—during the latter part of his life—in Samoa, one of the South Sea Islands. Because he was interested in the natives, because he loved them with a sincere and brotherly love, they were quick to return his affection. And because he gave to them of his failing strength in many ways, they banded together and built for him a road over which he might travel with comfort and ease.

Good roads were scarce, at that time, in Samoa. But the road that the natives built was a good road. "There shall be no jolting of his sick body—ever!" they said. And they promised that the road should be always kept in repair—as long as it should be needed. But they called it "*The Road of the Loving Heart.*"

It is not possible for many people to build actual roads of appreciation, and affectionate thoughtfulness. It is not possible—there are labor problems and traffic regulations, and city ordinances to be considered.

The average person who wishes to build a Road of a Loving Heart must build it—not of bricks and paving stones—but of kind deeds. He must build it, not by hard manual labor, but by a friendly word, and an outstretched hand, and a bit of help where it is most needed. He must build it carefully—as the Samoan natives built their road—but he can not build it in quite the same way.

When Robert Harron died, the motion picture world was filled with a deep and sincere sorrow. And the general public joined with the world of motion pictures in its grief. Robert Harron's name had stood for splendid art, for achievement, for conscientious work, and for clean living. No one ever heard a breath of scandal connected with him; no one ever heard a whisper of jealousy or belittlement behind his back. He was universally liked, universally admired. And he will be universally missed!

I talked, a few days ago, with a man who is intimately a part of the motion picture business. We were discussing the younger stars—their habits, their mannerisms, and their futures. And, quite as a matter of course, the conversation swung around to Robert Harron, who had been one of the most promising of this younger set.

"He was the one," I said, "that I had always felt I'd like really to know. He always seemed so sincere, so boyish, so appealing."

The man answered:

"The entire picture going public seemed to feel the way that you feel," he told me. "They seemed to appreciate his rare qualities just as you have appreciated them. If the kind words that they've said about him could be strung, like beads, upon a thread, they'd made a chain that would reach all the way from New York to San Francisco—and back again!"

Robert Harron, like Stevenson, had the ability to make people like him. He worked always to emphasize happiness, to show virtue triumphant over vice, to extol the gospel of bravery against all odds. And the people who have watched his work have made, for him, a Road of the Loving Heart—over which his memory may travel!

Road Building

(Concluded)

I am sure that Robert Harron appreciated the love of the public, even more than he appreciated his position at the top of the ladder, and the splendid salary that he earned. I am sure that Robert Louis Stevenson appreciated what his road stood for even more than he loved the comfort and the ease that it brought to his tired body. *People are like that!*



Margaret E. Sangster

I have known times when a pleasant letter from a pen-and-ink friend—someone absolutely unknown to me—has brightened my life tremendously, making my work better and more efficient at the same time. I heard an artist say once that a small but favorable newspaper criticism of one of his pictures saved him from complete discouragement and possible suicide. I know a popular novelist who counts a story a failure—despite a check running up into four figures—if her readers do not show her, in some way, that the story interested and thrilled them! I know actors and actresses who say that the appreciation of their audiences is the only thing that keeps them up to a worth while standard.

Never be afraid to show your approval of the thing that you like and enjoy! Never hold back from the small appreciative comment, the word of "thank-you," the friendly handclasp. Never think that the person you would like to honor is too busy to notice you—never think that he can be bored by too much appreciation.

Any person—and I say this without making one exception—is glad to know that people like him or his work. He's glad to have expressions of opinion, he's glad to know what folk think when they hear his name mentioned.

For he realizes that every word, every expression of opinion, and every letter addressed to him is part of a road that folk are building to make his life a pleasant place—a road that, like Robert Louis Stevenson's, may be called "The Road of the Loving Heart."



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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION

The Allure of the East

(Concluded from page 18)

vaporous part of nature is represented by the Chinese as having female element largely in the ascendent. Earth is wholly feminine. The mountains, the fluid element, thunder, fire and wind are composed of both.

Confucius has been rightly called the Teacher of Ten Thousand Ages. When asked by one of his followers: "Is there any one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all of one's life?" he answered: "Is not reciprocity such a word? What you do not want done to yourself do not do to others." And the utterance "What I do not wish men to do to me I also will not do to them." It is the ancestor of the Golden Rule. Mencius, his apostle, said in the Analects: "To advance a man or to stop his advance is beyond the power of other men." What greater bugle call to self reliance, to belief in the powers of one's own soul, was ever blown?

Of Oriental origin was this: "To be a great lover is to be a great mystic. In the highest conception of mortal beauty of the mind and form there always lies the unattainable, the unpossessed, suggesting the world of beauty and finality beyond one's reach." What has Christian Science to teach which is not summed in this from the Bhagavad Gita, The Songs of the Master: "For him who is united when eating and moving, who is united when busy with work, who is united asleep and awake, union destroys all pain." "As a lamp standing in a windless place flickers not, is the seeker of union, who, with imagination controlled, joins himself in union with the soul." Epicures and sybarites loll with their copies of the Rubaiyat. Yet here are lines from a forgotten Rubaiyat written by a forgotten Chinese.

*The world is weary, hastening on its road;
Is it worth while to add its cares to thine?
Seek some grassy place to pour the wine,
And find an idle hour to sing an ode.*

*"You've two score, three score, years before you yet,
And at the end of them your day is done.
A thousand plans you have before you set;
Is it worth while to worry over one?"*

*"Now when the gods have made an idle day,
Take it and let the idle hours go by;
And when the gods three cups before you lay,
Lift them and drain them dry."*

It is the philosophy of the East that claims me. The beauty of its art is as nothing to that.

The poet, Cyril Scott, said with great truth: "Turn not thy face away from the inspired East. From thence has risen every type that bled the mortal truth."

A wise man of the East asked: "Through what gates shall I lead my soul to greatness?"

My answer is "Through the gate of the East." That will not be the answer of all souls. I do not advise anyone to voluntarily cultivate a fad for things of the East. If the urge is within him or her it will make itself felt. It will be a command. There is in everyone that urge toward the life, the atmosphere, which is the complement of one's spirit.

I am impatient of the silly idea that one must turn to the East for relief from the carking cares of our Western life. Some souls are at home in the life of the West. Anywhere else they would suffer homesickness.

There is a foolish pose called the artistic temperament. If one is sane and thoughtful and balanced he will be sane and thoughtful and balanced anywhere, be it on the stage or in a kitchen or in a railroad president's office. If he be ill-balanced and tumultuous he will be ill-balanced and tumultuous in any environment. I have known a bank president who was as temperamental as any prima donnas I know. The soul that seeks its complement finds it not necessarily in the mysticism of the East but through an inward urge toward some objective state.

It may be found in Spanish laces and old Spanish romances. Archer Huntington, adopted son of Collis P. Huntington, seems to have found his in old Spain. Witness the Hispanic Museum and the library with its wealth of Spanish beauty. Or it may be found in preserving relics of the stage as did the late Evert Jansen Wendell. It happens that I recognize the missing fragment of myself in study of the oldest civilization of the world.

Saving the Traditions

AMONG the peculiar services rendered by the photoplay to this country may be listed not only a preservation of its history and traditions in visual form, but an actual saving of our ancient physical accomplishments.

A free-for-all rodeo was recently held in Arizona, in which the delicate arts of bull-dogging, bronching-busting, roping and tying were practised by numerous young enthusiasts and participated in by equally numerous and even more violently active young equines and young gentlemen cows.

The prima-donna of the day was a rangy lad whom nobody knew. In awarding the gold plate, or the moustache-cup, or whatever the capital prize may have been, the presenter said, with feeling: "I am proud to meet a son of the real old West—one who is from the plains and of the plains. May I ask what ranch you represent?"

To which the winner replied, with equal feeling but considerably more embarrassment: "Hell, I never lived on the plains, nor I don't come from no ranch. I'm from Mattoon, Illinois, and I had to learn this to hold my job ridin' with the picture outfits in Los Angeles!"

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 87)

SUSAN DOLORES.—What is Herbert K. Somborn's business? Well, since you accuse me of being impolite I might as well tell you it's none of yours. But I won't. Mr. Somborn, who married our glorious Gloria Swanson, was formerly president of Equity Pictures; I don't know what his occupation is just at present. But doubtless he is still in the film business. Gloria's return to pictures will be staged under brilliant auspices: in plain language, she's coming back in Cecil deMille's production of "The Affairs of Anatole." Then she'll do "Everything for Sale," by Edward Knobloch, and then Elinor Glyn's story written especially for her, "A Sheltered Daughter." Don't blame me if these titles are changed.

K. A., TEXAS.—I tell you, dearie—there's just one thing that movie producers insist upon in the way of realism—and that is a real octopus whenever the scenario calls for one. They may use phoney period furniture and stuffed dogs and tame mice but—fake an octopus? Never! And in closing would say that you have a wonderful imagination, and far be it from me to spoil it for you. Come over again sometime.

ED. E., DAYTON, OHIO.—Lieutenant Locklear met his death in August, 1920. Write to the Fox Film Corporation for photographs of him.

VIVIANNE, B. C.—The most interesting thing I know about Mary Miles Minter is that she isn't an ingenue at all in real life, except as to looks and age. She has the most amazing fund of knowledge of books, of history, of human nature, that I have ever encountered in a girl still in her teens. She is much more attractive off the screen than on, for she has exquisite coloring and real golden hair. I have painted a paragon, perhaps—but she is no ordinary girl. I predict that she will soon grow up dramatically and surprise us all by her acting. Since you asked for personal things about her I have tried to accommodate you. She's about nineteen, her real name is Juliet Shelby, she isn't married or engaged, is now making a new picture called "The Little Clown," and lives in Hollywood, Cal. I ought to get the cast-iron inkwell for all this, Vivienne. I probably will.

MR. I. E. A., MANILA.—For information as to why Bill Hart so seldom wears a dress-suit, whether or not Miss Edith Roberts can rope a running bull, and who picks Frank Keenan's leading ladies, I should advise you to write to the stars themselves, at addresses given elsewhere in these columns.

A TRAINED NURSE, ALABAMA.—I am very, very sure I would not want to get well. You have a happy disposition and a homely, cheerful philosophy of life. I'll wager the twelve reels of "Way Down East" to Biograph's "New York Hat" that you can make good pies. Lois Wilson is indeed a delightful young person. She gets the dramatic chance she deserves in William deMille's "Midsummer Madness" and she takes full advantage of it. Write to her at the Lasky studios, Hollywood Cal. And come again.

GABRIELLA, OAKLAND.—So Bebe Daniels' aunt taught you at the Immaculate Conception School in San Francisco. Surely write to Bebe and tell her all about it and you'll probably not only receive Miss Daniel's photograph but a personal letter, too. Bebe isn't married but it isn't the fault of her hordes of humble swains. She is a Realart star and works in Hollywood.

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

C. E. F., SOUTH HAVEN.—Irving Cummings,—Irving of the naturally wavy hair and the genial smile—played the hero in "The Whip." And Mr. Cummings is married and has a son with naturally wavy hair and a genial smile so perhaps you'd better keep your belated leapear ambitions to yourself. No trouble at all.

G. Y. H., DAYTONA BEACH, FLA.—Curiosity, as you so sagely observe, killed a cat—but satisfaction brought it back. I hope it may ease your mind to know that Buck Jones is not married and that he was born in Vincennes, Indiana.

LOLA.—You got it just a bit twisted, that's all. It happens that Julian Eltinge is a man who impersonates women, not vice versa. And he is now making a film version of his stage hit, "The Fascinating Widow." I knew your name was Lola!

J. S., INDEPENDENCE.—There are many fans in your town. And most of them write to me. Mary Anderson de Navarro was one of our greatest legitimate actresses before she retired; she now lives in England. Mary Anderson of the films began her career with Vitagraph and made her latest appearance in "Bubbles," a feature, and in a Selig serial with Franklyn Farnum. Marguerite Clark is about thirty-three.

EDITH, CALIFORNIA.—Even if I had such a thing I should hesitate to send your friend an autographed portrait of William Duncan if you are sure she would go mad over it. Poor child! Tell her to write to William at the western Vitagraph studios. He is not married to Edith Johnson now, but it is said he soon will be. Norma Talmadge, Talmadge studio, New York City. Thanks for your kind wishes.

ELYATA, INDIANAPOLIS.—Admitting "Elyata" to be a handy name, as you so aptly put it, I still cannot fathom its meaning. Would you mind wiring me as soon as you find out yourself? Write to Juanita Hansen care Pathe, 25 West 45th Street, N. Y. C. She is in a new serial now, "The Phantom Foe," with Warner Oland.

SUE, OKLAHOMA CITY.—I haven't any record of Clara LeMonde, whose real name is Clara Lemon. But that's one case on record where an actress is fully justified in changing her name.

V. C., CHICAGO.—The tallest actress in pictures? I should say Charlotte Greenwood and Jobyna Howland, except that both ladies make only occasional silversheet appearances. In fact, neither of them has done more than one picture, that I know about. Miss Howland is the wife of Arthur Stringer, the author, and is at present in the cast of "The Gold Diggers," in the Belasco Theater in N. Y. I can't possibly go about measuring screen stars, you know, so you'll have to rest content in the knowledge that not one of our celebrated artists is much more than average height.

A. K. H., VANCOUVER, B. C.—If you refer to our Studio Directory you will understand what I mean by "western" studios and "eastern" studios. I mean, as usual, just what I say. Jack Dempsey in "Daredevil Jack," a Pathe serial. Dempsey is now making another one. Mae Murray, Paramount eastern. Conway Tearle, Selznick. Wanda Hawley, Reelart studios, Hollywood, Cal.

(Continued on page 112)



Gloria Swanson
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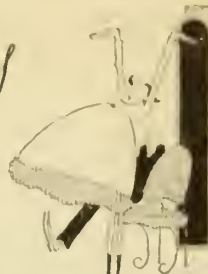
For Boys and Girls Also



Why-Do-They Do-It

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, that was stupid, unlife like, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.



It's Done Every Day

THE hero of "The Law of the Yukon" must certainly have been one of those big-hearted, big-muscled men of the great Northwest you read about. With the heroine, he is taken to the deserted cabin, supposedly unconscious. In fact, he is unconscious from evening until dawn the next day. Then tell me, how is it he has the strength to jump up and break down a door with a padlock on it?

ALICE KIMBALL, Collegeville, Cal.

Why, Margarita!

IN "The Gamesters" Margarita Fischer has fallen in love with a certain Mr. Andrews who has spoken to her only once. Miss Fischer is shown seated at her dressing-table with Mr. Andrews' photograph staring at her. To fall in love with a man you scarcely know is rather uncommon, let alone having his photograph. She must have had a pull with his photographer.

GEORGE McCCLAREY, New York.

The Jools Again

DOROTHY DALTON, in "Half an Hour," is supposed to marry for money. Her jewels are given her by her husband after

their marriage. Yet before she is married, she wears a necklace and two bracelets. Later they play an important part in the story: when she leaves her husband she also leaves the jewels he tried to buy her with. A mere detail, but I heard several people remark about it.

MARIE WEST, Seattle, Wash.

Cruelty to Canaries

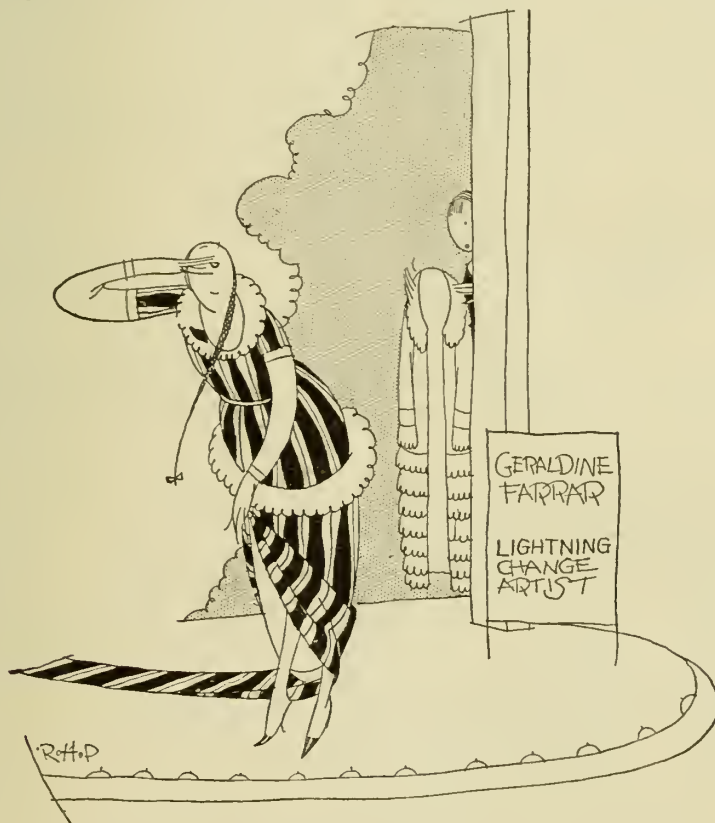
IT is not human, it seems to me, to set a helpless canary free at any time, in a city—but to turn the poor thing loose at night! That's exactly what Eugene O'Brien did in "The Wonderful Chance."

R. G. M., San Francisco, Cal.

Our Old Friend, The Papers

THEY got away with a flock of faults in "Girl of the Sea." In court, the girl proves her innocence by producing "the papers" from an old money belt. Going back a reel or two, we see the mother and daughter swimming after the shipwreck and as they reach shallow water the mother is caught and carried away by an octopus and never seen again. And she had the money belt strapped around her waist at the time.

BYRON C. DUDLEY, Chicago, Ill.



Improving Anatole France.

GERALDINE FARRAR, as the opera singer in "The World and Its Woman," is giving "Thais" on this stage. She is wearing a jeweled gown. A title says, "At the end of an ever memorable performance," with a scene showing Farrar in her dressing-room still wearing the jeweled gown. If I remember correctly, the story as conceived by M. France and set to music by M. Massenet, ends with Thais as a nun.

Francis Duenas, Jr. San Francisco, Cal.

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OWING to the paper shortage in the 15th century (we might almost call it the immortal paper shortage) it was the habit to scratch inscriptions off the parchment and use it again. Consequently many precious records were lost to the world of science. But now, thanks to the camera (which seems to be playing a leading role in all great cultural developments nowadays), a Prof. Perugi of Italy announces a photographic treatment whereby the original inscriptions return distinctively of the superimposed record.

RECTOR: Where are all the choir boys this morning?

Choirmaster: Out on the golf course, caddying for your congregation.—*Life*.

MR. MEERE: "You'll have to be more careful, dear, how you speak to the cook or she'll be leaving us."

Mrs. Meere: "Perhaps I was rather severe."
Mr. Meere: "Severe! Why anyone would have thought you were talking to me."—*Punch*.

REX INGRAM, the director, declares that he had difficulty finding fifty couples who could dance the tango for scenes in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

THE first annual celebration of American Indian day, held under the auspices of the Indian Fellowship League, took the form of a three days' Indian Encampment in Deer Grove Forest Preserve, a few miles out of Chicago, at one time an ancient hunting ground and council meeting place of the tribes who lived in this locality. Indians representing thirty-six different tribes were in attendance, many of them in the gorgeous regalia of full ceremonial dress. Chiefs from the Menominees, the Sac and Fox, the Chippewas, Winnebagoes, Pottawatomies, Sioux, Apaches, braves from the Iroquois, the Colorado, Delaware, Cherokee, Mohawk, Kansas and many other nations, were present on this first occasion of a public recognition of the Indian as a factor in civilization and of his gifts to it.

A FRENCH specialist of nervous diseases declares handwriting is one of the surest indications of one's state of health. If your lines slant upward from left to right, your liver is misbehaving. If your lines slant the other way, it is a sign of stomach disorder. If you show a tendency to write big capital letters, especially the capital letter M, your nerves are becoming frayed.

WHEN the guest from the West had reported all the recent hirths and deaths and marriages back home, and they had reached desert, they fell to discussing these immoral times. "We're getting too Frenchy, that's what," sniffed the guest, a quaint little kindergarten teacher from Nebraska, to be exact. "It all came with the war. Too much 'grande passion,' as they say over there, too much eternal triangle, too many affinities. And, my dear," with a gesture, "it's really spreading West. Why, even in Omaha—would you believe it?—they've begun to serve French Pastry regularly!"—*New York Evening Sun*.

THE fountain pen was invented by a French engineer, Jean Benoit Mallat. He is said to have made the first fountain pen in 1864.

THE beach was crowded. A small boy, looking rather bewildered, approached a police officer and said, "Please, sir, have you seen anything of a lady around here?"

"Why, yes," answered the officer, "I've seen several."

"Well, have you seen any without a little boy?"

"Yes,"
"Well," said the little chap as a relieved look crossed his face, "I'm the little boy. Where's the lady?"—*Boston Transcript*.

EMPLOYER: "You put that note where it will be sure to attract Mr. Smith's attention, didn't you?"

Office Boy: "Yes, sir; I stuck a pin through it and put it on his chair."—*Tit Bits*.

DINER: "Waiter, there's a fly in the butter."
Waiter: "That isn't a fly, it's a moth; that isn't butter, it's margarine; otherwise your statement is correct."—*Tit Bits*.

THE beautiful wire-haired powder puff is awarded to the press agent, who conceived this month's best publicity story:

"Married men whose pocketbooks still are raw and bleeding from the milliners' bills for fall hats might take heart at the information that Alice Terry, enacting the leading feminine role in Vicente Blasco Ibañez's "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," could, beginning January first, wear a different hat daily until October seventeenth, without repeating."

"Miss Terry, as any moderately apt mental mathematician already must have figured, has exactly two hundred and ninety hats. Four of these carry \$25,000 insurance because of costly bird of paradise, aigrette and other rare plumage. Income tax officials are in doubt whether to classify Miss Terry as a motion picture actress or a wholesale millinery consumer."

ON the lonely South Sea island of Rapa there are 150 women and only 20 men. The courting is done by the young woman who brings the gentleman fruit and all the delicacies she can think of.

"**M**R. FLIVVER, I'm Tony, your old bar-keeper. I'm out of a joh, and—"

"I don't want to hear your troubles."
"There's gratitude for you. I've listened to yours for hours at a time."—*Louisville Courier Journal*.

A GROUP of 59 convicts at the Maryland penitentiary engineered a most spectacular riot recently as an expression against bean soup. The guards and policemen fought for hours before the riot was finally subsided and bean soup remained in honor. We can see a time when boardinghouse habits are going to rise against the prune.

AN elderly man of gouty tendency lived in dread of paralysis. When the fear came upon him he would pinch himself frantically to make sure that his enemy had not attacked him.

One night at a dinner-party his worst fears were confirmed.

"Come at last!" Come at last!" he groaned.

"Total insensibility of the right limb."

His partner, alarmed, craved enlightenment.

On being told the tragedy she said:

"Oh, well, if it's any consolation to you, I may as well tell you that it was my leg you were pinching."—*Tit Bits*.

A YOUNG matron amazed her husband a few evenings ago by giving him one of Señor Blasco Ibañez's latest novels.

"Why do we buy this?" he asked. "It will be out as a movie in a few weeks, and then we won't have to read it."—*Kansas City Star*.

CUSTOMER: I say—Do you ever play anything by request?

Delighted Musician: Certainly, sir.

Customer: Then I wonder if you'd be so good as to play a game of dominoes until I've finished my lunch?—*Punch*.

FEW people realize that preliminary work on the Brooklyn bridge was begun in 1867 and that the structure was completed and ready for traffic in 1884.

A complete foundry, machine shop and staff of trained employees are kept busy constantly repairing and generally keeping the great span safe for human traffic. The fact that it is a connecting link between lower New York and Brooklyn makes it one of the great bridges of the world.

SOMEONE asks us to print the story of a young man who, with his girl, dropped into one of the most expensive (which one isn't) hotels to dine. After the waiter had brought the young man his check for the dinner, and while he was giving the hard luck sheet a close run over, the girl asked: "Well, where can we spend the rest of the evening?" And the young man quickly replied, "Over the Hill to the Poor House."

ALTHOUGH widows of British soldiers, killed in the great war lose their pensions when they re-marry, they are actually re-marrying at the rate of 2,000 a month. It is said that if this rate continues, they will all be re-married by the end of 1927. Pensions have been granted to 224,700 widows, and of these only 140,000 are still receiving pension.

Stage or Screen Marriages

(Concluded from page 33)

this and let the greater talent govern they will get on together. In our case there cannot be the slightest question. You are the one of big talent. I shall devote my life to you. We will do whatever is best for your talent. I shall think of but one career. That is yours."

Such words as these from a clever and ambitious young actor, it is not given us to hear more than once in a lifetime. They touched me deeply. Their unusualness and sincerity deeply moved me. I knew that love prompted them, I realized that I possessed what every woman wants, a deep, lasting, selfless love.

My husband has proved again and again that he meant what he said, that he spoke the truth. When I had finished with the play, "The Unknown Woman," and was transferred to "The Sign on the Door" the manager offered to make Mr. Dillman, who had been the juvenile, the leading man in "The Unknown Woman" on tour. I heard my husband answer, "I know that you mean this kindly and that it is intended as a promotion, but I want to go with my wife in the new play. I would rather be a utility man in her company than a star in any other."

He made the sacrifice with a smile. He denied that it was such. He said that nothing he could do to be with me would ever be a sacrifice.

This rare spirit in a husband is a jewel beyond price. Of course I am supremely happy. Of course with the passing of every day I love him the more.

He believes that he has found the secret of success in marriage for players. He says: "Recognize the greater talent and govern your lives by that recognition." It is worth trying. In our case the trial has been more than successful. It has been triumphant.

Why Change Your Title?

ALLEGING that his old pictures had been retitled with the view of deceiving the public, William S. Hart lately secured an injunction against the Peerless Film Service whom he charged with altering titles of his pictures as follows:

Old Titles

New Titles

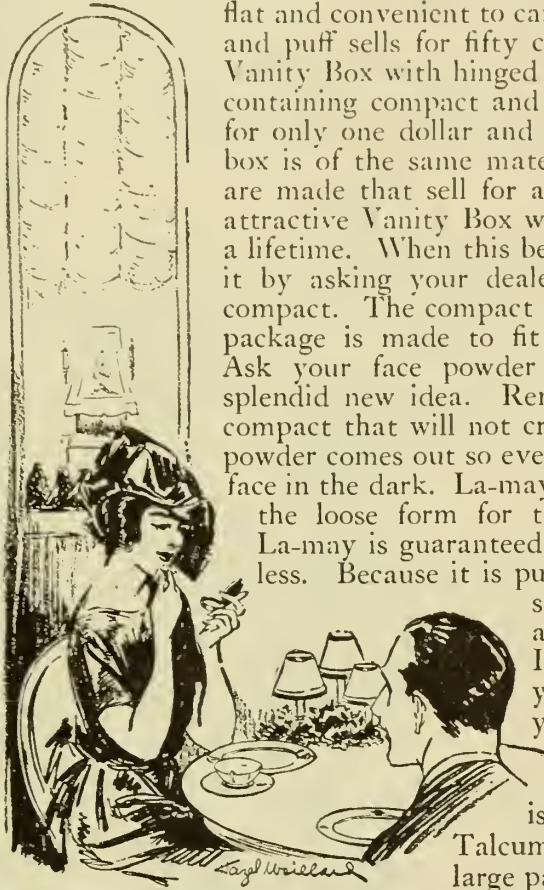
Tools of Providence	Dakota Dan
Cash Parrish's Pal	Double Crossed
Keno Bates, Liar	The Last Card
The Ruse	A Square Deal
Pinto Ben	Horns and Hoofs
Bad Buck of Santa Ynez	The Bad Man
Taking of Luke McVane	The Fugitive
The Roughneck	The Gentleman from Blue Gulch
The Man from Nowhere	The Silent Stranger
Mr. Silent Haskins	The Marked Deck
The Grudge	The Haters
The Passing of Two-Gun Hicks	Taming the Four-flusher
In the Sage Brush Country	Mr. Nobody
Conversion of Frosty Blake	The Convert
Grit	Over the Great Divide
The Scourge of the Desert	A Reformed Outlaw

The New Way to Use Face Powder.

NOW you can use a face powder that cannot spill. The powder is in cake form, covered with porous cloth. You can drop it on the floor and the compact will be just as perfect for use. You wipe the puff on the cloth covering of the compact and the powder comes through as needed. You could powder your nose in the dark and you would not get too much powder, and you are sure not to spray your clothes with powder. This new, perfect way to use face powder was invented by the specialist who perfected the famous, harmless La-may Powder. The package contains enough pure La-may Powder to last you for generous use for about two months.

There are two qualities of packages. Both are very flat and convenient to carry. One box with compact and puff sells for fifty cents. The other, a dainty Vanity Box with hinged cover and two-inch mirror, containing compact and flat lamb's wool puff, sells for only one dollar and fifty cents. This beautiful box is of the same material of which vanity boxes are made that sell for at least three dollars. This attractive Vanity Box will not tarnish. It will last a lifetime. When this better box is empty you refill it by asking your dealer for a fifty-cent La-may compact. The compact and puff from the fifty-cent package is made to fit the La-may Vanity Box. Ask your face powder dealer to show you this splendid new idea. Remember, here, at last, is a compact that will not crumble and spill. And, the powder comes out so evenly, you could powder your face in the dark. La-may Face Powder is also sold in the loose form for thirty-five and sixty cents. La-may is guaranteed absolutely pure and harmless. Because it is pure, and because it stays on

so well, it is now used by over a million American women. If your dealer refuses to get you a La-may Vanity Box, you may order by mail from Herbert Roystone, 16 East 18th St., New York. There is also a delightful La-may Talcum that sells in a beautiful large package for only thirty cents.



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Gentlemen: I enclose herewith \$1.25 (Canada \$1.50) for which you will kindly enter my subscription for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for six months, effective with the March, 1921, issue.

Send to.....

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City.....

State.....

"Let's Give a Party"

Here's a suggestion for some winter fun at home.

"GOODNESS, Nell, it's our time to entertain the club next week. We'll have to plan some kind of a party."

"Well," suggested her chum, "let's put some 'pep' in it. The refreshments were about the only thing that saved the men from skidding and leaving us to our fate at the last meeting."

"I have it!" cried Ruth. "We'll give a Movie Party. Everybody's interested in motion pictures."

That evening Ruth wrote the invitations:

You are cordially invited to Movie-land, September the Twenty-first, at eight o'clock. Please come costumed as

In the dotted line, she wrote some well-known Star's name. They giggled as they sent Mary Pickford's name to the old maid of the crowd; Theda Bara's to the jolliest girl; Charlie Chaplin's to a serious young lawyer; Fatty Arbuckle's to the thinnest man and Marguerite Clark's to the tallest girl.

The two hostesses, dressed in high necked, plain, black gowns with a yellow tripod painted on the front, square, black hats cut out of pasteboard and made to resemble cameras, met the guests at the door and gave each man a card with the name of an actress some girl present represented. The attempt to guess their partners by the way they were dressed led to funny combinations.

The couples were then given numbered tally-cards and ushered into the library designated by a large sign over the door—"Movieland Museum."

Here a row of pictures of well-known stars were to be named. Then a table with—1. A pistol. 2. A large, old, turned up at the toe shoe. 3. A marriage license. 4. A pair of rimmed spectacles, without glasses. 5. Pair of overalls. 6. Pair of chop sticks.

ANSWERS

1. William S. Hart. 2. Charlie Chaplin. 3. Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. 4. Harold Lloyd. 5. Charles Ray. 6. Sessue Hayakawa.

A question printed on a large piece of cardboard asked what actor was married to—

1. Geraldine Farrar. 2. Alice Brady. 3. Mary Pickford. 4. Marie Doro. 5. Nazimova.

ANSWERS

1. Lou Tellegen. 2. James Crane. 3. Douglas Fairbanks. 4. Elliot Dexter. 5. Charles Bryant.

A sign on another table asked what well-known photoplays were represented by the following pictures—

1. A sprig of blossoms, with Chinese writing? 1. A crutch? 3. A soldier in a rain coat? 4. A Confederate flag? 5. A butler?

ANSWERS

1. "Broken Blossoms." 2. "The Miracle Man." 3. "Twenty-Three Hours and a Half Leave." 4. "The Birth of a Nation." 5. "Male and Female."

The couples were then sent into the living room, rechristened by a large sign over

"Let's Give a Party"

(Concluded)

the door, "Movieland Studio." The guests were then divided into groups of four and each group given ten minutes to prepare a scene which was then acted in pantomime. After they had finished a vote was taken and the group that had presented the best scene—one from "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," was given the prize.

In the "Movieland Lunch Room" every-

one helped themselves as they filed past.

The girl who had come as Irene Castle, won the first prize; the man, who had cleverly copied Eugene O'Brien, side smile and all (borrowing his sister's curling irons to put in the O'Brien wave) won the second prize. To the funniest dressed man, the scatter-brain of the crowd, they gave the third prize. He was supposed to represent the Answer Man.

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND



—From the Chicago Tribune

A Mob of Bathing Girls, Perhaps

(From the Los Angeles Times)

SOME 200 dangers are being used in the latest feature film of the Mack Sennett studio.



No Trouble at All to Remove Hair with El-Rado

A thorough trial of El-Rado by women accustomed to the highest grade of toilet preparations—actresses and women of social activities—has earned its recommendation as the most effective and simplest way to remove hair.

El-Rado is particularly desirable for the under-arms, where mussy methods are inconvenient and the use of blades risky.

El-Rado is a sanitary, colorless liquid, easily applied with a piece of absorbent cotton. In a few minutes the hair is seen to become lifeless, then it is removed. After shaking on a little talcum, the result is surprising—clear, smooth skin, over so cleanly in "feel" and dainty in appearance.

El-Rado is guaranteed harmless, no matter where applied—face, arms or limbs. It is sold at drug stores and toilet counters in 60c and \$1.00 sizes, with a money-back guarantee.

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Inasmuch as 400,000 users have testified to the wonderful results obtained from the "Acousticon," we feel perfectly safe in urging every deaf person, without a penny of expense and entirely at our risk, to accept the

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Your skin can be quickly cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin by a new treatment called CLEAR-TONE (use it like toilet water.) Send name today for my FREE Booklet "A CLEAR-TONE SKIN," telling how I cured myself after being afflicted for fifteen years.

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"BOW LEGS and KNOCK-KNEES" UNSIGHTLY

SEND FOR BOOKLET SHOWING PHOTOS OF MEN WITH AND WITHOUT THE PERFECT LEG FORMS

PERFECT SALES CO., 140 N. Mayfield Ave., Dept. 54 Chicago, Ill.

Outside the Law

(Concluded from page 42)



NARRATED, by permission, from the Universal-Jewel photoplay by Tod Browning. Adapted by Lucien Hubbard. Directed by Tod Browning with the following cast:

Mary Madden (Silky Moll)...
.....Priscilla Dean

*Silent Madden.....*Ralph Lewis
*Black Mike Silva.....*Lon Chaney
Dapper Bill Ballard.....
.....Wheeler Oakman
*Little Billy.....*Stanley Goethals
*Chang Lo.....*E. A. Warren

jewels were somewhere in the Madden home, and he knew his time had come—he must leave the city—and he must get this haul or die in the effort.

There were days when Madden had had a gang, greater and more dependable than Silva's. When he learned that Silva was closing in he realized that his situation was desperate, and Mary volunteered to slip out of a secret door and send out the call for the Madden gang. They might not come, but they might. It was worth attempting, and it was their only hope, for without help they could not hope to turn back Silva's superior numbers.

Then hell broke loose in Chinatown, and the night sprouted death. It was over before the riot call could reach police headquarters, and Silva had lost. His men, expecting no resistance, were paralyzed with fear when lead poured upon them in their hiding places, and they fled for their lives.

Silva himself, now hoping only to get away alive, was scurrying through an alley, when he saw approaching the tall figure of

Chang Lo, and paused long enough in his fight to seek revenge, for it was Chang Lo, he knew, who had betrayed his frame-up of Madden to the police. He took careful aim and fired, but his superstitious belief that Chang Lo could not be killed by any living man, disturbed his aim. The next minute the Chinaman was upon him, and with strength that was amazing in his aged arms, closed a grip upon the throat of Black Mike that did not relax until the gang leader was lifeless and inert.

"The gods permit the slaying of vermin," he observed, philosophically, and passed on.

In the Madden home there were wounds to be bound up, and friends to be rewarded, but there was happiness and relief, for the news soon came that the body of their arch enemy had been discovered in an alley.

"We will go straight, won't we, Bill?" the girl asked the man, when they had a moment together alone; and the man said yes.

And in the back room of his bazaar Chang Lo resumed his interrupted reading of the analects of Confucius.

Good and Bad Taste in Clothes

(Concluded from page 48)

measurements published, and from these you may readily learn if you are too short-waisted or too long-waisted, too broad for your height, or too slender for your height. With a knowledge of what your correct measurements should be, it is up to you to practice such exercises as will remedy any drawbacks in your form.

You may think I'm dwelling too much on this question of attaining and keeping a good figure, but let me tell you that there aren't any questions that are more important to women—whether we are stars of the stage or stars of some one's home. Every woman's a prima donna. Your audiences may include thousands, or they may be limited to "him," but if you don't succeed in maintaining your position as "his" leading lady you're a failure.

If you are a home girl I hope you have

realized the value of early morning impression. No, I don't mean that you should make an elaborate toilette while the bacon burns and the oatmeal sticks to the kettle. But you can have a pretty pink or blue wash dress, something that's easy to get into and pretty to look at. If your hair is the sort that requires time to make it attractive you should have some saucy little caps to match your frock. Then a dab of powder on your nose will complete a get-up that will be as pretty and fresh as the morning sunlight itself. His morning impression of you is the one that he's going to carry through the day. This has been said a great many times before. I hope it will be said a great many more times, for the woman who isn't attractive in the morning is losing one of the biggest opportunities of her life; she isn't making good on the job.

Other People's Dollars

(Continued from page 57)

the shameful interest first, and is lucky if it gets \$50 in cash into the treasury for every share of stock of \$100 face value.

No matter how charitable we want to be, the fact is that both Bill Jones and the Wild Tom are financially irresponsible. That is the reason they have to pay such ungodly prices for the money they need. Neither of them could borrow any money from any bank.

If you think I am exaggerating consider the story of the Fidelity Picture Plays Syndicate of Cleveland, Ohio.

The outfit was incorporated for \$500,000, and proposed to film a stupendous drama exposing the iniquities of Mormonism. The scenario, said to have been written by a Chicago journalist, was based on a book written by a prominent citizen of Utah. The officers of the company, Frank W. Packer, president, and Miss Harriet E. Mills, secretary, had disposed of nearly \$60,000 worth of stock, when they were arrested charged with violating the Ohio "Blue Sky Law." After their arrest the Post Office authorities became interested, and as this is written a Federal Grand Jury in Cleveland is trying to find out whether the Fidelity and its officers have violated the laws regulating the use of the mails.

The Post Office authorities ordered an audit of the Fidelity's books, and the result showed that out of more than \$58,000 taken in, only about \$7,000 remained in the company's treasury. Expensive financing that. It cost the Fidelity more than \$50,000 to sell less than \$60,000 worth of stock.

As soon as Packer and Miss Mills regained their liberty on bail, they left for New York City, the hub of the film industry. Here they immediately set about to recoup their fortunes by organizing another motion picture company to be financed by the public. The name of the Fidelity's successor is Gladiator Photo-Dramas, Inc. It is to complete the mission of the Cleveland company and show the world the menace of Mormonism. The Gladiator is incorporated for \$1,000,000, and through letters signed by a few faithful Fidelity stockholders, all holders of Fidelity stock are offered the privilege of exchanging their certificates for shares in the Gladiator company.

Only a trifle less costly was the stock sales campaign of the American Cinema Corporation of New York, organized nearly two years ago. A considerable block of the American Cinema \$600,000 stock issue was underwritten by a New York brokerage house on a 20 per cent. commission. The par value of American Cinema stock was \$5, and the underwriter sold some stock at that price, but sublet a block to the Johnson and Hopkins Company, brokers and organizers of several motion picture companies of their own. Johnson and Hopkins agreed to sell American Cinema stock on a commission of 15 per cent.

Probably Johnson and Hopkins did not feel that they had an especially lucrative contract on their hands. Anyway, they were convinced that the stock was worth more than \$5 a share, so they doubled the price. I am not intimating that in so doing, Johnson and Hopkins did not act in good faith, but I am saying that increasing the price to \$10 increased the commission, and everybody knows that it is no more difficult to sell stock of wholly speculative value for \$10 a share than \$5 a share. There was probably nothing illegal in doubling the price, the stock being the property of the underwriter. Both Johnson and Hopkins and the underwriter were greatly benefited. The parties that were not benefited



Just out! This handsome, new motor-driven "Star." Comes in beautiful black box with 4 applicators, 6 ft. of cord, etc. Complete for only \$12.50.

Her Pink-and-White Loveliness Blossoms all Winter Long

Cold winds, rough weather, even time itself leaves no marks on the freshness of her skin. Satiny of texture, transparently clear, bewitching with come-and-go color—you can have a skin like that, too. For not clever artifice, but perfect skin health is the basis of a lovely complexion. And every woman can have perfect skin health who uses the Star.

Its vibration stirs up every sluggish

skin cell, sends the blood racing along carrying off the impurities that blemish the skin. Restores youthful contours, banishes wrinkles and keeps the skin petal-like. Fine for headaches, fatigue, sleeplessness. At Drug, Department, Hardware and Electrical Goods Stores. Or sent direct on receipt of price. Fitzgerald Mfg. Co., Dept. 214, Torrington, Conn. Star Universal \$12.50 complete. (Canadian Price, \$17.50.)

The STAR Electric Massage VIBRATOR

The Star Universal—big, handsome, powerful—yet light in weight—is an adjunct to the smartest vanity table. Sturdily made, finished in sparkling nickel, provided with a trouble-proof motor that uses any current. Has start-and-stop button right in the handle. Four specialized applicators, facial-massage, hair-and-scalp, cold cream applicator and the general-purpose applicator, make the Star useful in dozens of ways.

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If you are suffering from any kind of Spinal Trouble, there is hope for you in the PHILO BURT METHOD. No matter how old you are or what caused your affliction. No matter how many years you have suffered or how hopeless you consider your case to be. Over 40,000 cases, comprising every known form and condition of spinal trouble, benefited or cured in our experience of more than 20 years.

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While the rest of your friends are finding it hard to keep themselves presentable, you can look fresh and sweet at all times, without continually dabbing with your powder puff.

Any druggist or toilet counter anywhere can get La Meda Cold Creamed Powder for you or we will send it postpaid on receipt of 65 cents for a full size jar. Three tints—Flesh, White, Brunette.

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ST. PAUL, MINN.

Other People's Dollars

(Continued)

were the American Cinema Corporation which issued the stock and the persons that bought the stock. The division of the \$10 which John Smith paid Johnson and Hopkins for one American Cinema share was as follows:

Fifteen per cent., or \$1.50 went to Johnson and Hopkins as sales commission.

Forty-five per cent., or \$4.50 went to the underwriter.

Forty per cent., or \$4 went into the treasury of the American Cinema Corporation, as per its original contract with the underwriter.

In other words the underwriter and the stock salesmen received more out of the sale of each stock than the American Cinema Corporation. The cost in this instance of marketing the stock was 150 per cent.—more than the nominal face value of the stock.

Walter Niebuhr, president of the American Cinema Corporation said he was not consulted on the subject of doubling the price, and that when he found out, he immediately stopped the sale. Walter L. Johnson, president of Johnson and Hopkins Company, declares that he and his associates had doubled the price after a particularly inspiring interview with Mr. Niebuhr, in which the latter had thoroughly convinced Messrs. Johnson and Hopkins that American Cinema stock was being given away at \$5, and that any price under \$100 a share was dirt cheap. When it comes to deciding fine points involving difference of opinion between "movie magnates" it takes a genius with a seer's vision and wisdom to decide who is right. Far be it from us even to attempt such a task.

Besides, we are not interested. We are passing no opinion on American Cinema stock. Whether the stock was worth one cent or one hundred dollars a share, the fact remains that the company was starting on its career with a millstone tied around its young neck. Mr. Niebuhr states that he and his associates will present one share for every share bought by his stockholders at \$10, so that all stockholders shall be treated alike. He emphasizes that he and other officers of the company will do this, personally, out of their private funds, as the company can not do so. Mr. Niebuhr is a man of unbounded enthusiasm, seeing nothing but good fortune ahead. His company has produced some pictures that have won favorable comment and are now being exhibited.

The oddest part of the American Cinema stock sales drama is that after talking to all persons concerned, I don't believe that anybody actually made undue profits. Only about 1,600 shares were actually sold at \$10. The underwriter, when asked about the deal, said:

"The sixteen hundred shares brought in \$16,000, and what do you suppose it cost me to market those shares? I'll tell you and I can show you my books to prove it. It cost me just \$20,000. I am the lad that got stung, and I am blaming nobody."

After questioning all parties and investigating all phases of the careers of some movie companies, one generally is forced to the conclusion that nobody in particular is to blame for the appalling waste of funds, and that the financial stars are merely set against the success of movie ventures which are undertaken by men of limited experience and financed through sale of stock to the public.

The operations of Johnson and Hopkins during the past two years have been extensive, and not free from public criticism voiced in at least one daily newspaper and

one financial publication. Walter L. Johnson, president of the company and Earl H. Hopkins secretary, are young men, vigorous and ambitious. They are the organizers of the Motion Picture Producing Company, capitalized for \$500,000, the Stereospeed Productions, Inc., capitalized for \$100,000, controlled by the Motion Picture Producing Company, and the National Exchanges, Inc., capitalized for \$5,000,000. They are actively selling stock in the Motion Picture Producing Company and the National Exchanges, Inc.

Mr. Johnson declined respectfully to state how much stock his company had sold when I approached him on that subject. He denied the correctness of figures published recently in a financial journal stating that his firm had disposed of between \$150,000 and \$250,000 worth of stock in the Motion Picture Producing Company, alone, up to October of this year. The same authority stated that the company had 3,700 stockholders, 2,200 of whom had paid for their stock, and 1,500 were paying on the installment plan. These figures, Mr. Johnson said, were exaggerated. He declined, however, to give the correct figures.

Of the half million dollar capitalization of the Motion Picture Producing Company, \$410,000 is common stock, and \$90,000 preferred. The par value of both stocks is \$1, but it is now being sold at \$2.50. This rise, Mr. Johnson said, was warranted by the assets acquired by the company, and its increased earning power. The company has some assets, but its earning power remains to be tested. It has produced some comedies, twenty-six in number, but none of them have been sold. The Motion Picture Producing Company also claims control of a slow motion picture camera through its control of the Stereospeed Productions, Inc., owner of the camera, but this latter has yet to prove its real merit. Besides, Johnson and Hopkins had not obtained any patent rights on their camera up to the latter part of November last. There is some question as to whether they can do so. Their right to the manufacture and sale of their slow motion picture machine and the exhibiting of its films is being disputed in the courts by the Novaglyph Film Corporation. The slow motion films of the latter company are now being exhibited.

The ownership of two dozen comic films, not yet released, and a slow motion picture camera without a patent, does not insure any great earnings. It is, therefore, hard to see how the assets of the Motion Picture Producing Company with its prospective earnings can warrant charging two and a half times the par value for the stock.

Last summer one of the big selling arguments in the Johnson and Hopkins circulars was that the Educational Film Corporation, "one of the largest film distributing companies in the world, has signed a year's contract" for their slow motion pictures. A good "sales" argument, but not lasting enough. Mr. E. W. Hammons, then vice-president, now president of the Educational, told the writer that his company had actually contracted with Johnson and Hopkins for the slow motion productions providing they are "equal to the Novaglyph released by Pathe or better."

"We accepted three of these pictures, none of which were up to the standard," Mr. Hammons said. "We finally refused to accept any more, not only because they were not equal in our opinion to the Novaglyph but they were not up to the standard as called for in the contract."

Mr. Hammons also expressed indignation

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Other Peoples' Dollars

(Continued)

over the use made of the Educational Film Corporation's name in the Johnson and Hopkins sales circulars inasmuch as the contract was cancelled. Mr. Johnson stated that the circulars were changed and all reference to the Educational contract deleted as soon as possible after the cancellation of the contract which of course led to another suit, still in the courts. Now Johnson and Hopkins may be right in both suits involving their camera, but the outstanding fact is that this wonderful machine is thus far hatching only law suits instead of dividends for stockholders.

Last May Johnson and Hopkins organized the National Exchanges, Inc., a \$5,000,000 corporation, the stock of which they are offering at \$10 a share. This corporation is to distribute the slow motion pictures and the twenty-six comedies owned by the Motion Picture Producing Company and any other pictures which the distributing company may acquire. Apparently the National Exchanges, Inc., is doing "rousing" business, for its circulars state it to be "a national organization of established and successful motion picture distributors covering both the United States and Canada, and doing business through approximately 10,000 theatres."

Now turning the first page of the National Exchange circular, we come to the red balloon optimism of Johnson and Hopkins.

"The parent office of National Exchanges, Inc., will operate its own exchanges in New York state, a territory representing at least 14 per cent. of the entire United States. This means that on any productions doing business on a basis of a \$300,000 gross income, we should gross in our own offices at least \$42,000 per production. This amount, alone, done by our Exchanges practically covers the entire production cost of a picture for domestic distribution, after the foreign rights have been disposed of. It is very apparent from these figures that the National Exchanges, Inc., will never show a profit of less than \$100,000 per production."

All of which means precisely nothing. There are not so many pictures which gross \$300,000, and every motion picture man knows that the industry is not well enough stabilized to make it "very apparent" to any exchange company that it can net one-third of the gross income of any picture.

My acquaintance and influence with "movie magnates" is most limited, but I'll guarantee Mr. Johnson a higher yearly salary than has ever been paid to Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin or Douglas Fairbanks or any other dramatic, screen or opera star, if he can show any picture exchange how to net one-third of the gross business done by film plays. And Mr. Johnson can write his own contract.

Johnson and Hopkins have been criticised severely for the following clause in their installment-payment stock subscription contracts:

"It is also agreed that you (Johnson and Hopkins) shall not be obliged to refund any money paid hereon, and that if default is made in the payment of said installments for a period of more than thirty days, it shall be optional with you to forfeit all payments made hereunder and all interest I may have in said stock, as fixed, specified and liquidated damages, subject, however, to my right, at any time before such forfeiture, to assign my interest herein to some other person upon payment of any installment or installments that may be then in arrears."



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Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I mark X.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Wiring | <input type="checkbox"/> Window Trimmer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Writer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Work | <input type="checkbox"/> Sign Painter |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MECHANICAL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Trainman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> ILLUSTRATING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> Teacher |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Toolmaker | <input type="checkbox"/> CARPENTRY |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating | <input type="checkbox"/> BUSINESS MANAGEMENT |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> BOOKKEEPER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MINE FOREMAN or ENGR | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographer and Typist |
| <input type="checkbox"/> STATIONARY ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> CERT. PUB. ACCOUNTANT |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> TRAFFIC MANAGER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ship Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Accountant |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ARCHITECT | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> GOOD ENGLISH |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL SERVICE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PLUMBING and HEATING | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker | <input type="checkbox"/> AUTOMOBILE OPERATING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Orator or Supt. | <input type="checkbox"/> Auto Roading |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CHEMIST | <input type="checkbox"/> AGRICULTURE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation | <input type="checkbox"/> Poetry Reading |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Italian |

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Be a Jazz Music Master

Yes, you can, even if you've never touched a piano. I have perfected a method which enables you to play all popular songs hits perfectly by ear. All you need know is how to hum a tune. My method enables you to transform the tune into actual JAZZY music on the piano. All by ear.

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Hear a new popular song hit, hum it then play it. All by ear. Just think of the happiness this easily acquired ability will bring you, how many friends you will make, how popular you will be when you JAZZ the newest song success of Broadway. All done by ear.

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Other People's Dollars

(Concluded)

But Mr. Johnson avers that this clause is merely inserted in the contract to protect the company and give it some power to enforce installment payments. He also states that never has his company exercised this power. There have been complaints filed against Johnson and Hopkins with the District Attorney of New York, and in each case, according to Assistant District Attorney Kilroe, have they reimbursed the complaining investor. Nevertheless, the

contract is not an attractive one under which to buy stock of any sort. A stock subscriber living in Oregon might get sick or lose his job or become subject to sudden and unforeseen expense. It would be both troublesome and awkward for the Oregon subscriber to convince Johnson and Hopkins of his good faith and his need, and obtain a settlement, either reimbursement of the money paid in or stock to the amount paid for.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 102)

CLARE, OKLAHOMA CITY.—You are a decided relief from the usual facetious flapper whose contributions flood my mail. Is the gentle manner and the unassuming grace your everyday dress or your party frock, I wonder? In other words, do you help your mother with the house-work or are you only polite when there are guests? Neither Norma nor Constance Talmadge was ever on the stage. Both began in films, with Vitagraph, Constance as a comedienne with the late John Bunny and others, and Norma in drama and occasional character work.

GERTRUDE, KANSAS CITY.—You're a devoted slave of Madame Petrova. I am, too, but I don't dare express my admiration so openly. Madame is now touring the country in vaudeville, where she is breaking the records. There is a charming page from her pen in the January issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. She can write as well as she can act.

M. S., HOUSTON.—Don't see why I should describe myself. If I told the truth you'd be disappointed, and if I lied you wouldn't like me. I never lie to a woman. They are so much more expert in the art that they could always detect it. Of course, I mean some women. Tom Moore has blue eyes and light brown hair. Mabel Normand will send you her picture. She is still with Goldwyn. Consult our Studio Directory once in a while.

W. J. W., POUGHKEEPSIE.—I must say you do very well for a beginner. But do young ladies require experience in asking questions? I think not. Doris May's real name is Helen Garrett. She didn't leave Thomas Ince's company after all, although she is not co-starring with Douglas McLean any more. Bill Hart's latest is "The Testing Block." Bebe Daniels' real name is—Bebe Daniels.

F. V. F., PINCKNEY, ARK.—You say you are sure I have been asked, and have answered, every question under the sun, and then you proceed to dig up one that I can't answer. But I liked your letter, old top, and wish you'd look me up if you ever come up to this bustling Babylon. None of those ladies you mention is married with the exception of Gloria Swanson and Wanda Hawley. The latter's husband is J. Burton Hawley of Hollywood. Dorothy Gish will send you a picture, I'm sure. You're dead right about Ethel Clayton and Anna Q. Nilsson. Both charming girls—and good friends, too—did you know that? They're both in New York now and they have both presented the old Answer Man with their autographed photographs. Don't you wish you had my job? Be sure to write again.

A. C. J., COTULLA, TEXAS.—Of course I know the difference between lightning and electricity. You don't have to pay for

the lightning. The best way to reproduce lightning on the screen is to scratch the negative with a pin. Allan Dwan and other directors use this method. Bill Hart isn't giving up screen work. He's making new pictures right along. The latest to be released is "The Testing Block." Don't blame you for liking Bill; he's a fine fellow, and sincere actor. Did you read "Bill Hart's True Love Story" in January?

RUFUS, MINNETO, N. Y.—Dear sir is a good way to address me. It is impersonal and to the point. But most of my readers don't want me to be impersonal and to the point. The Willard Mack who was once married to Marjorie Rambeau is the same Willard Mack who was divorced from Pauline Frederick and rumored to be engaged to Barbara Castleton. Douglas McLean and E. K. Lincoln each has a wife. Louise Huff obtained her divorce from Edgar Jones a long time ago. She was awarded the custody of her little daughter. Miss Huff later married Edgar Stillman. Norma Talmadge wore a blonde wig in certain scenes for "Yes or No?" Louise Lovely is Mrs. William Welch. If they have been divorced I have no record of it.

VIOLET, KEDLEY LAKE.—I haven't been back to Chicago, so you couldn't have seen me in Lincoln Park that Sunday. The gentleman you went to such trouble to immortalize with your little Eastman Kodak was doubtless a very worthy subject—much more worthy than I. But don't paste him in your Photograph Album under "The Answer Man." Some poor professor from the wilds of Evanston, I'll be bound. Why do you insist upon my having a beard? And I can't help you to get in the movies, either. So I'm an all-round disappointment, I suppose.

R. G., DETROIT.—Don't quite see how they can film George Bernard Shaw. Yes, I like him—I like him so well I even read his prefaces. Harrison Ford is to play with the Talmadge sisters for one year. He will be Norma's leading man first and then will act opposite Constance. Charles Ray's studio is in Hollywood, California. He is married. Only once. No children.

A BLUEBIRD.—I agree with you in just one particular. That is when you say you believe you have written enough. Gloria Swanson is Mrs. Herbert K. Sornborn; Anita Stewart, Mrs. Rudolph Cameron; Marguerite Clark, Mrs. H. Palmerson Williams. Robert Harron was not married.

MISTRESS MAY.—You ask if I am old, young, or middle-aged. I answer, yes. John Barrymore is your favorite, is he? Well, you show good taste. Niles Welch is married to Dell Boone; they have no children. Have no record of Mrs. Walter McGrail. I believe there is no such lady.

Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

T. M. S., DETROIT.—I should advise you to write direct to the stars in care of their companies, enclosing twenty-five cents for the photograph. Nazimova and Viola Dana, Metro; Ruth Roland, Pathe; Shirley Mason, Fox.

CLARA L., BOSTON.—My own little ouija board informed me of your wishes and I immediately set the editorial wheels in motion. As a result you doubtless saw your Ethel Clayton story in the January issue. Speaking of service, is there any other little thing you would like?

BORED BETTY.—Can't imagine why you're bored. Not when you have piles of old PHOTOPLAYS in the house. Why, you can always read my answers. You say I'm funny as a pig's whisper. That's the best yet. Charles Chaplin hasn't released any pictures lately for the plain and simple reason he hasn't been making any. He completed his first five-reeler, "The Kid," some time ago, but there has been considerable difficulty over releasing arrangements and goodness only knows when the Poor Kid will have a chance to perform. Norma Talmadge never said she bought all her hats at the five-and-ten-cent store. I've no doubt she would if she wanted to, but—she doesn't.

G. E., BLACKFOOT, IDAHO.—You ask if film stars must be artistic—such as painting, drawing and singing. I don't believe their managers care much about how they draw, except, of course, at the box-offices. Marguerite Clark in "Let's Elope," with Frank Mills. Doris Kenyon and Thomas Holding had the leads in "The Great White Trail." Miss Kenyon isn't making any pictures right now, but undoubtedly will soon. She is not married.

CONNIE, LONDON.—There are people who are too much themselves ever to be able to sympathize with other people's emotions. I hope I am not one of these self-engrossed beings; I try not to be. Here are the twelve latest productions of Norma Talmadge, beginning with the newest release and going back: "The Branded Woman," "Yes or No?" "Daughter of Two Worlds," "She Loves and Lies," "The Isle of Conquest," "The Way of a Woman," "The New Moon," "The Probation Wife," "The Heart of Wetona," "The Forbidden City," "Her Only Way," and "De Luxe Annie."

D'ARTAGNAN, U. S. A.—I don't know how many women started to register and then gave it up when the clerk bawled out, "Your age, please?" After keeping it a secret from the neighbors all these years, what woman wants to give it away now? President elect Warren Gamaliel Harding has many friends among the film people. The stage and screen sent a delegation to the World's Most Famous Front Porch to pledge their support. That company is now extinct. Conway Tearle played Mr. Maxwell in "Two Weeks." Others answered elsewhere. Come again.

W. E. A., HELENA.—The street scenes of "Crooked Streets," in which Ethel Clayton and the other principal characters appeared, were taken in the Lasky studio, Hollywood, California. But there were several shots actually made in the real Shanghai and inserted in the film to lend atmosphere. You can depend upon it that both the real and built scenes were accurate, for Miss Clayton spent some time in the Orient and saw to it that they were correct. You're welcome.

L. E. P., BRIDGEPORT.—Your letter did not make me curse woman's curiosity. I was cursing the curiosity of both sexes long before you wrote to me. Alex Onslow was Jerry O'Farrell in "Footlights and Shadows." Robert Walker was Sam Warren in "Shore Acres." Otto Hoffman was André Robinet in "Paris Green." William Riley Hatch was Mike O'Hara in "The Inner Voice."

MISS T. F., ROCHESTER.—Photography is one hundred years old. Although Niepce was the first to produce what might be called a photograph, in 1820, it was not until 1839 that the photograph became a practical possibility. Daguerre succeeded in producing the first real photograph, and daguerreotypes were common in every American town before 1850. I hope this answers your question. Joe King supports Corinne Griffith in "The Broadway Bubble."

F. H., DULUTH.—Charles Chaplin was born in Paris, of English parents. Huntley Gordon was born in Montreal, Canada. He began his screen career with Vitagraph, and has since appeared in "The Common Cause," "Too Many Crooks," "The Glorious Lady," and "Out Yonder." He is six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds and has light hair and blue eyes.

R. A. C., SOUTH AMERICA.—Yours was a very charming letter. If you write Miss Talmadge one like it I am sure you will hear from her. The Talmadges went abroad for a vacation, not to make pictures. They are back home now. I have passed along your suggestion to the Editor and you may hear about it before long. Thank you for your good wishes. Same to you.

MISS P., HEAVENER, OKLAHOMA.—A New Town! What is a new planet, a new picture star, a new tie to me, when there's a New Town among my correspondence? Is that the correct way to spell it? Sure the last two letters belong? Clyde Fillmore played in "Nurse Marjorie" with Mary Miles Minter and also in von Stroheim's picture, "The Devil's Pass Key." He is under contract to Paramount. Edith Roberts isn't married. She is just twenty and a mighty sweet little girl. She came in to see me on her recent trip east.

A. K., IOWA.—You send me your sympathy. That's all anybody ever sends me. Still, I thank you, for I know you mean well. I am always tolerant of kind intentions although they never do me or anyone else any good. Yes, that's the correct address. Go ahead.

WILLAMAE.—At the last report I assure you I was bearing up nicely. In fact, I think in a month or so I'll be up and able to answer another letter from you. But please do not tell me any more about yourself. I know now that you have brown hair, natural, wavy, very long, brown eyes as velvet with lashes so long you have to trim them, a little small to your age but well proportioned, and quite a dancer and piano player, also singing. Reading on I discover you are fourteen years old and Long to Act. If I were your mother I'd spank you and send you to bed without any supper. You had better finish school before you begin to think seriously about Longing to Act.



"—Not One Gray Hair, Now"

"And my hair was quite gray a short time ago!"

"It was falling out, getting brittle and stringy. My scalp was filled with dandruff and itched almost constantly."

"A few applications of Kolor-Bak produced a wonderful improvement. The itching stopped instantly. There was no more dandruff. And—marvel of marvels—it is now restored to its original color—not a gray hair shows anywhere!"

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The Letter that Saved Me 36% on Typewriters

Received by a Business Man from a Buyer Friend

Chicago, Nov. 2, 1920.

Dear Henry:

I hear that you are down in New York to open a branch office for your firm. You'll be buying a lot of things for the office, not the least important of which will be typewriters.

And that's what I want to talk to you about—typewriters. I want to give you the benefit of an experience I had some time ago, and thereby, I hope, save you some real money.

About a year ago I decided to buy a typewriter for home use. My first thought was to purchase one of the makes we were using in the office, which had been put in before I became buyer for the house. But when it came to digging up a hundred dollars for the machine—I just couldn't. Somehow or other it looked like too much money to me.

Then I thought about picking up a second-hand machine, but the price was about as high, and I had no assurance of service.

I was undecided as to what to do, when one evening at home I ran across an Oliver Typewriter ad in a magazine. I remembered then having read the advertising

before and being impressed with the story.

"Why pay \$100 for Any Typewriter"—"When You Can Buy a New Oliver for \$64?" read the ad—then it went on to explain how The Oliver Typewriter Company had cut the price by selling direct and eliminating costly selling methods. It was clear to me as an experienced buyer how they could well afford to top off \$36 of the \$100 by their new economical selling plan.

The ad brought out the fact, too, that I didn't have to pay the \$64 in a lump sum. I could settle at the easy rate of \$4 a month. Naturally that appealed to me, for it was as easy as rental terms.

But the thing that decided me was their free trial offer. Without my sending or depositing a penny, they would ship me an Oliver for five days free trial. I could use the typewriter for five days just as if it were my own, and if I wasn't satisfied, all I had to do was to ship it back at the Oliver Company's expense. Well, I mailed in the coupon and got an Oliver for free trial. To make a short story shorter, I

was more than pleased with the Oliver. I fully agreed with The Oliver Typewriter Company that if any typewriter was worth \$100 it was this splendid Oliver.

Well, later when we found it necessary to replace some of the typewriters at the office, you may be sure I put in Oliver's, saving the company a nice \$36 on each. At first the girls were reluctant about changing machines, but after a week or two with the Oliver, they wouldn't have any other.

Naturally now we are all Oliver enthusiasts—that's why I write this letter to you.

You just give the Oliver a trial and you'll be more than willing to buy me a good dinner when I arrive in New York next month.

Yours, J. B.

That is the letter that saved me \$36 on each of my typewriters. I not only equipped the office with the Oliver, but like my friend I also bought one for home use. Yes, I am more than willing to buy my friend a good dinner for his valuable advice.

Any reader may order an Oliver direct from this ad by mailing the coupon. No money in advance. No deposit. No obligation to buy. Return or keep the Oliver as you decide after five days free trial. If you decide to keep the typewriter, you may take a year and a half to pay at the easy rate of \$4 a month. Mail the coupon today—NOW.

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The OLIVER Typewriter Company
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**Save
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*A Finer
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Fair Price*



THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.

1472 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay \$64 at the rate of \$4 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is..... This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy—your de luxe catalog and further information.

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"How well you look tonight!" Such compliments are the daily joy of the woman who applies her cream, powder, and rouge correctly. Here is the Pompeian way to instant beauty:

First, a touch of fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin and holds the powder. Work the cream well into the skin so the powder adheres evenly.

Then apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of delicate fragrance.

Now a touch of Pompeian BLOOM for youthful color. Do you know that a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle with a new beauty?

Lastly, dust over again with the powder, in order to subdue the Bloom. Presto! The face is beautified and youth-i-fied in an instant!

These preparations may be used separately or together (as above) as the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette." Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing) softens the skin. Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, a powder that stays on—flesh, white, rachel (formerly called brunette). Pompeian BLOOM, a rouge that won't crumble—light, dark, medium. At all druggists, 60c each. Guaranteed by the makers of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream (60c), Pompeian NIGHT Cream (50c), and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (30c), a talcum with an exquisite new odor.

Marguerite Clark Art Panel—5 Samples Sent With It

Miss Clark posed especially for this 1921 Pompeian Beauty Art Panel entitled, "Absence Cannot Hearts Divide." The rare beauty and charm of Miss Clark are revealed in dainty colors. Size, 28 x 7 1/4 inches. Price, 10c. Samples of Pompeian Day Cream, Powder and Bloom, Night Cream and Fragrance (a talcum powder) sent with the Art Panel. With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Please tear off coupon now.



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Gentlemen: I enclose a dime for the 1921 Marguerite Clark Panel. Also please send five samples named in offer.

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IF you are troubled with blemishes, use this treatment every night and see how clear and smooth it will make your skin.

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Rinse carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment and for daily cleansing.

"Your treatment for one week"

A miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations sent to you for 25 cents

Send 25 cents for this dainty miniature set of Woodbury's skin preparations, containing your complete Woodbury treatment for one week.

You will find, first, the little booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," telling you the special treatment your skin needs; then a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap—enough for seven nights of any treatment; a sample tube of the new Woodbury Facial Cream; and samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Powder, with directions showing you just how they should be used. Write today for this special new Woodbury outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Company, 502 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 502 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



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IN THIS ISSUE

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Ideals plus immense organization—basis of Paramount supremacy

The basis of Paramount's supremacy will continue to be one of immense organization both in production and distribution of motion pictures, and unlimited resource of talent, money, physical equipment and imagination.

Paramount has enough studios and producing plants to equip forty ordinary motion picture companies. The chief of these studios are in California, New York, and London, England.

The whole world-wide producing organization of Paramount Pictures proceeds on a basis of assured success for the photoplays produced. That is, thousands of theatres in fifteen civilized countries are waiting and eager to show them, and their audiences to see them.

Only Paramount organization can give Paramount quality

Neither time nor money, neither endless trouble nor terrible hazards of physical danger and difficulty, are spared to achieve striking results.

In some Paramount Pictures in 1921 you will see The Alps, for example, as mere items of the staging of a single scene. If the tropics are required, or the arctic zone, the tropics and the arctic zone you will get.

In other 1921 Paramount Pictures you will see whole groups of great stars in the same picture.

One instance of many: In the cast of "The Affairs of Anatol," the play by the great Viennese dramatist, Arthur Schnitzler, directed by Cecil B. DeMille, there are no fewer than eight stars: Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson, Elliott Dexter, Wanda Hawley, Bebe Daniels, Agnes Ayres, Theodore Roberts and Theodore Kosloff. All this galaxy of talent in one Paramount Picture, and there will be 104 of them in 1921 for you!

1921 will carry on the great national success of Paramount as represented by the high water-mark it touched during the National Paramount Week in September, 1920, when more than six thousand American theatres showed nothing but Paramount Pictures, and sixty-seven cents of every dollar that was paid to enter motion picture theatres was paid to enter those theatres which were foresighted enough to have Paramount.

Foresighted is right, because there was not a single print of any Paramount Picture, not a single, solitary reel, that was not working.

The people were out for Paramount then as they will be throughout 1921.

Greatest authors of Europe and America writing for Paramount Pictures

In addition to the most successful American directors, dramatists and novelists, who are naturally attracted by the sheer artistic supremacy afforded their work by the Paramount equipment, it is now history that the greatest dramatists of Europe, men of immortal fame, are working and devising subtle new plots for Paramount. Some of them have already arrived over three thousand miles of ocean to collaborate more closely with the Paramount producing organization for your delight.

Paramount is the name which has enrolled Sir James M. Barrie, Henry Arthur Jones, Edward Knoblock, Sir Gilbert Parker, Avery Hopwood, Elinor Glyn, Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, Joseph Conrad, Cosmo Hamilton, Arnold Bennett.

Paramount is the name of the organization which affords the greatest scope for the greatest directors, men of the stamp of Cecil B. DeMille, William DeMille, George Fitzmaurice, George Melford, William D. Taylor, Hugh Ford and Charles Maigne.

Distinguished artists and connoisseurs of stage design, such as Penrhyn Stanlaws and Paul Iribe (the great Parisian designer), contribute their special talent to Paramount. In short, it is a fact that Paramount utilizes the services of all sorts of skill and craftsmanship whose function ordinary picture producers are not even aware of.

Paramount spends more on the perfect titling of great feature pictures than some producers spend on the whole job.

Paramount has a special Fashion Atelier in Paris so that the women in the audience of your theatre shall get *le dernier cri* in gowns and hats with every Paramount Picture. See Paramount Pictures and you see the new Paris styles first.

Paramount has first call on the greatest American stories in the greatest American magazines when the stories are suitable for the films.

Every form of printed or spoken drama that might be suitable for Paramount Pictures is examined. Everything useful published in Italian, Spanish, German or French is steadily translated. Synopses are made of every stage play produced in America, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, London and Rome.

No one else can give the exhibitor or motion picture enthusiast half as much.

It all comes down to immense organization, and Paramount has it.

Every 20th person you meet in the street today will see a Paramount Picture today!

The simple way to tell a good theatre

Not a good theatre anywhere but books as many Paramount Pictures as its patrons can throng to see!

Counting foreign theatres, over one hundred million people paid to see Paramount Pictures in 1920.

Your cue is—find the words "A Paramount Picture" in the newspaper advertisements of your theatre, or in the lobbies or on billboards.

Find them, before you go in, for *that always means a great show and a crowded house!*

Some of the coming PARAMOUNT PICTURES

- Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in "Brewster's Millions"
- Do'othy Gish in "The Ghost in the Garret"
- Cecil B. DeMille's Production "Forbidden Fruit"
- Douglas MacLean in "Chickens"
- A Thomas H. Ince Production
- A Cosmopolitan Production "The Passionate Pilgrim"; with Matt Moore
- Charles Maigne's Production "The Kentuckians," by John Fox, Jr.; with Monte Blue
- Ethel Clayton in "The Price of Possession"
- A Hugh Ford Production
- Dorothy Dalton in "The Teaser"
- Thomas Meighan in "The Easy Road"
- A George Melford Production "The Faith Healer"
- William Vaughan Moody's famous play; with Milton Sills and Ann Forrest
- A Cosmopolitan Production "Buried Treasure"; with Marion Davies
- Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in "The Traveling Salesman"
- Robert Z. Leonard Production
- Mae Murray in "The Gilded Lily"
- Sir James M. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy"
- A John Robertson Production
- Sir James M. Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows"
- A William DeMille Production
- Wallace Reid in Frank Spearman's Story "The Daughter of a Magnate"
- Sydney Chaplin in "King, Queen and Joker"
- A Sydney Chaplin Production
- A Hugh Ford Production "The Great Day"
- The Famous Drury Lane Melodrama
- A Famous-Lasky British Production
- A Famous-Lasky British Production "The Mystery Road"; with David Powell
- By E. Phillips Oppenheim
- Thomas Meighan in "The Quarry"
- A Cosmopolitan Production
- "The Manifestations of Henry Ort"; with Matt Moore
- A George Melford Production "You Can't Fool Your Wife"
- By Hector Turnbull
- A George Loane Tucker Production "Ladies Must Live"
- By Alice Duer Miller
- A Hugh Ford Production "The Call of Youth"
- By Henry Arthur Jones
- A Famous-Lasky British Production
- A Cecil B. DeMille Production "The Affairs of Anatol"
- By Arthur Schnitzler
- Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in "The Dollar a Year Man"
- A Famous-Lasky British Production "Appearances," by Edward Knoblock
- A Cosmopolitan Production, "Love Piker"
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Paramount Pictures





The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

VOL. XIX

No. 4

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“What They Think About Marriage!”

MADAME ELINOR GLYN, in this issue, advances the theory that motion picture stars—being *artistes*—should not marry, since art and marriage do not assimilate to perfection.

But what do the stars themselves think about it?

Are they for or against marriage? Do they believe love and marriage interferes with their art, or aids it?

You will find out in the April issue. The most celebrated actors and actresses, the most brilliant screen writers and directors, will tell what they think about marriage. Some of them agree with Madame Glyn. Others have decidedly different views. But you will want to read them all.

And a part of the article concerns you. *You* are going to have a chance to tell what *you* think about marriage!

Two More Fiction Stories

will appear in the April issue of PHOTOPLAY. They are two of the best yet published. Nowhere in America will you find a magazine where the fiction is more absorbing. For full particulars about the contest, see page 16

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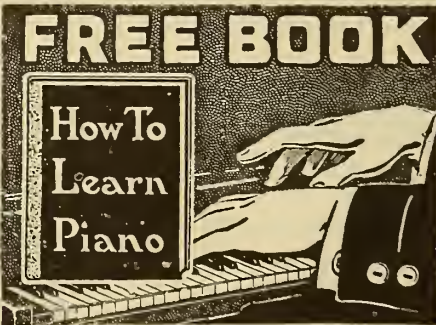


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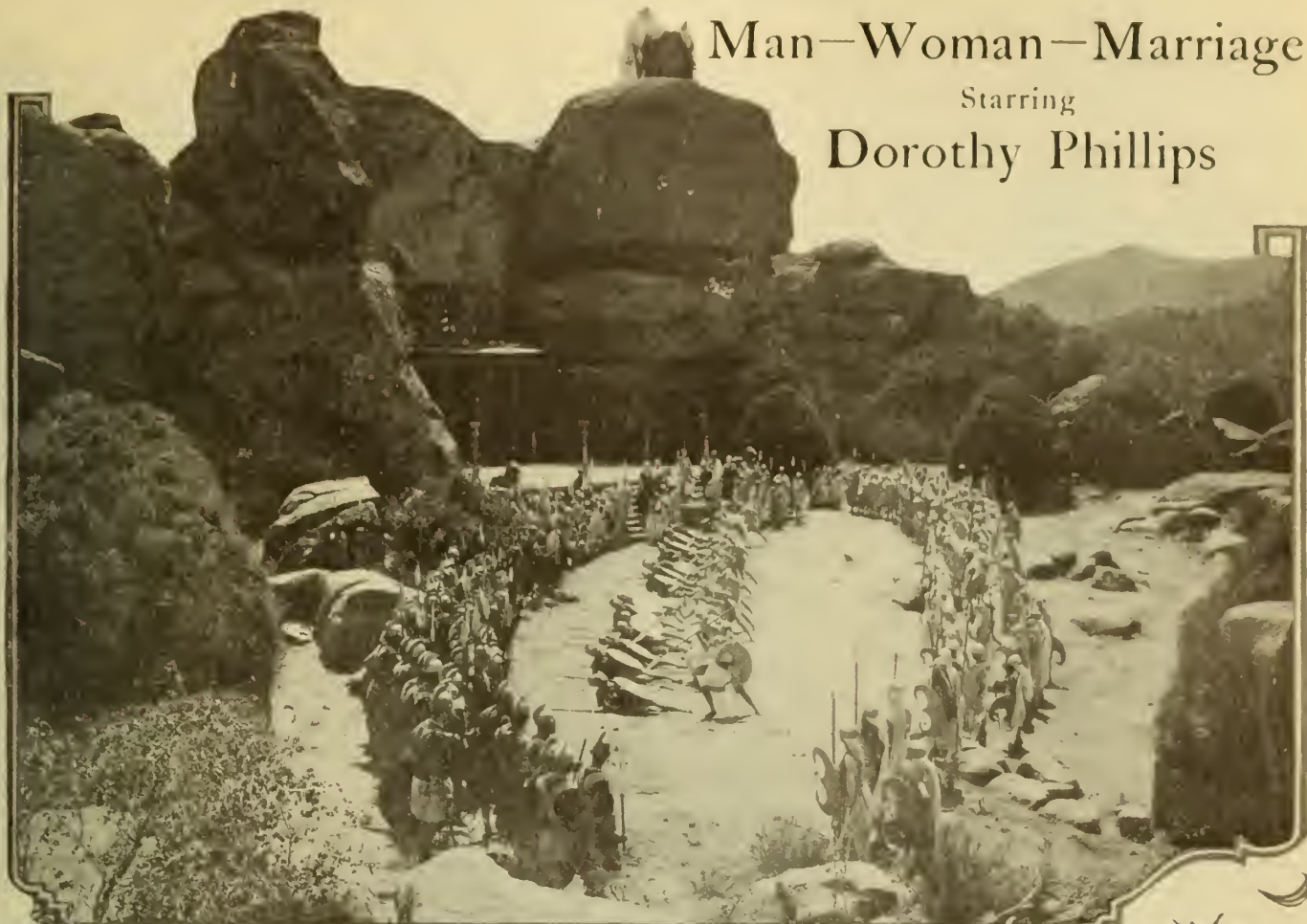
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The Short Cut to Successful Writing

By DELLA THOMPSON LUTES

Editor of "To Day's Housewife"; author of "A Soldier of the Dusk" and other books

THE first thing I ever had published was a poem, "Woods in Winter." One of our local newspapers printed it and you better believe I was a proud girl. My pride was short lived, however. A woman who pretended to be an old friend of my mother's and who had a daughter a little older than "took a fall" out of my conceit. Her daughter had always been accepted as excelling in "smartness." She always went to Sunday School and never forgot the text. She never tore her clothes. She didn't whistle. And she always had her lessons. Yes, and stood 90 per cent. in pretty nearly everything. Everybody expected her to meteor out into brilliant success some day, and nobody gave much thought to her old friend's daughter beyond her teachers. They praised her "compositions."

Then, all of a sudden there was the "poem" in the newspaper. "Woods in Winter." And proudly and shyly its young author accepted the congratulations of her friends—until it came to the mother of Miss Lily Exemplary.

I ran into their home after school one day, wondering, childishly and eagerly, if now they'd think me as smart as Lily. I didn't seem to care so much about being as good as Lily, but I did want to be as clever—if it could be accomplished without lessons.

Lily sat in a low chair before an open fire, her feet crossed primly on the rug, her hands engaged in lady-like needlework. Her mother, also neatly attired, was working on a wool muffler. I, with some other girls and boys, had been sailing a venturesome craft made of boards on a nearby creek, and I was wet and muddy. I daresay the profession of poetry would have been ashamed to own me—outside the atrocity of the poem itself.

Lily's mother said—like yesterday I remember her words, "Well, Delly" (they always called me Delly in those days), "Well, Delly, I see you've had a poem printed."

Proudly and shyly I grinned and nodded, waiting for the word of praise. Lily said nothing. She looked and embroidered—and looked smug.

"It's too bad," said Lily's mother smoothly, "that so much like Longfellow's poem, 'Woods in Winter.' I'm afraid folks will think it isn't all original."

Pride oozed from me as the water oozed from my muddy shoes. Tears stung my eyes.

"I didn't know Longfellow had a poem like that," I flung at her angrily and rushed out of the house.

And I didn't know Longfellow had a poem like that. Neither did he. And he wouldn't have thanked her for saying he had, either.

I was sixteen when that verse was printed. I was nearly thirty before I had a story printed. In the meantime I had written a great many things, but nobody wanted them. I didn't know how to write the things I wanted to write, nor what to do with them if I did. There didn't seem to be any way to get such information, either, since one couldn't go to college.

Then a Sunday newspaper printed two stories, and this was encouragement. Years went by, however, three of them, perhaps four, before I got anything more in print. I wrote and wrote and wrote. I sent things out and faithfully they came back to me. Always with rejection slips, and never with any advice. I couldn't get any advice. I couldn't get any help. Finally, however, my stories were good enough by sheer persistency and struggle, so that the magazines began to accept them. One went to the *Delineator*, one to *Good Housekeeping*, the *Designer*, the *Ladies' World*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and others. But always I had to cut and prune and write after the story was accepted, because I didn't know how to do it in the first place. I had something to say that they were willing to pay for, but I didn't know how to say it. It took me ten years, and more, to learn what I could have learned in one year if I had had such an Easy System of Writing as came to my desk the other day. Ten years and more, and the loss of thousands of dollars for what could have been learned in six months at a cost of a few dollars if I had had the chance!

One great resolve came out of my experience, however, and that was that whenever I could for the remainder of my life I would help young writers. So, after I got to be an editor and young writers used to ask me for criticism and help, and until I knew that better source of information to turn them to, always wrote personal letters, gave such constructive criticism as I could, and told them all I had learned by years of weary struggle.

I can no longer write the letters that I used to when my work was light, but I do not have to. Other and better help has been prepared, and so I simply direct them to this New Method of Writing which will provide any ambitious person with the incentive to work and the information for procedure.

A most astonishing assertion was recently made by one of the highest paid writers in the world. He said, "Millions of people can write stories and photoplays and don't know it."

I know from my own experience that almost every person longs at times to express himself in writing but doesn't know how. I have had thousands of



DELLA THOMPSON LUTES

letters from people saying, "Oh, I wish I could write. I know I could tell a story or write a good article if I knew how."

There is a technique to story or play writing just as there is to piano playing or painting. If you had that technique you could certainly express yourself better than you can without it, and you might find that you have an ability to do something that before you have only thought of vaguely as a wish.

Every heart has its own story. Every life has experiences that are worth passing on. The man who clerked in a store last year is making more money this year with his pen than he would have made in the store in a life time.

The young woman who earned eighteen dollars a week last summer at stencography sold a story last week for one hundred dollars. The woman who wrote the serial story which is now running in *To-day's Housewife* hadn't thought of writing a story until about five years ago—didn't know for sure she could write a story. Now her name appears almost every month in the leading magazines.

A woman of over fifty came into my office one day last week to see me about a story we recently bought from her. Ten years ago she had never written a word. Within the last six months she has sold ten stories to leading magazines averaging over a hundred dollars each. You don't know whether you can write or not until you try.

Once there was a tradition that writing was a "gift" miraculously placed in the hands of the chosen few. We still believe in genius, and not everyone can be an O. Henry or a Stevenson, but the great majority of writers who are turning out the stories and photoplays of to-day, for which thousands and thousands of dollars are being paid, are not geniuses. They are simply people who have been taught how to tell a story and who then look about them and get a story to tell.

There are just as many stories of human interest right in your own vicinity, stories for which some editor will pay good money, as there are in New York City or anywhere else. Magazine editors are hungry for good stories. They will welcome a story from you just as quickly as from any well-known writer if your story is good enough. And they will pay you well for it, too. Big money is paid for stories and scenarios to-day—a good bit bigger money than is being paid in salaries.

There is a tremendous demand for writers, writers of stories, of articles, of photoplays. Money is be-

ing spent like water by magazine publishing houses and photoplay companies. Big sums of money. And names do not count—until they have done something good.

This is the word I want to leave with you: If you have said to yourself, "I wish I could write," or "If I only knew how to do it, I believe I could write," or if you have plots for stories, ideas for articles, or if screen pictures come to you and you don't know how to put them in marketable form, don't be discouraged and think, "Oh, what's the use of my trying. I don't know how." And don't get the idea that all great writers were born knowing how to write. Almost without exception they have struggled to the top through years of bitter work and waiting. They did not have the help that lies at your hand.

The Authors' Press of Auburn, N. Y., has, to my mind, solved the problem for the would-be writer. They have prepared an Easy System of Writing that is at once so comprehensive and so simple that it covers every point of the principle and technique of short-story writing and photoplay writing, and yet is so clearly and pleasantly written that the perusal of it is an inspiration and a delight.

This New System is tremendously inspirational. I have read it three times to be absolutely sure it is what I should want to recommend to the hundreds of writers who ask me for help. Each time I read it I am so filled with enthusiasm that I want to run away from the editorial desk and write a story or a scenario. It is good reading even for the person who isn't filled with the desire to write, for it tells how it is done. A study of this New Method of Writing will help anyone to think better and to express himself more forcefully in conversation or writing than he otherwise could. I am glad to have the opportunity to recommend to all writers the inspirational, helpful and most reasonably priced System of Writing published by The Authors' Press of Auburn, N. Y.

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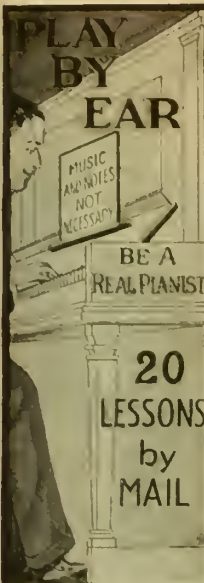
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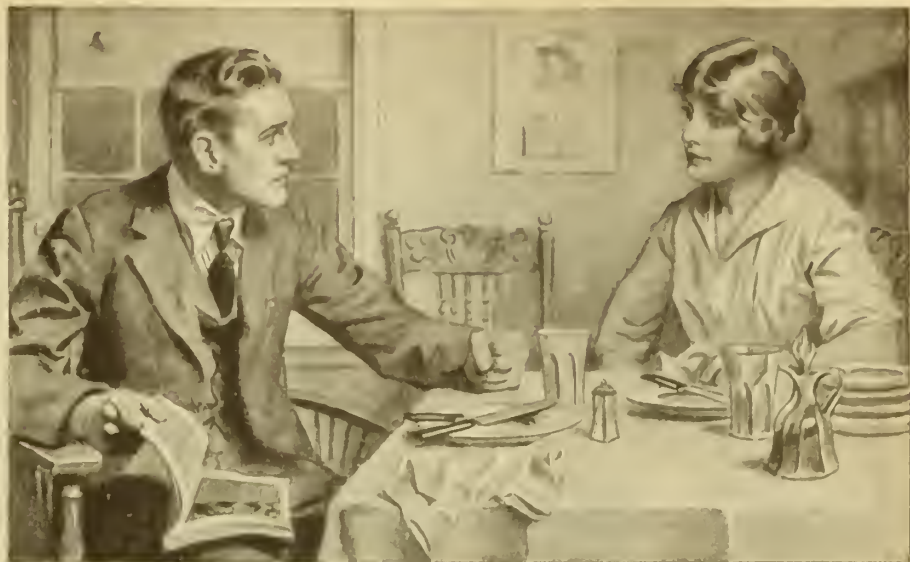
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating | <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> BOOKKEEPER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographer and Typist |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FIRE FIGHTER or ENG'R | <input type="checkbox"/> Cert. Pub. Accountant |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Accountant |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ship Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ARCHITECT | <input type="checkbox"/> GOOD ENGLISH |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Teacher |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL SERVICE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PLUMBING AND HEATING | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker | <input type="checkbox"/> AUTOMOBILE OPERATING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Overseer or Dept. | <input type="checkbox"/> Auto Repairing <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CHEMIST | <input type="checkbox"/> AGRICULTURE <input type="checkbox"/> French |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry Raising <input type="checkbox"/> Italian |

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Present Occupation.....
Street and No.....
City..... State.....

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State	Number	State	Number
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Alaska.....	1,580	Nebraska.....	18,240
Arizona.....	8,440	Nevada.....	4,800
Arkansas.....	8,600	New Hampshire.....	12,760
California.....	80,840	New Jersey.....	63,560
Colorado.....	35,060	New Mexico.....	6,760
Connecticut.....	34,140	New York.....	217,640
Delaware.....	4,600	North Carolina.....	134,700
Dist. of Columbia.....	9,280	North Dakota.....	6,600
Florida.....	9,780	Ohio.....	116,200
Georgia.....	9,480	Oklahoma.....	8,320
Idaho.....	10,720	Oregon.....	15,600
Illinois.....	296,840	Pennsylvania.....	170,720
Indiana.....	55,520	Rhode Island.....	13,380
Iowa.....	40,100	South Carolina.....	8,720
Kansas.....	36,000	South Dakota.....	6,760
Kentucky.....	9,780	Tennessee.....	15,020
Louisiana.....	11,680	Texas.....	39,520
Maine.....	22,460	Utah.....	16,420
Maryland.....	21,680	Vermont.....	7,880
Massachusetts.....	83,400	Virginia.....	21,500
Michigan.....	69,440	Washington.....	37,160
Minnesota.....	32,480	West Virginia.....	20,960
Mississippi.....	6,400	Wisconsin.....	42,320
Missouri.....	53,020	Wyoming.....	6,080
		Navy, 15,000.....	Total, 2,007,096



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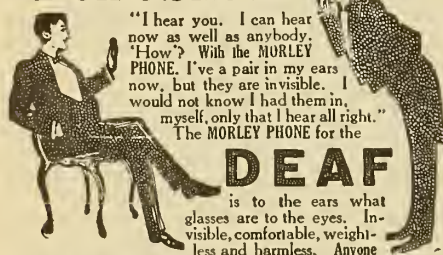
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Studio Directory

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal active ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

ASSOCIATED PRODUCERS, INC.,

729 Seventh Ave., N. Y.

- (s) Maurice Tourneur, Universal City, Cal.
- (s) Thos. H. Ince, Culver City, Cal.
- J. Parker Read, Jr., Ince Studios, Culver City, Cal.
- (s) Mack Sennett, Edendale, Cal.
- (s) Marshall Neilan, Hollywood Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
- (s) Allan Dwan, Hollywood Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
- (s) Geo. Loane Tucker, Bruntou Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

BLACKTON PRODUCTIONS, INC.,

25 West 45th St., New York; (s) 423 Classon Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ROBERT BRUNTON STUDIOS,

5300 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

CHRISTIE FILM CORP.,

6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS' CIRCUIT, INC.,

6 West 48th St., New York;

- Mildred Harris Co. and Anita Stewart Co., 3800 Mission Boul., Glendale, Calif.
- Louis B. Mayer Studio.
- Norma and Constance Talmadge Studio, 318 East 48th St., New York.
- King Vidor Production, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
- Katherine MacDonald Productions, Georgia and Girard Sts., Los Angeles, Cal.

FOX FILM CORP.,

10th Ave. and 55th St., New York; 1401 Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

GARSON STUDIOS, INC.,

1845 Alessandro St., Edendale, Cal.

GOLDWYN FILM CORP.,

469 Fifth Ave., New York; (s) Culver City, Cal.

HAMPTON, JESSE B., STUDIOS,

1425 Fleming St., Hollywood, Cal.

(s) HART, WM. S. PRODUCTIONS,

1215 Bates St., Hollywood, Cal.

HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS,

Santa Monica Blvd. and Seward St., Hollywood, Cal.

METRO PICTURES CORP.,

1476 Broadway, New York; (s) 3 West 61st St., New York, and 1025 Lillian Way, Hollywood, Cal.

PARAMOUNT ARTCRAFT CORPORATION,

485 Fifth Ave., New York.

- Famous Players Studio, Pierce Ave. and 6th St., Long Island City, N. Y.
- Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal.

PATHE EXCHANGE,

25 West 45th St., New York; (s) Hollywood, Cal.

REALART PICTURES CORPORATION,

469 Fifth Ave., New York; (s) 211 North Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.

ROBERTSON-COLE PRODUCTIONS,

1600 Broadway, New York; Currier Bldg., Los Angeles; (s) Hollywood, Cal.

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO.,

1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

SELZNICK PICTURES CORP.,

729 Seventh Ave., New York; (s) 807 East 175th St., New York, and West Fort Lee, N. J.

UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION,

729 Seventh Ave., New York.

- Mary Pickford Co., Bruntou Studios, Hollywood, Cal.; Douglas Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.; Charles Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave.; Hollywood, Cal.
- D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO.,

1600 Broadway, New York; (s) Universal City, Cal.

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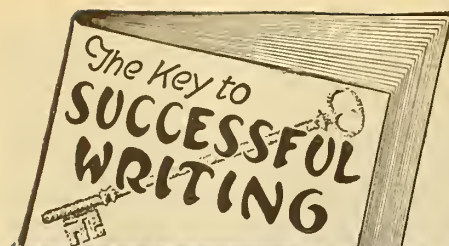
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A delicious satire from the gifted pen of Mme. Petrova, actress-authoress. Turn to page 33 and read it through. It is another of the stories entered in

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This contest is engaging for PHOTOPLAY readers some of the year's most entertaining and distinctive fiction. Two stories will appear each month throughout the year. Although PHOTOPLAY is not discouraging unknown writers, the majority of stories are coming in from recognized fictionists which guarantees a bang-up short story supplement to PHOTOPLAY throughout 1921.

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SOME day a Great Producer will come along and induce Phyllis Haver to transfer her artistic allegiance from comedy to drama. But we hope that day is not imminent; for what—we ask you—would comedy be without Phyllis?



Hoover

THERE is no leading man in higher favor with young ladies of all ages than Allan Forrest. Remember when he made screen love to Mary Miles Minter?



Freulich

WHEELER OAKMAN'S first prominent part was in "The Spoilers." Since then his roles have been many, in support of Mrs. Oakman—Priscilla Dean.



Hoover

GARETH HUGHES came from Wales at an early age and has been an actor in distinguished company ever since. He has just created "Sentimental Tommy."



Campbell

GASTON GLASS is the godson of Sarah Bernhardt, with whom he acted abroad. Glass is now translating Ralph Connor's Canadian heroes to the films.



Edward Thayer Monroe

MARY MacLAREN is now in the east, making a new photoplay. She has no difficulty in interpreting lovely young girlhood before the camera. In fact, Mary has managed to give that overworked word *ingenue* a new meaning.



Alfred Cheney Johnston

VIRGINIA VALLI'S brunette beauty has brightened more than one celluloid drama. Virginia was a dancer before she made her screen debut. Of late she has been the girl-in-the-case opposite George Walsh and other stars.



Madame Olga Petrova, a brilliant figure of the stage and screen, and a writer of distinction as well. From an etching, drawn especially for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, by Walter Tittle.

PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XIX

March, 1921

No. 4

When Slave Becomes Master

THERE is an ancient legend concerning a slave in a great house who rendered extraordinary services the other slaves were unable or unwilling to perform. He cleaned the ditches of their unhealthy waters, thatched the roofs against the winter rain, with infinite labor removed the stones from the fields so that they could be tilled, and made roads so that the corn grown therein might be taken to market. His master, profoundly grateful, made him a freedman and appointed him overseer of all his goods and business. But the former slave, insolent and self-important, beat and killed his erstwhile equals, quarreled with his master, and appropriated his wife. Thereupon the master set upon his ego-crazed benefactor and slew him. But his household had been destroyed or dispersed, his working establishment had fallen into chaos, and his last state was worse than his first.

The United States has such a slave. His name is REFORM.

Let no one belittle the great work Reform has done in America. The regulation of piratical business, the stern correction of public corruption and the abolition of the licensed liquor traffic are services for which this country can never cease to be grateful.

But the servant has ceased to serve. He aspires to be a tyrant. A coterie in Massachusetts desires to regulate the height of women's heels by law. Washington is besieged by men who wish to illegalize all forms of Sunday conveyance. Photoplay censorship bills impend in forty states and national censorship is contemplated.

The day has passed when any set of Blue Laws can impose an unvaryingly uniform Sabbath, emasculate honest and necessary recreation, fetter social intercourse and stifle the arts.

After Puritanism in England came the license and decadence of the Restoration. After any reign of fanaticism in America—quickly after—would come a social revolution approximating, for the time at least, Anarchy and Bolshevism.



Hoover Art Studios.

Elinor Glyn, famous English writer, who has come to America to write for the films. A new portrait posed exclusively for *Photoplay*.

In Filmdom's Boudoir

By

Elinor Glyn

That exquisite note of the real Parisian elegante.

When I left Paris six weeks ago, hair was brushed back, if the forehead was pretty enough—or simply parted if it was not, and the long ends turned in to the smallest possible knot to make the head tiny, and the sides were a little cut and curled softly and came onto the cheeks. Little dainty heads with the jester of the first

THE Moving Picture world is a very wonderful one. In no other are there collected so many really lovely young women, for instance. But they are all so very young! The oldest not more than twenty-five or six—so perhaps that is why all the pretty eyes have the same expression. For the eyes are the windows of the soul, and without experience of life, there must be a sameness in what looks forth, unless there is strong character, and mental cultivation to replace it.

Nearly all heroines in the movie stories seem to be ingénues, and so most of the actresses are of that type—Demand and supply—The fair ones frequently modeled upon that consummate artist, Mary Pickford, with the fluffy childish curls which were her own particular *chic*. The dark ones all have beautiful round young faces, and big dark eyes, of the round type, and to accentuate this many have their eyebrows plucked, and a thin arch painted instead, which renders them even more surprised and infantile-looking. This must please the public, I suppose, or surely they would not do it. But why, why, do they have the weird blobs of hair sticking out from the sides of their pretty heads!

I believe one of the next forward steps in this great and progressive industry, will be for the producers to get someone "in the know" to send out descriptions from Paris of what is the note of the moment. I do not mean what hairdressers want to impose, but what *is* the last chic—and what such people as they are supposed to be portraying, *would wear*.

Empire, and nothing sticking out. No chignons, or incredible excrescences of bunches of curls, or Spanish combs, or bands of hair cutting sharp across the forehead. One never saw any of these things except in the hairdressers' shop windows. The dreams of beauty these lovely faces would be, if only they could get the Paris "look!" To give you an idea of how the hair is done for the screen, it is something like the heads one sees on the station bar-maids or tea-room waitresses at Manchester or Birmingham, or places like that in England, which are always behind the times. One never, of course, sees them in Paris at all. So no matter how refined the actual features may be, it is impossible for them to look distinguished. Why must the public taste be so misled? Why could not these beautiful little girls, when they are playing the parts of society ladies, look like the real ones in New York, or London or Paris, as the case may be—and so educate the public to appreciate style? And also give their own characters more freedom for expression.

They all seem such charming girls, and many of them look perfectly sweet in their own little clothes off the stage. I am always hearing of their kindness of heart, too—one to another, and their generosity to those not so fortunately placed. They are much nicer in many of these ways than we are, only whenever I see them dressed for the screen, I have a wild longing to have all the absurd curls and crimps washed out and their hair done with the simple chic of Paris. The clothes they wear in pictures have, too, a sadly last year's look—or as

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Elinor Glyn is one of the greatest writers of our time. She has come from her home in England to study and write for the screen in America. We are able, here, to give you the frank expression of this famous Englishwoman's opinions and impressions of feminine motion picture stars, a whimsical bit of the instructions she would give them as to how to make themselves more attractive if she had a "charm school" in Hollywood, and her ideas on marriage for artistes in this profession.

Madame Glyn is a sister of Lucile—Lady Duff Gordon—the most celebrated modiste of two continents; and it is hardly necessary to add that she is the author of "Three Weeks."

though they were the creation of someone with fantastic taste, quite indifferent to the law of Paris. You know what I mean, lots of people had this air during the war, when they furbished up old styles because they could not afford to get the up-to-date new models.

There are two types to be seen on the screen—unbelievably funny long dresses, with sheathlike paillettes and weird trains and every kind of trimmings in strings of beads, etc., etc., stuck on them in meaningless places—a travesty of what was worn in 1913—and then paradise plumes and ridiculous head-dresses piled up on highly dressed elaborate hair. And the other type is the short frock with fluffs and bits of flowers adorning the *wrong outline*.

I had always heard that America was so very much in the movement—and had always seen it to be true in the society

in New York on former visits—that now, when I see the movies, I am amazed.

There must, in every new art, always be someone to lead in new and upward paths. I wish indeed that I might be the one, since I am associated through my work with the movies, to show them how worth while it would be to get perfect clothes from Chanel or Callot or Lucile in Paris, with all the accessories, and have them sent out—chosen by someone who is *really in the Paris world and knows*—not chosen by the dressmakers themselves as being the most expensive to send. Because the movies are shown all over the world, and of course by the time they get to France the French audiences just scream with laughter. And I am sure the Americans are too intelligent not to understand this if they think about it a moment.

Most of the costumes and hats and general look of what I have seen for the movies are what the French call "*à côté*" which translated means, "just not quite"—"at one side"—"not really the thing."

No one has a right to criticise private clothes. They are at the discretion of the wearer. All I am talking about is what these dear lovely little girls wear on the screen. It strikes a frightfully critical "Paris eye" like mine as absolutely grotesque.

Oh! if I—old citizen of the world—could only have a free hand with such wonderful material as all these beautiful girls are what masterpieces I would turn out!

Do you remember the sayings of my grandmother (whom I drew as Ambrosine's grandmother in "The Reflections of Ambrosine"), that a woman should look "straight as a dart, supple as a snake, and proud as a tiger lily"? Well, that explains it.

I would like to start a "Charm School" (there is a new movie of that name with Wallace Reid in it which I have seen in pre-view and which is soon to be released) in which I could teach them how to acquire individuality and fascination



Madame Glyn, with Gloria Swanson, who is to enact her first original story for the screen, and Wallace Reid, at the Lasky studios in Hollywood, California.

Elinor Glyn says:

"NO one has a right to criticize private clothes. They are at the discretion of the wearer. All I am talking about is what these lovely little girls wear on the screen. If I could only have a free hand with such wonderful material as these girls are—what masterpieces I would turn out!"

"A WOMAN'S greatest charm is repose. Men are worried and irritated by constant vivacious movement, just as they can never love a cold or vain woman. I would teach, in my Charm School, gentle and refined manners, simple dignity, and no over-familiarity. I would also make their bodies graceful with the right exercises, and would give them knowledge of deportment and conduct that is a delight to the eye and the mind."

"IS marriage among artists a success? If the truth could be known I wonder how many poor male movie stars' lives are cramped, and their art stultified, by foolish, ordinary little wives; and how many lovely actresses are bothered by boring, exacting husbands. Marriage is good, and art is good—but they do not appear to assimilate to perfection!"



and attraction. I would teach them never to be restless—above all, to learn repose. A woman's greatest charm is repose. Men are worried and irritated by constant vivacious movement, just as they never can love a cold or vain woman.

I would teach them to acquire distinction if possible, but at all events, "chic." To have gentle and refined manners, and simple dignity, no over-familiarity. To make their bodies graceful with the right exercises. (They do not seem ever to exercise at all and *never* walk as we do.) And I would give them knowledge of deportment and conduct that is a delight to the eye and the mind.

At present one has that feeling of waste of beautiful mate-

—who really have no sympathy or understanding for the lives their partners are following. It would seem to me to be more sensible to give the whole mind to the work in hand to attain success, and then when the few short years of the movie stars' reign is over, they could marry and settle down in peace and security and with an even chance for continued happiness—the temptations to change removed—and having acquired a large fortune!

At least that would seem the common sense angle to look at the question from.

Marriage is good, and art is good—but they do not appear to assimilate to perfection!

rial when looking at these girls. They are all so young! And untutored and raw in their natural attractiveness. And while fresh ignorance may delight one in an individual, *en masse* it wearies one. It is individuality, the result of culture, which gives the quiet self-confidence which is always magnetic. Self-confidence, the result of ignorance, can never really hold.

But what divine creatures I would turn out of my charm school with such lovely raw material! Another point which has struck me: almost all the artists here seem to be married. Is marriage among artists a success? In my beloved Paris, which is the center of Art, whether right or wrong from a strictly conventional point of view—artists do not think highly of Matrimony. At least Art, if they are artists, comes first with them and this community contends that domestic bliss is not good for Art, the contention being that ties prevent experience and limit the acquirement of its expression. But to gain experience in life—and by that they would mean leisure to study literature and history, and the minds of men and women not only of the present day but of the past, as well as experiences in emotion—marriage and its obligations could not be the best medium, your aim being Art.

But I suppose here in America it is easier because of the facility of divorce and so the possibility of a fairly frequent change of partners.

If the truth could be known I wonder how many poor male movie stars are cramped, and their art stultified, by foolish, meaningless, nagging, jealous little ordinary wives at home, and how many lovely actresses are bothered to death by boring, exacting husbands

A Hard Winter For Censorship

THOSE who from fanatical belief or some more practical motive favor national censorship of motion pictures seem not to have been greatly comforted by the November elections. State electoral results, here and there, prophesy a hard winter for the celluluritans.

Charles H. Randall, known as the "father of the Federal Censorship bill," was not returned to Congress by his clientele.

Governor Dorsey of Georgia, in the midst of an ardent campaign for the United States Senatorship, came out strong for state censorship of motion pictures. He was defeated.

Congressman W. B. McKinley of Illinois, well known as a friend of the photoplay, was re-elected.

O. E. Weller of Maryland, a Senator who has always been picturedom's friend, was re-elected.

Congressman Walsh of Massachusetts, a vigorously active defender of the industry in the Nation's councils, was re-elected.

Meanwhile, President-Elect Harding has indicated very plainly that he is not in favor of State censorship—whatever comfort his words may, or may not, give to the national censorship crowd. He said, in August: "I do not think a people can be fortunate with various standards of censorship. I do not think we require one standard for one locality, and another standard for another."



"Pat, do you think we'll ever any of us get back to Ireland?" asked Colleen.

The Wearing of the Green

By CLODAGH SAURIN

THERE was a ball team in San Francisco once quite a long time ago.

And the nine men on it were:

Riley,
Flanagan,
O'Brien,
Rork,
Murphy,
Sullivan,
Shaunessey,
O'Hara,
Killeley,

It was a very good ball team.

But I hadn't thought about it in years until I happened to be over on the Neilan lot the other morning. I was looking for Pat O'Malley.

The office boy—whose name was Mike Harrigan—told me that if I "wandered about" the lot I'd be sure to find Mr. O'Malley because he was "around."

So I wandered.

And there, sitting on the steps that led up to the big stage, in the sunshine, I saw Pat O'Malley and Colleen Moore and Mickey Neilan. (It was then I thought of the ball team.)

Colleen had a guitar in her lap and they were singing softly and in perfect harmony "Oh, Paddy dear and did ye hear, the news that's goin' 'round?"

They did not see me, so I sat down on a box behind a piece of scenery and waited. But when they finished that Colleen began in the sweetest, clearest voice, while the two men

hummed a mellow, melting obligato, that lovely thing about "Kathleen Mavourneen."

"D'you know," said Pat, when the last note had died away, "that thing always makes me think of the saddest day of my life. Funny. It was about four years ago. I didn't have any money—and I didn't have any job. And I couldn't seem to get one, because all us old-timers that had been with the General Film Company were sort of out of things for the time. And it wasn't very long until we were expecting there'd be three of us instead of two. The day looked mighty dark and gray. I'd decided to go down to the munitions factory and ask for a job, they wouldn't take me in the army because I had half a foot shot away years ago in a little private scrap we had with the north of Ireland. Which you may remember.

"So I started out, feeling pretty low, not knowin' whether they'd take me, and not liking the job and hating to give up my own work when I'd tried so hard. I was thinking about the wife, mostly, and what lay ahead of her. I didn't get the job. When I came back I was beat—beat good. But as I passed under the window I heard her singing, like a bird in the rain, 'Kathleen Mavourneen.' It put the heart back in me and that very day I got a call to come and play a lead with Pauline Frederick. And I haven't been out of work since."

Colleen kept touching the strings of her guitar with her slender fingers and her eyes had that look, half laughter and half tears, that is one of the reasons you can't down Ireland.

"Do you know what it makes me think of?" she said. "The barren purple mountains of the West coast, when I was a
(Concluded on page 76)



C. Smith Gardner

IT does not annoy James Crane in the least to be referred to as Mr. Alice Brady; neither does Alice object to being identified as Mrs. Jimmy Crane. But we prefer to call them equal partners in a perfect fifty-fifty combination, both personal and professional. Miss Brady is soon to appear in a new play, continuing her film work at the same time; while Mr. Crane recently achieved success as the featured player in "Opportunity." This new camera-study was made in the Cranes' Manhattan home.

FREE BORN—BUT

A satirical conclusion that the only freedom the world offers is in a padded cell.

By

MME. OLGA PETROVA

Illustrated by May Wilson Preston

FREE BORN!

What a gorgeous paradox. What a glorious farce one might write with that as a title. Free Born! If there were so blessed a state since the fabled exodus from Eden of Adam and Eve it is as obsolete today as that ancient fable itself.

So far as I can learn from statistics, nothing is free. Food, clothing, even theater tickets, in the first or last analysis, cost something, in cash or in kind.

As for birth, it seems to me that most people would have been saved much expenditure of energy had they been left in the place from which they came, instead of being literally thrown upon their families in general or upon the world in particular without even the courtesy of a "By your leave."

And as birth is not free, neither is death free. You may not even die when and where you have a mind.

Talking of dying brings me to a recital of my story.

I am at present, and for a further indefinite period, a guest of that charming edifice known as Mattewan Lunatic Asylum. The reason being the result of an attempt on my part to remove the burden of my existence from a long suffering community; a community with which, by the way, I have not a thought nor an idea in common.

Free Born. The very phrase obsesses me.

I have never been free.

From the time I was begotten of a father—an orthodox, law-abiding citizen, and a mother—a devotee of the latest whimsey of fashion—I have been a slave.

My earliest recollections are of being told not to do this and not to do that. Not to pull the dog's tail; not to play in the soil of our back yard; not to bring my guinea pigs into the house; not to get dirty and so on.

When I reached the tender age of five, I was sent to Church and Sunday School in the most approved manner. Not having the least idea why I should be dragged to listen to the meanderings of an obese gentleman in a white chemise, or why I should be obliged to sit still while a wizened spinster related stories of what happened to bad little boys that disobeyed their teachers, her eye on me the while, I misbehaved accordingly. I remember on more than one occasion asking my father why I must go to Church when I didn't want to go. As a rule my reply from him was, "Because I say so." In more confidential moments he would state with much unction that all good people went to Church and that it kept boys out of mischief anyhow.

Once, when I was twelve years old, I tackled him on the mysteries of the Annunciation as propounded to the congregation by our worthy divine. My father told me sternly that one must accept these things that wiser heads than ours had accepted with fervour and piety, that we were not permitted to argue, nor free to form our own opinions in the matter of religion.

Thus the freedom of worshipping a divinity in love and understanding was in my case nipped in the bud.

Not that I could lay claim to any particularly religious traits. I was much more concerned with the practical side

of life than with the spiritual, so I continued, all through the verbose harangues of the pastor of the flock, to regale myself with luscious accounts of highwaymen and robbers that were sandwiched in between the pages of my poor mother's Bible.

About that time I evinced an abnormal desire for reading. Anything would do. Tales of adventure pleased my more frivolous hours, but at other times I delved into the pages of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. I began to quote from "Zarathustra" and imagined myself the epitome of supermen. My father, after a somewhat heated discussion on the superman theory, decided that I was heading straight for the devil, and he undertook to supervise my literary fare from that time onward.

His choice lay in tomes that he considered meat for my tender years and he ordered me on pain of incurring his eternal displeasure not to read any book in the future upon which he did not pass first.

Moons waxed and waned and waning waxed again while he thus pre-digested my mental meat. Such soggy and wholesome sustenance as Melbourne House and Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress fell to my lot.

Helas.

At school—I attended an ordinary day-school—I had very little more opportunity to pursue my own particular bent. I never had much inclination for outdoor sports, but I did love football. My father designated this as an occupation for ruffians of the deepest dye and suggested that I had better spend the time in employing my mind in preparing myself for some profession or another.

In the choice of my friends my freedom was equally hampered. If I evinced any predilection for a youth of my own age, whose tastes seemed to coincide at all with my own, my father declared that he was exerting a baneful influence over me and forbade my passing more than the time of day with him.

At sixteen I had decided in my own mind to become an architect, having a pronounced faculty for designing buildings in general and bridges in particular. My father, being a self-made man, had no use for what he called "higher education." Therefore, the money necessary for a course at a university or vocational school not forthcoming, I determined to leave home and work my way through the office of an architect living in our town. My father immediately decided on a bank where he could keep a watchful eye on me and keep me in sane and sober ways for as long as possible. So was my freedom in the choice of a profession denied me. I was sent to the bank. I remember that I wore a black suit. I detested black but my father who provided my covering insisted that black it should be. Black it was.

By this time I had learned the uselessness of protesting against what seemed to me to be the tyranny that my father had always exercised over me. Possibly his own slavish obedience to the social demands of our small community made him take out his somewhere latent desire for power on me. There were a thousand and one ways in which he exercised his parental authority to render me miserable, a recital of which would make my story a five volume novel instead of a brief soliloquy, so I will refrain from drawing on my boyish expe-

riences further, except to say that he seemed to take a delight in saying "No" when he might just as easily have said "Yes." The black suit was the height of my suffering. Clothes and colours have ever had a great influence over me and black I have always consistently loathed. I have never been able to gratify my tastes in the matter of my personal attire, much to my chagrin.

While I lived at home I was compelled to dress as my parents chose, and when I had eventually withdrawn myself from their jurisdiction I found as rigid a censor in the mob. Of all the autocrats that have us poor Free Born at their disposal surely fashions in clothes have us most at their mercy. As for me, if I had gratified my inward delight in soft fabrics and gorgeous hues—and there is nothing reprehensible in that as far as I can see—I should have been rated a lunatic by the mob long ere this and shut up accordingly. And yet I ask you, what is more ridiculous than a pair of trousers?

I have often wished that I had been born an early Roman or even an early English gentleman as far as clothes are concerned.

When I was a little chap my mother attired my small person in what she called "Little Lord Fauntleroy's." She let my hair grow to my shoulders and I wore a lace collar that I abhorred. I can remember scratching and kicking every time I put the thing on; but my mother maintained that it was the "fashion" and that fashion's dictates had to be obeyed. I suppose fashion was also responsible for my mother's squeezing her luxuriant figure into corsets too small for her by some six inches, narrowly, and by the intervention of some unknown protector of women, escaping suffocation.

My mother would proudly show me off in my "Fauntleroy" suit at her "At Homes" and her visitors would run their fingers through my hirsute charms, a proceeding that I physically loathed, and say "It's just as soft as silk. What a pity the dear child was not really born a girl." My mother, poor soul, made her whole household slaves to fashion. I verily believe that she would have worn a mustard pot on her head if the leaders of la mode had set her the example.

FROM sixteen until I was twenty, I reported at the bank at 8 o'clock every morning and left it again at four precisely, except at those seasons of the year when we were busy balancing. I was drawing on my gloves one night at about eight-thirty on one of these occasions when a youth of my own age or possibly a year older, asked me what I was going to do for the remainder of the evening. I replied that, as usual I was going home. He invited me to dine with him and with his guests, two ladies that were members of a theatrical troupe on a week's sojourn to our town.

I had never been in the habit of going out at night. My father had never allowed me a latch key and I had given up all idea of ever possessing one so long as I remained under his roof.

I hesitated and was lost, but I had an alibi. I was working late.

The next night I went again and by Friday I had proposed to and been accepted by the

younger of the two ladies in question. Now I was young, and in the matter of women totally inexperienced. I conceived it my duty to present my fiancée to my parents and to ask the blessing usual in such cases. Both my mother and my father were horrified. An actress!! Good God!! Was this what they had brought me to manhood for—to disgrace them forever? To render them objects of contempt? A laughing stock to their most intimate friends? Arguments were useless. There were recriminations at home and tears from Alice. What was I to do? I imagined that I loved her. Perhaps I did. Imagination, if it is realistic enough is just as telling as the original article. I had no money apart from my salary, which amounted to the munificent sum of fifteen hundred dollars a year. We wept together. I swore that I could not live without her. I begged her to marry me on that and defy the wrath of my forbears. Bread and kisses, I argued, would be "Paradise enow" in her company.

Alice had more common sense than I. She pointed out that I, although my salary was small, had always lived in the reflection of my father's wealth and that I was not actually accustomed to the vagaries of prices for such mundane things as rent and food and clothes. She pointed out also that thirty dollars a week might provide me with shirts and shoes but together with herself and the possibility, nay the probability of our family's increasing in the course of time, we should find



I argued in favor of those dauntless souls that have

ourselves in very low estate indeed. She declared that rather than stand between my father and myself she would immolate herself on the altar of renunciation. My father seemed to be the most important issue of her argument. I was young and enthusiastic in those far off days and was only too willing to look upon the idealistic side of things.

She left the day after our stormy farewell, promising, however, to wait for me until such time as my parents should relent. I was desolate. Life held no further interest. My parents sighed with relief at Alice's departure and set themselves to finding a "nice girl" of my own station in life—one with a comfortable dot that might prove a credit to them.

As far as they were concerned they were perfectly successful. A young woman of twenty-six years—such a sensible age they said—was selected for the purpose. She had mouse coloured hair, white eyelashes—Alice's were black—very large feet and extremely prominent teeth. She had more angles and corners than I have ever seen on any human being before or since; but she had a dot and she was willing to exchange that dot for a husband.

My father sent for me one evening and told me of his plans for my final settlement in life.

Now although my father had amassed a comfortable fortune on which he had retired, he had always consistently refused to allow me to benefit financially by his success. He main-

tained that a young man should work out his own salvation, so to speak. Howbeit, if I would give up this nonsensical idea of marrying an actress and would settle down with Miss Blank as a substitute—he assured me that in six months, I wouldn't know the difference between the two anyhow—he would present me with a house and lot as a wedding present. Also he proposed to augment my slender pittance at the bank to an appreciable extent. Of course I refused with dignity and with fervor. I declared that I loved Alice "from now on unto Eternity"—I had read the phrase somewhere and it sounded well. I told my father that we had decided to wait for one another with Micawber-like patience until something should turn up. He stormed and raved. One would have thought that my immediate marriage was a matter of fearful and international importance. I rather liked the attention I was creating. He sent for my mother. My mother cried and added her lamentations to his.

For the first time in my life I really took the stand against parental authority.

That evening when I returned from the bank, I found a box on the doorstep and the door locked and bolted. Knocking and ringing brought no responses. I sat down on the top step and reviewed the situation with nothing but my fears and longings to vary the monotony. I thought the matter over from all possible angles. Here was I a free born son of the eagle

but I was not free to choose a wife without my father's consent. Every time I visualized Miss Blank the dew stood out upon my forehead and my knees shook in their black broadcloth casings. Every time my thoughts turned Aliceward my heart thumped under my black broadcloth vest. It all seemed so hopeless and yet I was bound to follow the trail. I had gathered enough from some of Alice's terse remarks to know that love would not be the only necessary requisite for a plunge into housekeeping. Alice was a healthy young woman with an excellent appetite, which appetite, I had noticed, regaled itself during our brief courtship on everything that was out of season and that was correspondingly expensive. I am not blaming her, mind you. She was accustomed to these little luxuries and expected them as a matter of course. It seemed so foolish sitting there wondering as to how I was to buy my bride strawberries in December when as far as I could actually figure I couldn't even buy them in August.

At ten-thirty an idea presented itself. Of course it might not work and yet again it might. I loved Alice. I meant to marry her, though not on fifteen hundred dollars a year. Strategy, the cunning of the serpent, combined with the fabled humility of the dove, should be called in to twist back into joint these so sorry times.

At eleven the air was growing chilly and the top step anything but comfortable. At eleven-thirty my plan of campaign was perfected in my mind.

I rose from the step and hied me as fast as I could hie me to the nearest telephone booth and telephoned my father. He answered the 'phone in person. I

(Continued on page 92)





Above is Agnes Ayres, who plays *Cinderella*, on whose dainty foot the famous slipper snugly fits. She is also the heroine of the drama proper.

"CINDERELLA"

Fairy godmother, glass slipper and all come to life in "Forbidden Fruit."

PERHAPS the most beloved of all fairy-tales is the oft-told one of *Cinderella*. There is a glamour and an illusion about it that enchants young and old alike. And no wonder—is it not a cherished dream of Every Girl to leave off the sordid realities and "go to the ball" where she is sure to meet the Prince Charming for whom she has been waiting? The Fairy Godmother does not always come along in real life as per the fairy-tale, to change Cinderella's rags to rich raiment and transform pumpkins into coach-and-four. But in Cecil deMille's photoplay, "Forbidden Fruit," the heroine takes part in a modern fairy-tale, and so is introduced one of the loveliest allegories the screen has known.

A romance of unbelievable beauty is this fairy-tale translated to the silver-sheet. A stern business-like studio set was transformed into a veritable fairy-land. A glass floor was laid on the huge Lasky stage, velvet curtains and dream-like draperies were hung over ceiling-less walls, and a glittering Court came to life under the director's magic wand, which he waved after the fashion of the Fairy Godmother. Costly silks and satins and velvets, fine lace and luxurious fur, were used by Clare West, the chief designer for Paramount, in making the gorgeous gowns for this one episode.



Here we have Prince Charming—just as he has been visualized so many times. Silks and pearls and fur make brave array for the ideal of Cinderella's dream. Forrest Stanley plays the part.



Kathlyn Williams, as the Fairy Godmother, without whose magic wand Cinderella could never have gone to the ball. Velvet and cloth-of-silver and shining stones: fitting garb for a Fairy Godmother.



At the left and the right above, two of the many pages, trumpeters and attendants at the fairy ball. Even in these costumes there is an element of picturesque pomp and beauty.



In the center: Julia Faye, as the First Lady-in-Waiting at the ball in the Court of the Fairy King. This gown is fashioned of cloth-of-gold, and the vivacious and brunette Miss Faye wears with it an abundant white wig.

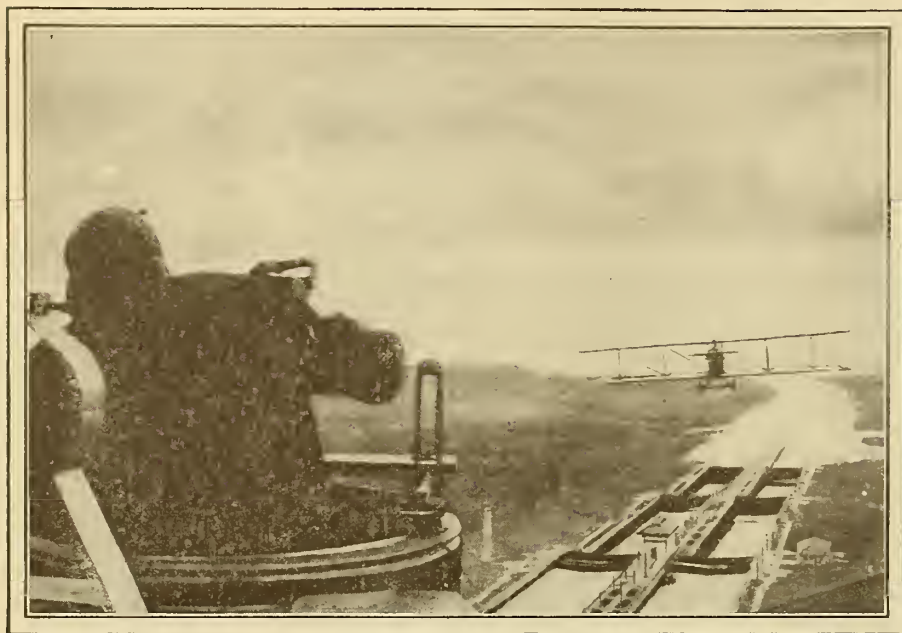


Surely the far-famed revues of Manhattan never boasted a more charming creation than this! A symphony of plumes and precious lace and powdered wig, for this Second Lady-in-Waiting.



One of the most original costumes is this butterfly gown, worn by Shannon Day, a recent recruit from the Ziegfeld Follies. Black-and-white hardly do justice to such a glowing, colorful creation.

A NEW SCHOOL OF HEROISM—



Above—Panama Canal, photographed from the air. And another Pathe cameraman is taking a picture of the plane which is preserving the great engineering feat for all time.

"The Man Who Shook the World" would be an appropriate title for this picture at the right.



Manhattan—As it rises to meet the motion picture camera which, with its operator, is strapped in an airplane. While the aviator loops-the-loop, the cameraman cranks the financial district of New York into his little black box. The result might be a broker's nightmare.



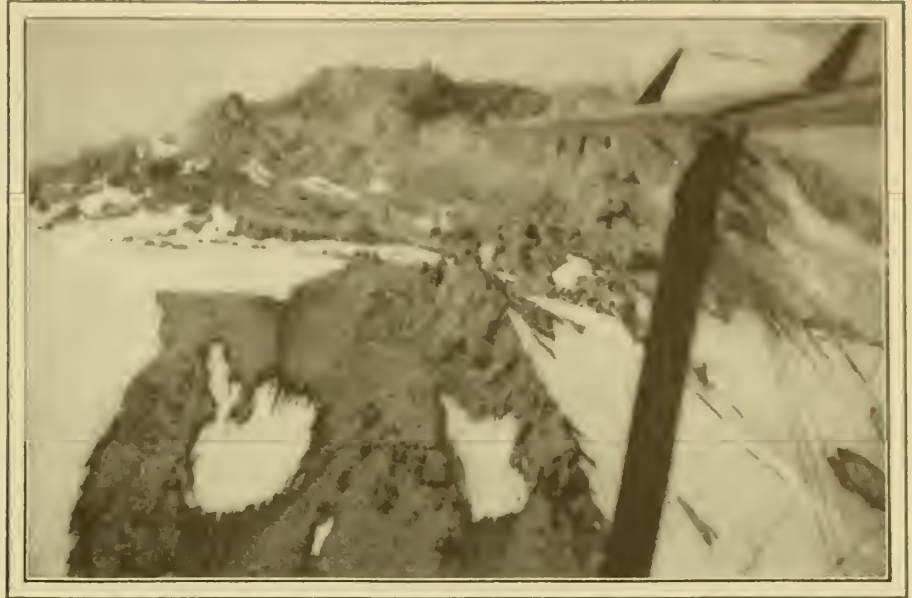
The latest in sports—an air hunt! Countless thousands of birds were encountered in this flight, which brought aviators a bag of nearly two thousand. And the Pathe News cameraman was right on the job.



After the air hunt was over, the spoils of the flight were still clinging to the plane. The birds were killed by the wires of the machine. The San Francisco camera "reporter" caught this.

PERILS OF THE CAMERAMAN

When the film newspaper was first organized, audiences found a thrill in the projection of the Elks' parade somewhere in Indiana, or the pie-eating contest in Ocean Grove. But with the progress of the Pathe weekly, new subjects were sought—and new ways to photograph them. To see America's only active volcano, Mount Lassen, in action, would satisfy most people; but the intrepid cameraman took his Bell and Howell and flew over the peak, when old Lassen was in a rather ugly humor. This is the only flight ever filmed over the notorious mountain.



Above—to obtain really good pictures of a wicked sea, a Pathe News cameraman had to be tied to the mast of the American schooner "Esperanto." To be a good cameraman, one must also be immune to *mal de mer*. At right above, a favorite and frequent pastime of the film news-fiends is aerial work; so this little view of the mighty Woolworth building, in lower Manhattan, was taken as a matter of course. The plane was looping the loop at the time!



The old-fashioned "human-fly" has found a new occupation—if he has the nerve. Pathe discovered that if picture-goers like to see an airplane looping the loop, they would get much more enjoyment from the sight of a daredevil or two doing stunts on the wings. And so they sent up two fearless performers who, while the aviator did the falling leaf, the tail-spin, the loop, etc., etc., wrestled right merrily many, many hundred feet above New York City. The picture above is an enlargement of an actual strip of film.

HOW DO THEY DO IT?

The stars' own answers to the question as to what they attribute their personalities and success.

By PROF. BERNARD SOBEL

EDITORIAL NOTE: Professor Sobel is a member of the English Department of Purdue University and an Extension Lecturer on Modern Drama for Indiana University. The greater part of his life has been devoted to a critical study of the screen and the stage. On these subjects he has written special articles and criticisms for "The Theatre," "The Dial," "The Dramatic Mirror," "The South Atlantic Quarterly," "The Christian Science Monitor" and other publications. His one act plays and pageants have been produced by the Hull House Players, the English Players, the Little Theaters and the universities.

WHAT makes a motion picture star successful? Is it instinct, physical beauty or intellect? How do some players, untrained and obscure, succeed when many skilled actors of the legitimate stage fail?

"These puzzling questions must have an answer," I said to myself recently, "and I am going to find out what it is. I am going to talk to the motion picture stars themselves. I am going to ask them what they are striving to do and how they do it. Then I am going to judge their work by the rules and principles of criticism."

With this idea in mind, I grabbed a pencil and a pad, went straight to some of our most famous screen stars and boldly demanded that they tell me the secrets of their art.

Here are the answers they gave me, and here also are my critical opinions of their answers.

Billie Burke says that she believes her success on the screen is due to naturalness. I believe, as a result of a study of her work, that what Miss Burke calls "naturalness" is something that is really highly artificial; not from the personal standpoint, but from the standpoint of society as an institution. The things we admire most in Miss Burke—her refinement, her restraint, her gentility—these very qualities are, historically speaking, the artificial product of a conventional society.

Norma Talmadge says that the play is the important thing with her and that what she does is brought about by the story itself, which is the real force that guides her actions. I think, however, that Miss Talmadge's success depends largely on her instincts—her remarkably accurate response to original womanly impulses.

Mrs. Sidney Drew states that she attributes her success to the fact that she is always herself. This estimate I accept, if the term "herself" is made to include, paradoxically, both the ingenuous and the worldly—a clever manipulation of refreshing credulity and animated sophistry.

Bert Lytell says that success depends on a combination of qualities. This statement is undoubtedly true, but in so far as his own work is concerned, I believe that he is an expert psychologist, keenly alive to artistic values.

Mae Murray believes that she is successful because of sincerity enforced by fundamental religious principles. I believe that this is only relatively true. Her greatest strength lies in her ability to exploit her splendid physical beauty and appeal.

Olive Thomas said, in what was perhaps her last interview before her tragic death, that she felt her success was due to a sympathetic understanding of people and roles. I believe that this was but half the answer, for, on the screen, Miss Thomas revealed a very definite knowledge of how sheer feminine charm can delight the adult.

Though the above statements by individual players may appear dissimilar, they have, as a matter of fact, a decided similarity. It is quite evident that most of the stars do not philosophize over their parts. They merely "sense" them. Their success, as a result, depends primarily on a mental faculty, not essentially intellectual, which enables them to project themselves through the character and across the screen. Their real power lies in their ability to make an audience *en rapport*—in complete harmony—with themselves; in their ability to establish that peculiar state of psychic affinity which brings people into complete sympathy with people.

Bergson, the French philosopher, has suggested that the soul of an individual is the sum total of all his thoughts. Thus, a motion picture star succeeds by reason of her own accumulated ideas and ideals. She arouses in others the same emotions which abide in her. She projects across the screen the wealth of her own personality, the sum total of her interests, experiences, beliefs, doubts, hopes, loves and aspirations.

With some artists, the range is limited, either mentally or spiritually. Mary Pickford transcends limitations often. Her purity and her idealism have a wide appeal because the world loves purity and idealism! There is something in her appealing simplicity which recalls the works of Dickens. Billie Burke, with her refinement, patrician-like, recalls the gentle grace of the personal essay—say Charles Lamb. Norma Talmadge, so comprehensive in her achievements, recalls the genius of Balzac, for in Balzac we have the whole gamut of human experience: the earthy, the poetic, the seamy, the aspiring, the lovable, the good.

Though these judgments are not final, they will throw light. I hope, on an art which is very new and almost entirely our own. That this art—the manipulation of the body through the inspiration of the mind and soul—is no mean one, history itself will prove. Cicero praises the graceful movements of a well-known actor who had endeared himself to the public. Samuel Johnson delighted in the winning grace of his friend, David Garrick. France as a nation has given Sarah Bernhardt the highest honors that could come to an artist.

(Continued on page 110)

Proving that he who works is happiest. Only the drones dwell in Easy Street.

By

LULIETTE BRYANT

STRAIGHT and strong and clean-limbed was Leonard Fayne, with crisp dark hair waving away from the brow of a student, with long dark lashes shading the eyes of a dreamer. Yet a certain breeziness of manner, the slightest suggestion of a roll in his swinging stride, a touch of bronze which only the sea can give to a fair skin, marked him as a man who knew something more than books and dreams.

Introduced simply as Mr. Leonard Fayne, he inevitably started a trail of conjecture in the mind of the stranger. But if the words "the sailor-novelist" were added, one nodded instantly with the pleased sense that here was a man who looked his part.

Today he sent a canoe flying down a lazy little river, cutting the water with vigorous, disdainful strokes, as if impatient with its placidity. His eyes were fixed on a point of land, where one caught glimpses of an immense white house, set well back from the water, half hidden by clumps of trees and blossoming shrubs. The point itself was willow fringed, and sometimes. . . .

Yes, today was one of the times! The slim, drooping branches parted. A girl stood there, her white dress fluttering against the background of cool green.

The canoe grated on a thread of pebbled beach. He held out a persuasive hand.

"Come," he said, "our cove is full of lilies. The pink-tipped kind. And there's going to be a wonderful sunset."

"But I've got a party," she protested, half-heartedly. "Katherine's there, and Lawrence Hemingway, besides Auntie Kate and the Ormsby girl and that nice Jennings boy and the Parker-Landons."

"The Ormsby girl and the Jennings boy will bless you for leaving them to themselves. The Parker-Landons haven't been married long enough to be bored with each other. Auntie Kate loves to knit in peace and quiet. Katherine Dare *always* understands, and Hemingway *never* does, so we may as well go along and enjoy ourselves." The party thus disposed of, the persuasive hand became imperative and pointed firmly to the gay cushions that filled the stern. "Settle down there now, and remember to keep still. That crispy-frilly frock wouldn't look well after a bath in the lily-pool!"

"It doesn't want to get its nice new white flannels wet, saving my life," mocked Isabel Grayce. Woman-fashion, she let her pink-tipped fingers trail through the water as he headed up stream. "Not too deep!" he cautioned her. "I don't like

The EASY ROAD



"Isabel," he said, addressing the white, fragile thing which seemed to sway toward him and listen in the half light of the early dusk. "You made a fool of me! You can't inspire me now. Nothing can! What's the use?"

these beastly little cockle-shells. If I had you out on a *real* boat once—"

He paused, his eyes dark with dreams, and the girl spoke impulsively:

"What would you like most, in all the world, if you could have one wish?"

"The chance to quit pot-boiling and write something worth while," he answered promptly. Her eyes, childishly eager for another answer, shadowed, even while she laughed at the almost blunt honesty which was one of his charms.

"Greedy thing!" she charged. "The critics say lovely things about 'The Off-shore Wind,' and they prophesy a wonderful future for you."

"Exactly. They prophesy—and I wish to fulfill their prophecies. But I have to keep on turning out junk for the popular magazines in order to pay my room rent, in the very exclusive inn up the river. And if I put off to sea again without having saved any money, the sea-going wolves will come and howl 'round my cabin door."

The girl sighed, faintly. It needed only one glance to know that the wolves never howled at her door. A little pang caught at the man's heart strings. She was so young, so adorably innocent and unspoiled—and between them stood the impassable barrier of her wealth. His lips closed with an effort that brought out the firm lines of jaw and throat. He drove the canoe sharply around a point into the cove, alight with floating masses of pink and white.

"Oh! Let me," she began, reaching eagerly.

His startled warning came too late. The shifting of her weight was too sudden for his swift movement to balance. The water received man and maid and gay cushions in a cool, impartial embrace.

To rescue a distressed damsel from four feet of water is a ludicrous rather than a heroic act. But Isabel was as thoroughly frightened as if the four feet had been forty. He found his feet instantly, and drew her up to stand, shivering and trembling, in the circle of his arm.

"There, there!" he consoled, softly. "Don't be afraid. The canoe has drifted away, but we can wade ashore. There's no harm done except to your pretty frock."

"You're just wonderful!" she declared, clinging to him. "I never met anyone like you before, so brave and good, and, and—"

She clung to him, sobbing a little, lifting her face in an effort to smile, leaving her stammering sentence unfinished. Her loosened hair hung in little curls about her flushed face; her red lips trembled. In her eyes, wide and tender, were gifts for him—gifts of faith and love. Around them, for a breathless instant, the water lilies lifted their golden hearts and listened, as he caught her closer and spoke, brokenly:

"Oh, little girl, if only I had more money or you had less, I could love you so!"

The girl's eyes glowed softly, as if twin candles had been lighted in her soul. "What's money?" she whispered, "Isn't love the only thing that matters?"

The blue of the skies was reflected in the waters, the sunshine filtered through overhanging boughs to dapple the lilies with little golden flames. The girl was very near and very, very sweet. And suddenly a burning tremor of conviction swept the man's soul. Why should anything matter, but love? With a swift, almost fierce movement, his lips went down to hers.

When the engagement was announced Katherine Dare, her dearest friend, was the only one of Isabel's world who applauded Leonard correctly.

"You are a very brave man," she said.

"You mean because I dare to be called a fortune hunter?" he asked, flushing.

"No. Because for love you risk your genius. The Off-Shore

Wind was almost a great book. The chances now are that you never will write a greater."

"But I shall. I *must*! It is the only way I can justify myself in living for awhile on my wife's money. I shall be able to perfect my work now. No driving my pen because a certain number of words must be done, while the wolf howls at the door."

"I know. You plan to work under perfect conditions. No care, no worry, nothing to do but to woo inspiration. Well, I wish you well. But I am a sculptor, you know, and the vagaries of the imp called Inspiration are not unknown to me. I tell you she knocks loudest at the door where the wolf howls."

"Stop discouraging my man!" pouted Isabel. "You'll frighten him so he won't marry me, and I had hard enough work to persuade him! He's going to begin his masterpiece the minute our honeymoon is over."

"I hope so," laughed Katherine. "But when you get discouraged with him, come to me. You know all old maids have oodles of advice to give to the married!"

They laughed at her, defying her prophecy. Of course, Leonard would do wonderful work when he had everything to inspire and nothing to discourage him.

But three months later Leonard recalled Katherine Dare's words and sighed. "She's a clever young woman!" he muttered, throwing down the pen he had held idly in his fingers for an hour, and reaching for his pipe. "I've everything I always wanted, everything to make me do good work, and yet—"

He paused, uneasily. A little voice in his soul was speaking. He answered it aloud, impatiently, as if it were an audible voice.

"Incentive? Nonsense! Haven't I got the sweetest wife in the world, who is giving me all this so that I can do great work? What greater incentive could a man have?"

Whatever reply the little voice might have made was drowned by a tap at the door. Leonard's face brightened instantly. "Come in, sweetheart!" he called, and, as Isabel came dancing in followed by a maid with a tea tray, "I was just beginning to long for you, and my tea. What time is it?"

"Just four. You know I never interrupt before that," she said virtuously, beginning to pour the tea in the little housewifely manner that Leonard loved. "Have you done lots and lots of the book today? I wanted you so, at lunch time! The Vivians were here."

"You might as well have called me," he said, absently. "I wasn't doing anything." Then, at her surprised look he went on rather desperately. "To tell the truth, dearest, I'm not accomplishing as much as I should. I just can't seem to work here!"

For a shocked moment she was silent while both of them looked at the huge mahogany desk, equipped with every convenience for a writer, at the room with its soft toned furnishings, its open fire, its perfectly adjusted lights, its windows giving a view of the river with the hills beyond. Full of contrition he hurried on: "The room is perfect! But somehow, my ideas won't come as they used to. I sit here and try desperately, and the faintest sound—rain on the window panes, a log breaking in the fire—distracts me! Why, I used to write with the wind whistling around my cabin and the waves dashing against the portholes, and the mate screaming orders just outside my door. Now I stop and fidget and wonder if it's time for you to come in, and long for you, and—"



"Are you sure he wants me?" asked Isabel impulsively. "What about you?" The frank eyes widened through their spectacles. "Wants you? Why dear lady, he has prayed to that image there every night since I knew him?"



She had gone through an ordeal with Leonard as he stood mixing powerful drinks in the library where he no longer wrote.

"There!" Her brow had cleared. It was a triumphant "There!" She bent to kiss him rapturously across the tea tray. "It's because you want to be with me! You know I'm downstairs, and you let that distract you, silly boy!" She was all pride and pleasure in the thought. "I know what we must do. Fit up a nice studio for you in town. You go in regularly, like any commuter, work all day, and come out on the four-fifteen with the rest of them. Five days a week, that is. Saturday and Sunday you stay home with me! That will separate your home and work nicely. You'll like that?"

"I believe I could work better," he admitted. Like two happy children they began to plan for the new studio. "I'll love saying 'my husband has a studio in town!'" she exulted. "And you can give studio teas and ask a lot of lions. And sometimes I'll come in for dinner and the theater."

So once more a room was fitted up for inspiration and she was invited to enter. This time the room was on a busy thoroughfare, high up above the noise and dust, giving glimpses of the river and the palisades from its windows. The studio itself was perfect in its arrangements for Leonard's work, and there was a bedroom and a tiny kitchenette.

"The little suite will be so nice when we want to stay in town over night," Isabel said, "and we're going to have studio parties so you can meet a lot of writers and artists and stage folk. That will help you, won't it?"

He really thought it would. Most creative artists go through a period when they justify the time wasted in social affairs by declaring they need the stimulus of other minds. "Making contacts" they call the hours spent at teas, suppers, and theater parties. But those who have traveled the whole length of the road know that an hour of solid concentration at one's desk is worth a week of idle shop-talk and that shaking hands with an editor at a tea party never yet changed a rejection slip to a note of acceptance.

Leonard Fayne was too keen and sound of judgment to drift too far on The Easy Road without seeing where it led. But he was deeply in love and he soon learned that Isabel was disappointed and hurt when he tried to evade the social obligations she heaped upon him.

"I can't do all these things and still write books," he told her one morning when she dropped in to carry him off to a week-end party.

"But this party was planned just for us," she urged, "and there are to be two publishers there. You should be glad to meet them."

"Little use of meeting publishers when I've nothing to publish," he said, rather grimly. But when he saw tears in her eyes he relented. After all, she had given him everything. The least he could do was to be gracious about following her wishes.

On rare occasions they saw Katherine Dare at one of these functions. She looked at them with a touch of kindly cynicism in her affectionate smile. She knew that Leonard was doing no real work. She heard of him frequenting houses where only the wholly idle and inconsequent were seen. She was the first to notice when Isabel's happy confidence began to be touched by a

slight wistfulness, when the lovely, frank eyes were shadowed by the faintest hint of anxiety. So she was in some degree prepared for the Isabel whom she found weeping at home, alone, one evening. She had just had an ordeal with Leonard as he stood mixing powerful drinks in the library where he no longer wrote.

(Continued on page 116)



Drawn by C. W. Anderson

On Their Honeymoon

To Be Continued—

Edith Johnson and William Duncan, co-stars in a serial romance that has already reached the solitaire episode.

By

MARY WINSHIP



Witzel

"We're not married—not yet!" blushed Edith. But there's that diamond ring on the left hand.

IT seemed the most natural thing in the world to interview William Duncan and Edith Johnson together.

As Miss Johnson—who looks like a Bougureau Madonna dressed in the Rue de la Paix—said herself, the public has seen them together in about 180 reels of film in the last year. And so associates them—like Punch and Judy, or Damon and Pythias.

"But we're *not* married," said Edith Johnson.

"No, indeed," agreed William Duncan.

"Not—yet," she murmured. And she blushed.

It nearly incapacitated me for the rest of the afternoon. I haven't met a blush like that—the simple, school-girl kind—in years and years. They went out with fringes and long-sleeved undershirts.

As to the point under discussion, they ought to know. Of course it's not easy nowadays, what with the way they mix divorce laws up in one state and another, to know just whom you are married to, but the two Vitagraph stars seem so positive that I couldn't dispute them and remain a lady.

"We've spent an awful lot of time denying that rumor," said Miss Johnson in her gentle, cultured voice. "When we are, we promise to tell everybody about it."

"That's such a lovely solitaire you're wearing," I said, craftily, pointing to the young headlight on the third finger of her slim left hand.

"Isn't it a peach?" asked Mr. Duncan, with a whole-hearted admiration which my psychological training led me to believe men seldom offer anything that some other chap has paid for. The blush made its second entrance.

"Aren't you engaged?" I asked brutally frank as always. "Can't I say that much? Everybody is so interested, of course."



A scene from "The Wizard Spy Glass."



The public has seen them together in about 180 reels of film in the last year.
(A flower garden seems mild diggings for a pair of thrill-drama stars.)

I haven't told you yet and I thought it was awfully funny. Not his neck, but—well, this is what he said:

"Dear lady, if I'm not my usual brilliant self you must forgive me. I've got a stiff neck. And I'm working with the lions. If there is any worse combination than that bunch of African cats—always sneaking behind you every second and snarling curses—and a stiff neck that won't let you look 'round, I'd like to know what it is. The good old ones like fish and milk, and bananas and whisky, and matches and dynamite are harmless as a fake fall beside it."

Miss Johnson giggled. It melted the madonna-like gravity of her lovely face and made her instantly more human, more modern.

"And, Edith, about that 180 reels of film," he went on, "Don't give the impression you started in the films the same time I did or you will have to retire from the ingenue class at once. Gosh, I was making pictures—out on the Arizona desert, supporting a cast that included Tom Mix, Myrtle Stedman and myself, besides a troop of cowpunchers, actors, carpenters, material and grub for old Colonel Selig on \$800 a week—when you were shaking a rattle."

"Wouldn't you rather make serials with me for Vitagraph?" she asked.

"Sure. I intend to keep on making 'em for quite a spell too."

It happened to be Tuesday. And they kindly invited me to go to The Fights with them.

"Fights?" said I blankly, as mid-Victorian as I could be.

"Prize fights," said Miss Johnson with superior calm. "We always go to the fights out at Vernon every Tuesday night. We have the same two seats every Tuesday, right at the ring side, and it's great sport. I adore it. It's our weekly diversion."

"And do you know," he confided to me, "She picks more winners than I do. She's got a great eye for form."

She may have, but she certainly did things to my opinion of myself as a judge of character. A girl with that face adore prize fights—so would the Lily Maid of Astalot.

Before she began making serials for Vitagraph three years ago, Miss Johnson played leads with several male stars, beginning her screen career six years ago with Selig.

She was born in Rochester; and, having been born in the City of Kodaks, quite naturally was chosen to represent The Kodak Girl in many hundred advertisements. Her face was smiling at you from every other window and magazine, before the films claimed her.

No Universal Lure

THE admirers of the screen have been a bit presumptuous in considering its constructive arena a universal lure, an irresistible magnet for both sexes, the occupation de luxe, the preferred toil of every age.

Witness, in point, the case of Sam Brown, a dusky master of the trowel in Los Angeles.

Sam had listened long and eagerly to the easy fortunes of the picture actors, the magnificent salaries which would put any insignificant fortunate enough to be a screen type into the plutocrat class. He had tried, in a timid way, to get into the movies himself. Not with much success; but, as often happens to perseverers, his great opportunity hit him suddenly and unexpectedly on a Saturday in which the slacked lime com-

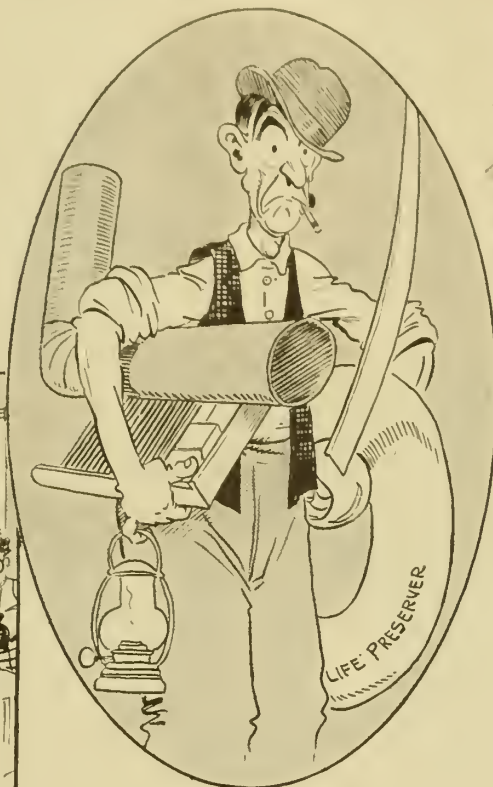
manded him not. He went to the Goldwyn studio, and, with tremendous self-importance and no clothes, played a slave of the Nile. At the end of the day, having really done very well, he was handed seven dollars and fifty cents, and told to return Monday. With a snort of derision he jammed his hat down over his eyes and started for the great iron gate opening into Washington Boulevard.

"What's the matter with you?" shouted the surprised casting director. "Don't you like pictures?"

"Ah'm through!" returned Sam, in a tone as flat as his feet. "Dis yer high sel'ry talk is jes' hot air!" "Let Douglas Fahbanks work foh seven an' a half—Ah kin make thuhteen dollahs a day plasterin' houses!"

Pete Props' Private Soviet

"Anybody can tell wit' half a lamp who's th' goat around this studio. All I do all day is hunt for fool t'ings some nut director t'inks he's gotta have—and den never uses. Suppose next they'll be askin' me fur a fur-lined rug or some steam-heated cuff links."



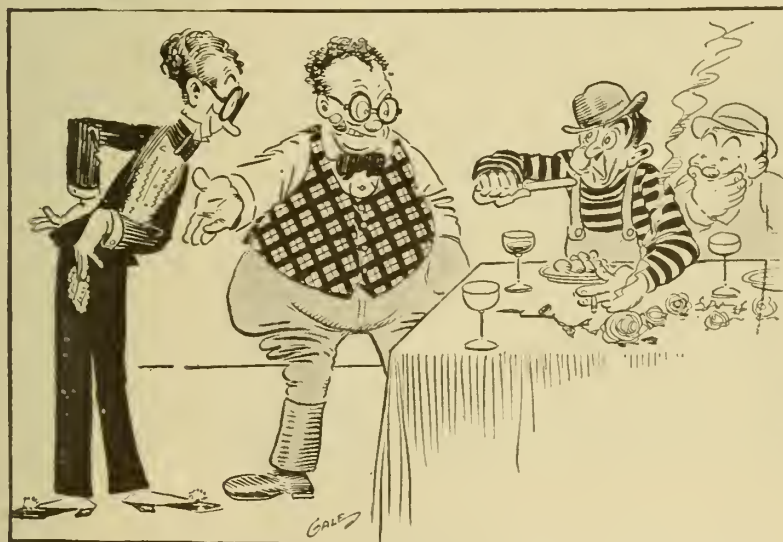
"Will you look at that? For once I don't blame th' director. Tessie Truelove pullin' th' high-brow stuff! Why, say, I knew her when her name was Ellie Eisensmeltz and she was still livin' wit' her first husband."



"Here's the trimmin's fur that Louie Cantor's saloon you was askin' fur, Mr. Dubb. Hadda go to a junk shop to get it. Tried to find a brass rail, too, but they're usin' all them on the ocean liners."

Drawings
by Gale

"Say—get dis guy! Dickie Doughnut, he calls hisself. Well, he's a sinker, I'll tell th' nation, wit' that arrow-collar figger an' dem stuffed eyebrows. He don't allow no swearin' on the set—he does all his at home."



"Here I am puttin' away a little bite at the noon hour when up comes Fitzgerald—you say it Feetz-ger-awld—wit' a bird which smells like th' perfume counter at Woolworth's and says, 'Pete,' he says, 'in th' future you will take orders from Mister De Launcey, th' new artistic director.' Right then an' there I hands in me resignation. There ain't no future for me in the fillum business. I'm t'rough!"



CLOSE-UPS

Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

Poor Howard! Howard A. Kelly, the hustling Maryland doctor, who practises his purifying profession in and about that old sanctuary of the Calverts, Baltimore, finds "a rapidly spreading immorality among our young women," and blames the movies.

Now, Howard, no one else is going to get very much excited about your statement "worse, far worse than the theater are the utterly abandoned, immoral movies . . . of all the evil influences of the present day, and exceeding by far the liquor traffic, I estimate the movies, as at present conducted, to be the worst, the most potent agents in producing crime and immorality."

But you ought to get excited about it. You ought to be ashamed of your ignorance. You ought to wonder why you are so out of sympathy with a hundred million Americans who have seen the movies and have found them mainly worth while. You ought to be astonished at your prejudices, at your narrow-minded evasion, at your persecuting frame of mind toward a colossal new servant of humanity whom you neither understand nor care to understand.

We are not angry with you, Howard, and we are not going to get angry. Your cackling may excite laughter, but it is too ridiculous to put even a neurasthenic in a temper.

But we are going to ask you a question. A very serious question. And while we're asking you, we'd like to pass the question along to some others like you, whose favorite sport is charge without specification—slur without proof, and innuendo with not one basic fact.

Howard, why don't you tell us *why* the movies are ruining your young Maryland women? Why don't you show us *how* these lessons in loose living are being disseminated from the screen? Why don't you *name* the evil producers and their institutions, which—as you say—"as at present conducted are the worst, most potent agents in producing crime and immorality"?

Your slur at the American motion picture—levelled as it is against the whole industry—is cheap and contemptible. You have no facts with which to back it up. You are giving yourself an "out" by inventing a new mess to stir, as some others, just as good as you are, keep attacking the motion picture as a sort of livelihood.

"Unclean" pictures? Yes, there have been some made, and there will be more made, without doubt. But these have little or no bearing on that picture industry which you wantonly attack—the industry which purveys rest and

recreation to all the world. The picture industry is cleaner, today, than any other art-industry on earth; not because its human units are any more saintly than any others, but because they are closer to American home life than all the rest of the artistic reflectors, and must hold the mirror up to a fairly honest nature if they expect to live.

We are not questioning your motives or your honesty of purpose, Howard. We are questioning your rightmindedness.

¶

A Camera on Adams. Roy Chapman Andrews, but recently returned from Asia, is going back, early next year, at the head of what is perhaps the greatest scientific expedition ever sent into the little-known interior of the greatest continent. Among other things, Mr. Andrews proposes to work west, into the center of the vast plain and forest which becomes Asiatic Russia, and delve into the beginnings of civilization. Perhaps here was the very beginning of civilization; there are many who say, now, that the first man did not appear on the garden-like banks of the Euphrates, but hundreds of miles further north, and that his dust has been trampled for a hundred centuries by none but the feet of wandering tribes.

Mr. Andrews will record his discoveries, this time, not only by folding typewriter, but by the motion-picture camera. Not a "movie man" in any sense of the word—he is a curator and director of the American Museum of Natural History—he has realized with a scientist's instinct that recording ability and visualizing power which the motion camera alone possesses, and one division of his expedition will be, not a stray crank-box for occasional amateur use, but a motion-picture section under the most expert guidance obtainable.

We have often spoken of canning history in celluloid, but imaginative and hopeful as we are, we did not dream of making a set-up on old Adam himself, in his never-revealed but always-talked-about Garden.

¶

A Gold Rush. The records of the State of New York show that in the ten months ending November first 270 firms incorporated at Albany to engage in some branch of the motion picture business, with a total stated capital of \$38,045,100.

The sensational call of the picture industry to artists and financiers, promoters and manufacturers, is comparable to nothing except a headlong pioneer gold rush.



GERALDINE FARRAR: an etching, sixth and last of a special series, drawn especially for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE by Walter Tittle. Farrar—who is Mrs. Lou Tellegen in private life—is contemplating a return to films following her yearly triumph in opera at the Metropolitan.

HEAVY, HEAVY HANGS FAME

Mike Rafferty had it thrust upon him.
Then he proceeded to earn its rewards. Another
of Photoplay's remarkable fiction stories.

By BOZEMAN BULGER

Illustrated by Will Foster

ON the night of the sensational raid at Llewellyn's, the Police Commissioner, Captain Sheridan and Eddie Tompkins, city editor, dined at a restaurant immediately across the way. The gambling joint was still operating brazenly as Lieutenant Mike Rafferty, ignorant of their presence, organized his attack. They had been careful to select a table where neither police nor idler should observe them. Plainly their mission was to see and not to be seen.

Wholly unaware of the near presence of his superiors, Lieutenant Mike had seen that nothing was left undone. Two patrolmen were sent to the roof of the Llewellyn house—a converted brownstone residence of the old type—while others took up watch in the backyard. Policemen were stationed in the halls of the adjoining buildings. Sergeant Donegan and three men of the strong arm squad went to the front door. Everything was set.

In answer to a vigorous ring an attendant pressed the button opening the main, or street, door and stuck his head out of a little square grating.

"Open up here," ordered the sergeant, "or we'll smash the door!"

Scurrying feet could be heard inside. Rafferty, waiting on the stoop, heard this, confident there was no inside getaway. For the first time that night his broad Irish face broke into a grim smile.

The head of the attendant disappeared as suddenly as we have seen the heads of Punch and Judy yanked down by the Devil. In its place came the rather sinister face of Llewellyn, the gambler—the boss, himself.

"What's all this about, Donegan?" he asked calmly.

"Don't think we are kidding, Llewellyn," he was told. "This one goes. Open this door or we'll smash it in."

"Easy on the whip, Sergeant," the gambler coolly suggested. "You are showing a little too much speed. Get onto yourself. Don't you think you'd better speak to the lieutenant? Are you quite certain he'd stand for this?"

"I've got my orders," declared the sergeant, "and that goes."

"Got them from Rafferty? Are you trying to kid me, or yourself?"

Something in the calm, insolent voice made Donegan hesitate.

"If you think I'm stringing you," suggested Llewellyn, taking advantage of the pause, "just send him here and see for yourself."

"He's here!" spoke up a voice with a burr on it from behind the hesitant sergeant. It was not the timorous voice that Llewellyn had expected. It had fight in it.

"Hello, Rafferty," called out Llewellyn. "Better speak to this sergeant, hadn't you?"

"You open that door, Llewellyn, and be darn quick about it."

"You mean to say this raid goes—it's on the up and up?"

"You can bet it goes, and I'll give you just one more chance. Be quick now!"

Llewellyn had never expected to hear Mike Rafferty—of all men—talk like that.

"Why, you big fourflusher," he snarled. "You ain't got nerve enough to go through with it—and face the commissioner."

"Open that door," commanded Rafferty.

"All right. Go ahead, you big dub," challenged Llewellyn. "You just make one move against my place, and I'll break you tomorrow. Yes, and that goes, too! You've been posing around here as a fake hero for fifteen years, and you know I know it. Also you know I've got the nerve to spill the whole thing to the commissioner—yes, to the mayor. Yes, and I'll

take a paralyzed oath that I'll do it." . . . The gambler's smile turned to a sneer. "Now—"

"Smash that door!" ordered Rafferty. "Ye may break me tomorrow but I'll break *you* tonight. Smash it, I tell ye, Sergeant!"

Llewellyn's head barely escaped the flying splinters. Those "strong arms" wielded what they called a mean axe.

The entrapped gamblers, in a futile effort to escape, knocked over tables, broke chairs and upset the roulette wheel.

Avoiding the first rush of the strong arm squad Llewellyn snatched the house bankroll from a drawer and with it huddled in a closet. But he was found. The money was taken for evidence. Rafferty went even further than his orders. He was now a maddened bull. The heavy axes of his squad smashed the roulette wheel, made wrecks of the stud poker and crap layouts.

Twenty-two men were caught and rushed to jail in the patrol. Rafferty took personal charge of Llewellyn. That night one of New York's most influential gamblers, supposed to be secure in the plying of his trade, slept in a cell.

It was the most spectacular raid Broadway had enjoyed for many years. The Commissioner, Sheridan and Tompkins got away without being seen.

"Be gad," Mike said to his Margaret when he arrived home early in the morning, "they may break me now but my conscience is clear for the first time in fifteen years that I've been lying to you—and to myself. Llewellyn, the sneakin' rat, will know I broke something first."

Margaret did not understand the reference to Llewellyn, but she knew the underworld to have devious ways of exerting influence and getting even. But she did love to see Mike in a fighting spirit. Then—

"You've lied to me Mike—you Mike Rafferty?"

In an effort to clear his brain and calm himself for needed sleep Mike told her all—the whole story. Even that failed to soothe him. Between naps he thought of the dreaded morrow. He saw the sneering face of Llewellyn, the stern but kindly visage of the Commissioner. Even so there was relief in the thought that his shoulders were free of the burden he had carried for these many years. He would make a clean breast of what they had on him and take his medicine.

At seven o'clock, the usual hour of arising, Margaret found Mike asleep. She did not wake him—then.

II

WHEN bicycle riding was an accomplishment and men wore knickerbockers and century medals to tell the world that they had ridden one hundred miles Mike Rafferty was a plain policeman—a patrolman. Mike was assigned to a section in New York then known as The Farms. His post took in a part of West End Avenue, extending to, but not including, the docks along the North river.

The bicycle squad was the corps d'elite of the police force. Like every other ambitious Irishman Rafferty longed to get on it. Riding around town on a snappy looking wheel with night stick swinging to the handle bars was to Mike's way of thinking vastly superior to trying the locks on unoccupied houses and rousting bums off the docks. The sporty flavor also appealed.

Two obstacles, both rather important, blocked Mike's path to the goal. He had no influence that he could think of, and he didn't know how to ride a bicycle. Rafferty had no rich



Rafferty was now a maddened bull. The heavy axes of his squad smashed the roulette wheel, made wrecks of the stud poker and crap layouts.

Drawn by Will Foster

friends who owned wheels. As far as he could see, the door to learning was closed. His willingness to be a daredevil on the bicycle squad cut no figure. Hundreds of other coppers—good Democrats, too.—were just as eager to be brave—and free. Opportunity knocked at Mike's door most unexpectedly. One chilly morning in October the roundsman and sergeant,

on brand spanking new wheels, rode up to Mike's loafing place near the dock. After taking Rafferty's report they seated themselves on a stringpiece for a smoke and a little politics.

"I'd give me right arm for one of them things," declared Mike, inspecting the two shining bicycles. "And, if I could stay on the force without any arms, I think I'd give the both

of him to know how to ride one of the contraptions."

"See here, Llewellyn," Sergeant Sheridan suggested to the roundsman, "I don't see why he shouldn't have a try. It's pretty quiet down here."

"Ye are not joshin'?" asked Rafferty afraid to believe his ears.

"There you are," answered Sheridan, indicating one of the machines. "We've got about five minutes. Come on."

That was a great moment in the life of Michael Rafferty. The roots of his sandy hair tingled as the two superiors laboriously placed him on the saddle. Carefully they explained to him the workings of the pedals and showed him how to dismount—even showed him how to use the sole of his shoe as a brake on the front wheel. For a five minutes' course it was intensive training—much too intensive for Mike Rafferty. He frequently protested against haste on the ground that he was no mechanical genius.

The lesson began with Sheridan and Llewellyn rolling Mike and the wheel around to give him the idea of balance. Once he got that, they said, the rest would be easy.

"I'm gittin' it!" exclaimed Rafferty. But the perspiration rolling from his forehead with the violent lurches of the front wheel somewhat belied his assurance.

"Do you think you can balance her alone?" asked the sergeant.

"Sure, and I kin be tryin'," answered Rafferty, gamely.

They towed him up the paved street a block away to get the benefit of the grade. Then with everything set and the wheels straightened they turned loose. In addition to a terrifying ride Mike was launched on a career that was to lead him far from the quiet, peaceful occupation of trying the locks and rousting bums. But Mike's immediate concern was to stay straddle of that wheel.

Rafferty sighed deeply but held on grimly.

The wheels seemed to wobble fearfully at times but at the critical moments Mike succeeded in switching the handle bars so as to prevent a spill. In mastering the balance Mike, at first, did not realize that the bicycle was gaining momentum. It was exhilarating, frightfully so. As the wheel picked up speed, heading straight for the dock, Mike dared to look up. A sickening, sinking feeling gripped him amidsthips. All directions went by the board. Rafferty forgot the footbrake idea, the dismount—everything.

"Brake it! Put on your brake—your foot!" cried the sergeant, seeing what was about to happen. But Mike heeded not.

"Fall off!" yelled Llewellyn. No such idea could enter Mike's brain.

"Turn your handle bars!" they screamed to him. But Rafferty was riding steady—and fast. Be it a ride for life or death there could be no change now. His muscles were frozen stiff. More great beads popped out on his forehead.

"He's gone sure," groaned Sheridan. "I was afraid of it."

The machine bearing the frightened policeman covered the down grade block and whizzed straight for a post protecting

the edge of the dock. Rafferty knew instinctively—had known for some time—that he was going to hit that post. He was resigned.

With the thump of the rubber and the clatter of the rebounding machine Rafferty's uniformed body went hurtling over the post and into the dirty salt water of the North River.

Mike could not swim a lick. The water was twenty feet deep. For a moment the policeman floundered, then gurgled and sank before the roundsman and sergeant could get to the pier.

Hitherto unnoticed by the three officers a man lay on the edge of the dock, a pipe in his mouth, almost asleep—a bum they classified him.

Aroused by the noise, the man turned his head and saw the policeman flapping below. With no apparent concern, still holding the pipe in his teeth, the man rolled over and fell in the water alongside the sputtering officer. With one stroke he reached the frightened Mike and seized him by the collar. Mike in turn tried to grasp his rescuer around the neck.

"Don't do that!" ordered the bum. Rafferty persisted trying to hold on. The man dealt the policeman a stunning blow on the jaw, causing him to relax his grip. It was but twenty feet to an old barge, a kind of scow used for transporting brick, lumber and sand down the river. For this the swimmer made and eventually reached it. Mike recovered from the jolting blow enough to grasp the gunwale. He held on as the stranger climbed to the deck and pulled him to safety.

"Ye saved my life, me friend," said Rafferty weakly, looking up at the dripping man.

"S nothing," the civilian grunted and smiled. He discovered the pipe still held between his teeth. He motioned to Sheridan and Llewellyn who stood on the edge of the dock. With their added tug on the mooring cables the old barge was pulled to the edge of the pier and Rafferty got ashore, a very sick policeman.

"And now you are in a hell of a mess!" exclaimed Sheridan irritably. "Soaking wet, off duty and a bicycle smashed!"

Rafferty still trying to get the salt water from his nose and mouth looked up at the sergeant meekly, guiltily.

"It's all me own fault," he admitted.

"Yes, but that don't help me," declared Sheridan.

"Help you?" repeated Rafferty, confused, "what can I do?"

"You can't do anything for the minute, but come on up to that boat house yonder and get dry. Have you another uniform at home?"

Mike between heaves of salt water indicated that he had. Luckily, he recalled, he had taken off his gun and night stick when he got on the wheel.

"But where is my savior, God bless him?" Rafferty inquired, looking around with a tinge of guilt at what he considered neglect.

The rescuer was gone.

Sergeant Sheridan remembered having seen the dripping man go toward the end of the pier. In turning to assist Mike, though, he had lost sight (*Continued on page 95*)

Little Mary Remembered "When"—

THE hero of this story is unknown. The heroine is Mary Pickford. It all happened several years ago when Mary was even smaller than she is now and when her week's annoyance was one dime—the tenth part of a dollar.

The actress of the family was then Mrs. Charlotte Pickford and Mrs. Pickford was acting in a small company in Brooklyn. Mary, Lottie and Jack were also members of the company, playing children's parts and handing in their pay envelopes to mother.

One day Lottie, Jack and Little Mary decided that life would be incomplete without a visit to the Hippodrome. The three children had thirty cents between them. But, Mary, then as now the mainstay of the family, decided that it could be done.

She approached the box-office man bravely. Her eyes barely

reached the windowsill as she wistfully addressed him.

"Can you give me three tickets for this afternoon?" she asked.

"And why should I give you three tickets?"

"Because I am an actress. Don't you recognize the profession?"

"You can have the tickets," said the box-office man, "if you will give ten cents apiece to the Actors' Fund."

Mary was game. "You can have my dime, but I'll have to walk back to Brooklyn."

"In that case," answered the box-office man, "you can owe it to me. But if you ever get any money, send a contribution to the Actors' Fund."

Years later, Mary Pickford starred under the management of Daniel Frohman, the angel of the Actors' Fund. And did she remember her promise to the box-office man? She did.

Things We Seldom See In Movies

By NORMAN ANTHONY



A director without a megaphone.



A fight in which the hero gets licked.



A cameraman with his hat on straight.



A villain without dress suit or riding habit.



Bathing girls in the water.



An Ingenue without curls.



A homely heroine.



A homely hero.



An unhappy ending.



Movie star walking to work.

Madge Make- Believe

A new little twinkler
whose fairyland is a
motion picture studio.

By

JOAN JORDAN

wonderful costume wardrobe of silks and laces, all his staff of electricians and artists to make her day-dreams real.

She has played "Peg o' My Heart" in stock, "Pollyanna" on the road and last year with William Gillette on Broadway in "Dear Brutus." This year she was to have done "The Prince and the Pauper" but Mr. Ince saw her first. And now, I actually believe, her name is to be added to those of Charlie Ray—Bill Hart—Louise Glaum—Dorothy Dalton—as stars that Mr. Ince has discovered.

Her father was a college professor in Texas—her mother is a ridiculously young and attractive person, who adores Madge.

"I want to be perfumed so I leave a lovely fragrance when I walk down the hall," murmured that young person. "How do they do that? Isn't it lovely?" Her pretty southern voice drawled, though she informed me that she had lost all her accent when she went to New York.

She has a capacity for work, too, or I mistake the small, intense wiry type of whom I have seen many.

Her first Ince picture is to be in support of Hobart Bosworth. Her contract with Ince is for three years. Don't forget—and see where she'll be at the end of three years.

But I'm glad she's got that kind of a mother in the background. Girls like Madge Bellamy—so atune to everything beautiful and emotional and interesting—must have wise mothers nowadays.

Not that Madge hasn't a mind of her own. She is accustomed to thinking things out for herself, not always to wait upon her mother's judgment; and many times has proved herself capable of wise decisions and weighty opinions that would do justice to a far older and not nearly so pretty head.

Her Ince debut will not mark her real bow to motion picture audiences. She was chosen to play the feminine juvenile in Geraldine Farrar's Pathe picture, "The Riddle; Woman." She played it expertly, albeit with a delightful naïvete which completely captured everyone. Her director made predictions; her manager made predictions; and what is more, the public made predictions. And now that Thomas H. Ince agrees with the general verdict, she is to have ample opportunity to live up to all those nice things they said about her. And if we know Madge, she will not only live up to them—she will go 'way beyond them.

She will not let success spoil her, because everyone will know of her success before herself. Any girl who gathers about her the children of the neighborhood and tells them fascinating fairy-tales that she half believes in her own heart, is not apt to become bored or blase with theatrical triumphs.



Paderewski once saw her at a reception. Turning to his hostess, he asked: "Who is that exquisite girl?"

AFTER talking with Madge Bellamy for half an hour, my real instinct was to say, "So Tom Ince has done it again!"

I am not a prophet. It isn't my business to make predictions. And I believe this is my first offense.

Madge Bellamy is one of the coming cycle of great motion picture stars, according to my judgment.

She has the three greatest essentials combined—beauty, youth and a radiant joy of make-believe. The most cold-blooded analyst could scarcely deny her any of the three.

Penhryn Stanlaws, the artist, merely added expert backing to my opinion when he told me he considered her the most beautiful young girl he had ever seen.

She was properly indignant when I guessed her a whole year younger than the eighteen she actually boasts of.

"Most people take me to be at least twenty," she said with a touch of dignified surprise.

Paderewski once saw her at a reception. Turning to his hostess he asked. "Who is that exquisite girl?"

It's difficult to better his word. She is exquisite—exquisite in the delicate, small-boned, bronze-brown of her, and in the gentle, open, kindly mind as yet entirely unspoiled by her two years on the speaking stage.

She is a veritable little Molly Make-Believe. Her head is still full of beautiful ladies in clinging, velvet dresses—of knights in armor—of pageants and poetry. Every picture is going to be just a beautiful new fairyland to her—where she can actually have all Mr. Ince's great big studio—all his

An Involuntary Idol

Mahlon Hamilton refuses
to be worshipped—except
by his wife

By
MARY WINSHIP

I ALWAYS like men who begin a conversation by telling you what nice wives they have; they're either perfectly safe or extremely clever.

George Loane Tucker, the creator of "The Miracle Man," told me once that Mahlon Hamilton was his ideal of the perfect screen lover—not exactly a he-vamp (loathsome words) but the kind of man that had such real fascination he could woo a suffragette off a soap box.

So with that in my mind I was quite relieved when he began to tell me about his charming wife, who had unfortunately gone shopping.

Because I'm really impressionable, and I have a great respect for George Loane Tucker's opinion.

Particularly after I'd been welcomed with 1850 sherry—in a lovely, squat, silver jug!—And imported cigarettes!

A tall, personable man, with quizzical eyes and a well-groomed head, in spite of a rebellious lock in front that insists on curling. Not a boy, of course, thirty-two probably or thirty-five, with entirely the look of good breeding and *savoir faire* that is really attractive and, I should think, would make women feel interested at once. Perhaps that is what Mr. Tucker meant.

He has that cool, perfectly self-possessed indifference and sureness of himself that is so often lacking in actors. Carelessly, never consciously attractive, without the slightest concern as to what anyone says or thinks about him or what sort of an impression he may make, it is easy to see why Mr. Tucker chose him for the gentlemanly heart-smasher in "Ladies Must Live" rather than some other actor with more obvious methods of ensnaring the feminine heart.

We sat in a lovely drawing-room, done in soft grays that relaxed one's thought at once, with lots of French, curtained windows, and a carved stone mantel, and a divine parchment shade on an Italian lamp, in black and coral and crimson. I liked it immensely. Mrs. Hamilton must have as good taste in home-making as she has in husbands.

He is a serious actor. His performance in "Earthbound" will testify to that. The recognition he has won as a screen actor has been because of the fine, serious note that pervades his work.

"That," he explained in his pleasant voice, where the soft cadences of the south still linger (his mother was a Virginian and he is the third Mahlon Hamilton to be born in Baltimore, Maryland) "is always the way. The serious people make delightful comedians because being funny is one of the most serious businesses in the world. While the light-hearted people like me, can do serious work without spoiling it by taking it seriously.

"You know, I came out here to stay eight months—to clean



"He began telling me about his charming wife."

up a lot of money as quickly as I could and then get back to Broadway. That was nearly three years ago and I'm still here. I like it. I'm a real old timer in pictures. I ought to be ready to retire pretty soon. Why, I made pictures eight years ago for Kinemacolor—down on Long Island. Isn't that dreadful?

"Oh yes, and I played *Paul* in the original screen version of 'Three Weeks.' I was playing stock with Frances Ring—Tommie Meighan's wife, you know—in Dayton, Ohio, when they wired me to do it. It was great fun."

A really beautiful collie, expressing every manifestation of dog devotion, came to rub happily against his knees. And he dropped one hand on its white, shaggy head in the caressing, careless fashion of people who really love dogs.

His conversation is simple, direct, and amusing. He has a kindly mind, I think, for not once while the talk rambled in professional channels, did I hear him voice a word of criticism, or repeat an unkind thing.

He told me that he had always been a bit shy, a bit loathe to connect himself with his screen triumphs.

"The thing's there on the screen for anybody to see," he said. "It doesn't make it any greater to talk about it."

And I'm sure he could never take himself seriously enough to build up a following. Why, it took me two weeks to locate the man when I wanted to interview him. Imagine!

His latest releases are "Earthbound," "Half A Chance," and "Ladies Must Live." He has also appeared in support of Pauline Frederick, and will soon be seen opposite Louise Glaum.



A CROSS SECTION

ABOVE: the last rows of the orchestra in a Broadway movie palace—left blooming all alone. Beginning in the orthodox fashion at the left, the next to the last row (i. e., the 276th) is occupied, firstly, by a half-portion of—

BERTIE, the haberdashery salesman, much bothered with acute cinematographic ataxia of the elbow.

MAE, who would rather be shot than dragged to a concert or a recital to hear a "lotta gloomy old classical music and op'ra," but—when Mae goes to the movies she sits on the edge of her seat enthralled by every note of the orchestra's offerings of Beethoven, Liszt, Bach, etcetera.

GREENWICH VILLAGER, who still denies having any interest in the movies and swears that he never attends them,—has recognized a fellow villager five rows away and is pretending to have fallen asleep from sheer boredom—as an alibi. Unfortunately the friend is using the same dodge and they are both missing the picture.

MR. BROWN has stopped five ushers and begged a program, but, as there is little about Mr. Brown's appearance to suggest his having well-lined small change pockets, he is likely to be obliged to go on thinking that Chopin's "Fantaisie Impromptu" is "I'm always chasing rainbows."

Across the aisle, on the next page are:

FREDDIE, the extra, who came in to see himself in the cabaret scene and is coughing violently (for Freddie) in the vain hope that he will be recognized.

MYRTLE, becoming more and more convinced that certain stars, obviously far less beautiful than she, are "certainly getting away with muhidad."

AGNES, on the other hand, would as soon imagine herself as an actress in the movies as an archangel in heaven. She has a dozen favorites for any one of whom she is quite willing to lie down and die. She probably would if she realized that she is sitting next to a

FAMOUS PICTURE COMEDIENNE, in to see herself act, with a

CERTAIN YOUNG ACTOR, who, having once or twice been her leading man, has never succeeded in getting the idea out of his head and is whispering pretty things about the Little Church Around the Corner.

In the last (277th) row, beginning again at the left:

CHARLIE, one of those persons always seen with a pretty girl, has just discovered that, say what you please about 85 cents being a stiff price for movies, it is the one and only place in which a

PEACH like the one next him can be amused for so long a period at the price.

TWO PERSONS—Mrs. Drear of the W. C. T. U. and the Rev. Dr. Gloom of the Lord's Day Alliance, but which is which we cannot say, having accidentally erased the mark we had placed to distinguish the female. They are debating whether to order Congress to hang or to poison people vicious enough to go to the movies.

CLARA just knows that Freddie, aforementioned, has gone and caught his death strapping on his wrist-watch of a morn'ing before its metal back has lost the chill of night.

MR. and MRS. PATRICK O'ROURKE will say that there



Ananias, visiting Broadway from the ouija-world, hears his Master's voice.

haven't been no moo'm-pitchas worth the prices what they charge nowadays since "Humoresque."

ACTOR, from the "legitimate" stage, who snubs all the movie-actors in the Lambs and wishes he had their Saturday envelopes in the movies.

In the aisle, an

USHER looking over the roped-in fans (we'll say they are) in the S. R. O. division trying to decide which of the young men loves which of the young ladies enough to slip her a decent tip for a couple of the seats she is holding a block and a half down the aisle.



Broadway—Home of the Drama. X marks the spot presented. Those other buildings about it? Oh



OF MANHATTAN MOVIE

Tax and Tips

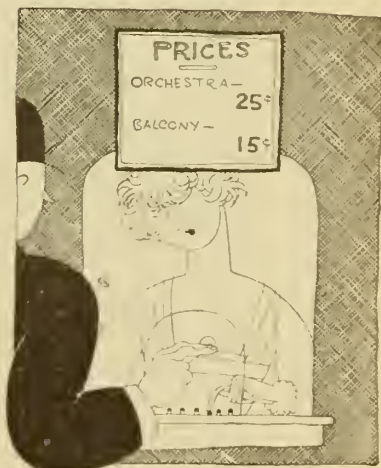
By
RALPH BARTON

As far as we are concerned, the only theater chairs in the known world: divans in one of the Broadway houses so luxuriously comfortable that any picture whatever—even a picturization of your favorite novel—may be looked at with the keenest pleasure, and so cozily private that even the most discreet may bring along the lady he wants to make his co-respondent—or his flask—or both.



where plays (with movie possibilities) are frequently they are only grandchildren of the Nickelodeon.

Do you remember when these were the prices in the Broadway houses? And there wasn't any war tax! When you walked up with a dollar and said "four, please!" instead of one and fifteen cents over to give to another employee. Of course, it is thoughtful of the managers to make the 75-cent seats 77 cents so that the 8 cents tax will make it come out an even 85 cents. Anyway, what is 2 cents on a seat to a manager? On 2000 seats, sold four times a day, it comes to a wretched \$58,400 a year!





WEST IS EAST

A Few Impressions
By DELIGHT EVANS

YOU Always Can Tell
When Allan Dwan
Is in Town.
Broadway
Brightens Up.
The Wrigley Peacocks
Strut More Proudly than Ever.
The Claridge Grill Becomes
More than a Meeting-and-Eating Place
For Motion Picture Magnates.
And I'm always Glad
When Mr. Dwan Comes, Myself.
He Asks Me
To Tea, and
Talks—Says Something, I Mean—
And Serves
Funny Little Cakes and
Makes Me Think
Maybe
This Star-Director Stuff
Is Going
To Turn Out All Right,
After All.
He's Good-looking Enough
To be his Own Leading Man, and
Although he's Efficient as a Rule,
He Never Seems to Think About
That Way of
Cutting Down Expenses.
He's Perfectly Willing
To Let Ward Crane Do It.
Mr. Dwan, Between Telephone Calls—
He Answers his Phone and Talks
With the Receiver Standing Up
On his Shoulder (I Never Saw
Anyone who
Could do it that Way Before; he Ought
To Go in Vaudeville)—
And You Wish it were Polite
To Listen to a One-sided Conversation—
Mr. Dwan, I Said, told me that he
Has Great Faith in Organization.
"I've Built Up One
That's Worth a Million to Me.
The Lad who Grinds the Camera,
The Lady who Helps Edit the Film,
The Leading Woman and the Leading Man—
Every one of them Counts.
That's Why I Believe
In Giving 'em All Credit.

A Magazine
Doesn't Publish a Story
Without Giving the Name of
The Author and the
Illustrator, does it?
Well, it's the Same Principle
When it Comes to the Credits
On the Screen. The Cast
Deserves to be Mentioned; so does
The Art Director, who
Thinks Up all those
Beautiful Effects that
People Rave About; and
So Does the Scenario Writer,
Who Writes the Story; and
So Does the Cameraman, who
Illustrates it.
Of Course, I Draw the Line
When it Comes to Putting on the Program.
'Miss Blank's Sweater
Made of Marybelle Yarn!'



Allan Dwan is good looking
enough to be his own leading man.

IT Takes a Lot to
Disturb an Office Boy.
But the Other Day,
It Happened Here.
I Never Saw him
Quite So Busy Before.
He
Came In and Said,
"Gentleman to
See You," and then
"Don't you Want
Those Pencils
Sharpened?
You Need New Pens, and
Isn't There Something Else
I Can Do?"
Just then,
The Door Opened and



It takes a lot to disturb an office
boy, but Tommy Meighan did it.

Thomas Meighan
Walked In.
He Almost
Ran Over the
O. B., but
Apologized and Said,
"Hello, Kid.
Just thought
I'd Run In and
Say Goodbye," he Went On,
"I'm leaving for California
To Do one Picture and then
I'll be Back.
Sort of Tired
Of the West; hope
To be in the East
All the Time Soon."
I Thought the Office Boy
Had Gone, but he was
Bringing in some New
Memorandum Pads that
I Asked for
Last Summer, and he Said Suddenly,
"Gee, I liked Conrad, Mr. Meegan."
And Mr. Meighan Said,
"Glad to Hear it. But
I Didn't Think
It was the Part for Me.
I Never
Should have been Cast for it.
I'm about as English
As a John McCormack Record.
I told Mr. deMille So.
'Elliott Dexter.' I Said,
'Is the Man to Play that Part.'
But
They wouldn't Listen."
"Admiral Cricket was Great," said
The Office Boy.
"Oh, did you
Like that?" said Mr. Meighan, in
Such a Surprised Way.
"Now, that's one Part
I Never was Meant to Play.
Why, I don't
Look it and I Don't Act it.
I Tried to Get them
To Give it to
Somebody Else.
But they Made me Play it
All the Same.
There are
At Least a Dozen
Actors who Could have done it
A Darn Sight Better."

(I Just Got a Proof of this
And the Proof-reader
Had Written
???)
All Over what
Mr. Meighan Said.
And I Suppose you
Don't Think they Make
Actors like that, Either.
They Don't, Very Often.
There's Tommy Meighan, and
Thomas Meighan, and—
Well, anyway, ask any
Office Boy or
Bank President who's
His Favorite He-Film-Star!)

They're Married!

The double romance
and marriage of
Constance Talmadge
and Dorothy Gish

Until the Sunday in Greenwich, Conn.

James Rennie had been Dorothy Gish's most frequent escort since Dorothy's return from Europe. For several months they had been seen together at dances and dinners and the theater. Besides, the handsome Mr. Rennie was Dorothy's leading man not only in one picture, but several: "Remodeling a Husband," and "Flying Pat." And there were rumors here, too, which were no sooner heard than denied by Miss Gish and Miss Gish's mother. Ralph Barton, PHOTOPLAY's artist chap, saw them together and put them into his latest drawing, "A Cross Section of Manhattan Movie," on page 56. But, everybody said, there was nothing to it—

Until December 26, 1920. In Greenwich, Conn.

The two (Continued on page 113)



James Rennie played Dorothy Gish's husband on the screen some time before assuming that role in real life. This is a scene from a recent Gish picture, "Flying Pat."



Puffer

The young lady smiling at you used to be Constance Talmadge. Now she is Mrs. John Pialoglo.

IT happened in Greenwich, Conn.

A town which is not often in the public prints, has seen its name in a thousand sheets. A populace peaceful and undisturbed has earned immortality.

For on Sunday afternoon, December 26, there was a double wedding in Greenwich which, when news of it crept to Manhattan, set the celluloid world by the ears and, through the universality of the films, the rest of the world. Two young ladies, both in their early twenties, changed their names. Their names were known to every man, woman, and child in every corner of the globe. Constance Talmadge and Dorothy Gish—now Mrs. John Pialoglo and Mrs. James Rennie.

They have been inseparable chums since the days when Constance, a very slim and active child from Brooklyn, came to work in the Griffith Fine Arts studio, in Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. Dorothy Gish, a Griffith protégée since Biograph days, met the newcomer and found in her an admirable complement to her own high spirits and good humor. Constance became "Dutch" to Dorothy; Dorothy was called "Dot"; and they worked and played, always together.

Once they said laughingly that if they ever got married, they would get married at the same time to keep up each other's courage. Which is exactly what they did.

Constance Talmadge had been rumored engaged to so many young men that when New York heard the latest report, that she was to marry a wealthy young Greek importer and exporter of cigars and cigarettes, a well-known clubman, a good dancer, and an all-round fine chap—John Pialoglo by name—New York smiled and went serenely on her way.



Pach Bros.

—and here is her new husband, a wealthy Greek tobacco merchant, aged twenty-eight.

Film-Flamming the Public

Exposing some further activities
of those who prey on the public faith
in the Motion Picture.

By

JOHN G. HOLME

THESE dark clouds in the cinema financial sky, which have been described in the past few issues of PHOTOPLAY, are, thanks be, like most other clouds. They have their so-called silver lining. To change the figure, these film production tragedies have comic spots, some wholesome rustic humor characteristic of the most sophisticated metropolitan centers which harbor more credulous adult innocents to the acre than a whole township in Yellow Medicine County, Minnesota.

Which is preliminary to a brief review of the activities of M. Andre Himmel and the Franco-American Cinematograph Company, capitalized for ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS with ten thousand dollars paid down in cash.

The avowed purpose of M. Himmel and the Franco-American was simply to round up the whole motion picture industry of the world, the producing companies, the distributing companies and movie theaters, and not exactly trustify them, for that would be against the laws of this land, but sort of pile them all together into an invisible and indestructible bag with M. Andre Napoleon Himmel sitting on top of the container with two or three billionaire cronies.

And how did M. Himmel propose to go about this world conquest of the motion pictures? Did he go out into the highways and byways of the country selling stock like Johnson and Hopkins, William L. Sherrill of the Frohman Amusement Corporation, Frederick F. Stoll of the United States Photoplay Corporation and others who are merely trying to raise a few hundred thousand dollars? Not M. Himmel.

M. Himmel is a Frenchman. He is said to have been a tailor a few years ago, and his name at that time is said to have been Himmelfrag. Anyway being a Frenchman, M. Himmel knows how to produce the proper effective effects. He probably learned a thing or two about human nature when he was sewing frocks and trousers for fashionable Parisians. He came to New York last Summer with an excellent wardrobe, several letters of introduction from prominent Frenchmen, and a grubstake which permitted him to live at the Ritz-Carlton. He claimed to be on an official mission of some sort for the French Government, and after making the acquaintance of several men of wealth and prominence in New York, he gave a little dinner at the Ritz, to which were invited many of the leaders of the film industry and several capitalists. Maurice Casanave, French High Commissioner to the United States, presided. On the whole it was one of the most impressive and socially successful parties ever given at the Ritz.

The simple programme of the Franco-American was explained by M. Himmel over the coffee and cigarettes.

"We have succeeded in grouping together in Europe all that is important in the moving picture industry," he said. "In France, we control Pathe, Eclipse, Comptoir Sutto, Cine Studio de Nice; in England, the London Agency, under which are grouped the principal English Motion Picture Corporations, and the Commercial Films, Limited, and the Urban Trading

Society; in Spain, the Society Monopols, and the Studio Films; in Italy, the Union Cinematographique d'Italie which controls the following corporations: Itala Film, Fotodrama, Gloria Film, Pascuali Film, Palatine and the Rinascimento Film; in Germany, the Groupe L. U. F. R. A., Universum Film Aktien-Gesellschaft, and in Belgium the Cie. Beldge des Films Cinematographiques.

"We further control 20,000 theaters and exhibition rooms over the world, including 2,200 in France, 2,495 in Germany, 1,650 in Italy, 1,935 in England, 1,203 in Austria, 725 in Spain and the rest distributed over the other countries of Europe. We are building ourselves 6,000 more theaters."

Marcus Loew, who counts each year lost when he does not build a half a dozen theaters, whispered to his neighbor at the banquet when he heard M. Himmel's last statement: "Gee, I

am just a piker," and the presidents, vice-presidents and general managers of big film companies, which claim to have millions in assets, gasped. A few honest and horny-handed Wall street farmers sat up in their chairs and tried not to look like cats who are watching a nice fat mouse, about the size of a rat.

The next day Pathe Exchange, Inc., one of the few producing companies of the country which has grown to settled middle age with something of a banker's paunch, began to receive polite but extremely embarrassing let-

ters of inquiry as to its ownership. Some good money was burned up in cable tolls and within two days, Mr. Lewis Innerarity, Secretary of American Pathe, issued a statement, declaring that there was no foundation for Himmel's statement to the effect that his company controlled French Pathe which owns about 99 per cent. of the stock of the American Pathe Exchange, Inc.

Before the dinner Himmel told several film executives, his guests, that he also controlled Jury's Imperial Pictures, Ltd., one of the biggest film companies of England. This report was brought to Sir William Jury, who happened to be in New York and who merely branded the statement as a "d—— lie."

When it came to checking up the other statements made by the new Napoleon of the films, they were found to be equally erroneous. There are only about 35,000 motion picture houses in the world, and Himmel claimed to control 20,000 of them. But of the 35,000 film theaters, fully 17,000 are in the United States, which, of course, meant that Himmel must control some American theaters, but so far it has been impossible to discover the name of a single theater or exhibition house in this country owned or controlled by the Frenchman.

But what caused more merriment in the film world than any other statement of Himmel's was that he controlled 2,200 theaters in France. On January 1, 1919, France had only 1,602 motion picture houses, 197 music halls and 357 theaters for the spoken drama, a total of 2,156. And be it noted that neither France nor any other European country is now engaged in construction of luxury buildings.

Himmel's spectacular appearance in New York has since become a matter of newspaper controversy. The authenticity of his letters of introduction has been (Continued on page 120)

IF you are solicited to purchase stock of a newly formed motion picture company do not sign your check until you write for advice to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

The Shadow Stage

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*A Review of the new pictures
by Burns Mantle and Photoplay
Magazine Editors*

By BURNS MANTLE

INTELLIGENT treatment will always save a picture, no matter how familiar the plot may be—and goodness knows all plots are familiar enough. "The Truth About Husbands," although, as "The Profligate," it was written by Arthur Wing Pinero, the foremost plot-builder of his day in England, is basically the old story of the thoughtless gentleman who promised to marry the simple country girl, changed his mind, married the pretty little city heroine instead, was later confronted by the girl he had wronged, threatened with the desertion of the wife he truly loved, and, in the end, was forgiven and permitted to continue his legitimate pursuit of happiness as a devoted husband. But as Whitman Bennett has supervised the picture, and Kenneth Webb has directed it, it becomes a plausibly told and interesting narrative, pictorially much above the average; and though there are one or two scenes in which the appeal to sex is obviously stressed, they are not as baldly dragged in as they might have been. The acting is generally excellent. Anna Lehr is an attractive temptress, May McAvoy an appealing bride, Holmes Herbert a worthy husband. It is a First National picture.

ROGUES AND ROMANCE—Pathe

George B. Seitz, who might reasonably be referred to as the George M. Cohan of the screen in that he writes his own scenarios, directs their production and plays his own heroes, has followed his serial sister, Pearl White, into the feature field, and does well with his first venture. "Rogues and Romance" presents him as a dashing, two-fisted Yankee who invades Spain on the trail of his boyhood sweetheart, finds her fascinated by a handsome villain who first makes ardent love to her and then, instead of marrying her, holds her captive for the ransom he hopes to collect. George B. finally effects the girl's release and brings her back to the States as his bride. It is another of those adventure pictures which makes up in excitement what it lacks in logic, and the fact that most, if not all, the scenes were shot in Spain, gives them an atmospheric background of the first quality. True, the Spanish scenes other directors have been able to create in Southern California may be quite as beautiful and, in the main, equally convincing, but it is pleasant to have a change and the enterprize of the Seitz company in going to the trouble and expense of the trip is to be commended. The scenes of the revolution are full of thrills, with all the melodramatic punch of the familiar Seitz serials, plus the Seitz gift of making them at least momentarily real. Marguerite Courtot serves the star



In "Dangerous Business," the heroine is just another saucy flapper, played by Constance Talmadge, who gives good performance, as also do Kenneth Harlan as the hero, and George Fawcett.

particularly well as a jealous senorita and June Caprice offers the necessary feminine contrast as a trusting blonde heroine. Harry Semels is a good actor and picturesque villain.

THE JUCKLINS—Paramount-Artcraft

This Monte Blue person is one of the most likable humans of the screen, and when he is as well fitted with a story as he is in "The Jucklins," no picture star I know of can be more entertaining than he. The audience I sat with was frequently inclined to cheer young Mr. Blue, not because he was engaged in doing anything that had not been done a hundred or two times before, but because he knew how to do what he was doing and because his director, George Melford, had intelligently directed him in the doing of it. There is a scene in "The Jucklins," for example, in which Monte, as a new teacher in a country school down south, is forced to establish his authority by first beating and then throwing through the door of the school house two of the tougher boys who have threatened to duck him in the creek. A simple scene and frankly melodramatic, but in this instance a genuinely stirring and emotionally satisfying scene because it is splendidly led up to in the story, beautifully directed by Mr. Melford and perfectly acted by Mr. Blue. "The Jucklins" is also one of the few pictures in which the sub-plot is skillfully interlaced with the main story, so that



"The Truth About Husbands," from Arthur Wing Pinero's tale. "The Profligate," becomes a plausibly told narrative. The acting is excellent by May McAvoy and Holmes Herbert and others.



In "Flying Pat," Dorothy Gish is up in the air looking for excitement. She supplies much merriment. In it also appears her new husband, James Rennie.



"Rogues and Romance" presents George B. Seitz as a dashing two-fisted Yankee who fights for his sweetheart. Harry Semel is a picturesque villain, with Junc Caprice as the heroine.

there is no break in the interest, no puzzling lapses of time and few abrupt changes of locale. A fine picture, this one, for all its familiar material. Griffith himself, and he is supreme in this particular field, has never selected much finer Southern backgrounds than Melford has found, nor etched in the details of farm yards and farm houses more picturesquely. The acting is good and Opie Read's story, as said, simple enough and true enough to urge an audience to spontaneous applause.

THE MARK OF ZORRO—United Artists

In a Douglas Fairbanks film there is always that best promise of the movie, a good entertainment. The mention of this popular star's name invariably stirs up visions of an acrobatic youth with an engaging smile who spends much of his time leaping over and through everything in sight. But because he is a good actor as well, and reasonably careful that the stories of his pictures shall be well told and handsomely mounted, there is also the assurance that they will be worth while in other ways. "The Mark of Zorro" is one of the best of the recent Fairbanks series. It has a romantic hero, who is the allegedly weakling son of a Mexican don, but who doubles at odd moments, and especially at night, as a bandit set on freeing the people of his state from the oppression of their political rulers. As the happy bandit he eludes the law and engages in wonderfully exciting sword combats with his pursuers, proving himself, incidentally, the best swordsman in pictures. And in the end he rescues the trusting heroine as gracefully and with as many thrills as ever accompanied the similar exploits of the knights of old when they assaulted the towered prisons of their ladies faire. Marguerite de la Motte is an attractive heroine. Fred Niblo was the director and he, too, is to be numbered with the best of the newer and more intelligent picture makers.

COUSIN KATE—Vitagraph

"Cousin Kate" was one of the pleasantest romances that found its way into the repertoire of Ethel Barrymore when she was a girl. The story of the young novelist who secretly scoffed at the sugary romances she concocted for the sweet young things who were her heroines and then fell victim to a love affair that was quite as wildly romantic as any of which she had written, had excellent comedy value and enough dramatic quality to make it delightful entertainment. In the screen version, which is distinctly a feminine affair, having been adapted by Mrs. L. Case Russell, directed by Mrs. Sidney Drew and played by Alice Joyce, most of these values are preserved. Being a typically fussy masculine critic I naturally feel that while the dear ladies may have made the best of the material they have not made the most of it. Mrs. Drew, for instance, has been too abrupt and not at all convincing in bringing together Cousin Kate and the engaging young man who was to marry her puritanical young cousin, though he really didn't love her, in the storm-bound cottage in which they were forced to play at "keeping house," and where they discovered that love, in place of being "so much trouble," as Cousin Kate had written, was really something with which young people have to reckon, in real life as well as in fiction. Past this weakened foundation, however, the story is well handled, and none of the screen heroines could have made "Cousin Kate" more charmingly feminine than did Miss Joyce.

TO PLEASE ONE WOMAN—Paramount-Artcraft

The feminine angle on the making of motion pictures is again strongly in evidence in "To Please One Woman," which Lois Weber both wrote and directed. If the picture has a purpose it apparently is that of proving the havoc one soulless and more or less typically selfish woman can work in the lives of the men and also the women with whom she comes in contact. She drives her husband to crime and finally to suicide; she separates an honest country doctor from his sweetheart; she starts an impressionable girl on the road to vampire-land by inspiring her to smoke the insidious cigarette, to obtain which, she (the impressionable one) induces her small town sweetheart to steal money from his employer's cash drawer. She quite out-Thedas Theda Bara as a wicked lady, and it is interesting to observe her in action as representing a woman's idea of what such another woman can do in making a bad world worse. Some of the scenes of wickedness are more amusing than convincing. The brunette Mona Lisa plays

the wicked lady in a very wicked way, and the blonde Claire Windsor gives a typical performance as the nobler sort of feminine protagonist.

DANGEROUS BUSINESS—First National

It is to be regretted that they have permitted the Talmadge girls to become set in the particular forms of screen plays they dominate—to give their respective publics the impression that the gifted Norma can play nothing but the saddened heroines of melodrama and the lively Constance nothing but the pert ingenues of the comedy that borders on farce. True, Norma is naturally a dramatic actress, but a fair amount of contrasting comedy would add much to her appeal as a human being. And though Constance is, by nature, a bonnie girl and spirited, it is denying her the chance to prove herself a competent actress if she is never permitted to play a sanely reasoning human whose adventures are serious as well as trivial. In "Dangerous Business" there is a suggestion of drama, but it is touched so lightly by John Emerson and Anita Loos, who provided the script, that it adds little weight to the picture. The heroine is just another saucy flapper who swore she was married to the poor boob who was her father's secretary in order to extricate herself from an embarrassing situation. But it happens the mild-mannered secretary, going to war and coming back a determined man, accepts the situation as it stands and carries the flapper off as his wife. It is another good performance by Miss Constance, and she is admirably assisted by another of those competent casts which recently have been found in the Joseph Schenk pictures—this one including Kenneth Harlan as the hero, and George Fawcett.

THE TESTING BLOCK—Paramount-Artcraft

So long as William S. Hart can produce as good pictures as "The Testing Block"—as wholesome and human, as entertaining and as true to the spirit of adventure and the laws of good melodrama—there is little danger that his popularity will wane. You may have to accept something in the premise of a "Bill" Hart story; you may have to admit that life in the West was probably not as picturesque or as extravagantly strenuous as it is in his picturization of it. But you never are asked to excuse it because it is silly or essentially trivial, or foolishly overdone for the sake of an effect. No one man could have whipped a band of outlaws as successfully as Bill does in this picture, but when his cause is just and you want to see him win, there is a thrill in watching him wade into his enemies and remain "the last man on his feet" at the end of the battle royal. Neither are his romances ever overdone. The story of "The Testing Block" has already been told in fiction form in PHOTOPLAY. There is always a sense of satisfaction in the ending of such a story, however theatrical it may be or conventionally happy. There is humor and originality, too, in the incidental episodes—that of the outlaw band bringing the theatrical troupe into the forest and forcing the actors to give a show, being especially well done. And there is always pictorial beauty in the backgrounds.

ISOBEL, OR THE TRAIL'S END—States' Rights

There is always something majestic and sweeping about a story of the snowy and frozen north, however far from plausibility it may wander. The most recent of the James Oliver Curwood series, "Isobel, or the Trail's End," commands these virtues. The scenes of the north, including several of an Esquimaux village, have the tang of authenticity and great pictorial value as well. The story here is concerned with the adventure of another of those brave men of the Northwest Mounted police who is set upon the trail of a murderer. He "gets his man," as usual, but, finding that he is possessed of a pretty and a loyal wife, and later that he has deliberately set himself in the way of the law in order to rescue his baby girl, he is much inclined to give him the benefit of the doubt and let him escape. He does release him, in fact, but the poor fellow dies, even though his innocence of the murder is later proved. He just *had* to die, if the hero was later to acquire the wife and child and the picture achieve a happy conclusion. It is a picture of imaginative backgrounds and the interest is well sustained, for all its occasional dependence upon coincidence. The cast is headed by House Peters, one of the most manly of leading men; Jane Novak, as appealing as any of the



You may be prejudiced against the picturization of stage successes, but you'll like "Buntz Pulls the Strings." It breathes of Scotland. Leatrice Joy is *Buntz* and Raymond Hatton the lover.



"Two Kinds of Love" involves gunpowder, a search for gold, "Breezy" Eason, and a dog. "Breezy's" mother, Jimsey Maye Eason, and his father, Reeves Eason, as director.



Lois Weber's "To Please One Woman" demonstrates the havoc a selfish woman can bring into the lives of others. Mona Lisa, as a wicked lady, out-thed the Miss Bara.

cinema's badgered heroines, and Edward Pell. Edwin Carewe did the directing.

POLLY WITH A PAST—Metro

Ina Claire has always been a lucky actress in that her early training was that of an imitatrix. She learned to do her Harry Lauders and her Ethel Barrymores, her George Cohans and her Sam Bernards, as a precocious child at school learns its letters. As a result she has always been an actress of a varied and valuable equipment, able to fill in any lack of histrionic inspiration with a very good imitation of the real thing. Now, going into pictures as the star of "Polly With a Past," she is again advantaged by the possession of this equipment. She may not be a great screen star, but she gives a good copy of a great star's methods and her director does the rest, overplaying the closeups occasionally and holding the scenes longer than the action justifies in order to impress her personality upon her new public. "Polly With a Past" serves her very well as a medium for her introduction.

By Photoplay Editors

FLYING PAT—Paramount-Artcraft

DOROTHY GISH up in the air looking for excitement and finding it. As the young wife who studies aviation under the guiding hand of hubby's bosom friend, Dorothy provides much merriment, overlooking no opportunity afforded by the rather sketchy plot to add to her laurels as a comedienne. If you like Dorothy Gish, as you probably do, and enjoy laughing as you really should, don't miss this. It is the latest picture in which Dorothy's brand-new husband, James Rennie, appears as her leading man.

BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS—Goldwyn

COME awa' to this quaint little Scotch village (nestling perhaps in the Hollywood hills though you'd never suspect it) and forget modern mysteries and problem plays and sex trash. You may be prejudiced against the picturization of stage successes as a rule, but you'll enjoy "Bunty." True, it is not a great picture, nor a gripping one—but it is an appealing story, well directed and convincingly portrayed by an excellent cast. There's the breath of Scotch heather in the air, and almost you look for the spires of Edinboro town around the bend in the road. Leatrice Joy, while making no bid for stardom, plays *Bunty* satisfactorily, and Raymond Hatton is the eccentric lover. Most of you will like it.

THE SCUTTLERS—Fox

THERE isn't a dull moment in this picture. It is a sea story, but not of the usual kind. The good ship *Dorothy Low* is sunk for the insurance, there is a detective on the trail, there are sailors in irons, and there is the captain's pretty daughter, and everything like that; but there is also William Farnum, who is more ingratiating than ever. Farnum always plays the brawny hero of more or less innate nobility, but somehow, he is never tiresome. Jackie Saunders is the girl, and provides just about the most logical excuse for any actor's love-making this month. She is pretty and she is natural.

TWO KINDS OF LOVE—Universal

WHEN there is a kid and a dog in a picture, we like it. Especially when the kid is little "Breezy" Eason, one of the most lovable youngsters on the screen. And the canine co-star would make one believe that leading a dog's life isn't so bad, after all. This is really a family affair, for Reeves Eason directed it, Jimsey Maye Eason plays the heroine, and their little son Breezy is the child. Gunpowder and a search for gold manage to keep the plot going, but what's a plot when there's a kid, and a dog?

FANTOMAS—Fox

IT really seems that the serial is to have a fighting chance for recognition in the cinema family. For years it has been the interloper, the black sheep, depending for its popularity upon a series of wild, death-defying stunts, without sequence, without logic, packed tightly to— (Continued on page 104)



"Fantomas" gives a hope that the serial of tomorrow may carve its own particular niche. Adapted from a series of detective stories concerning a counterfeiter. It will hold your interest.



There isn't a dull moment in "The Scuttlers." A ship is sunk for insurance — and there is Jackie Saunders, and there is William Farnum, more ingratiating than ever.



"Cousin Kate," the story of the novelist who fell victim to a romance as wild as those she wrote, has been adapted by Mrs. Sidney Drew into delightful entertainment. Alice Joyce is charming.

Drawings by
F. Cordon Weld



The chance to wear your more elaborate clothes comes when you go to a formal ball, evening party, or to the opera.

Clothes for Special Occasions

What to Wear and When to Wear It.

By NORMA TALMADGE
Photoplay's Fashion Editor

SHE was a very pretty, very much excited girl and she began eagerly to tell a group of friends about the approaching wedding.

"In Grace Church, Friday afternoon," her voice carried beyond the group around her, then, "What shall I wear?"

There was a buzz of talk, everyone, apparently, advising and counseling.

"I wonder if my satin frock is too elaborate?" went on the perplexed one. "What *does* one wear, anyway, at an afternoon wedding?"

This conversation, accidentally overheard, made me remember how many times one sees costumes that make the wearers conspicuous because of their inappropriateness for the occasion—although it seems to me that tons of literature have been written and published on this subject. One can scarcely pick up a woman's magazine without happening on advice concerning the correct gown, conduct and conversation for all occasions—from a luncheon to a political rally. But, in spite of all advice on the subject, there seems to be a lot of confusion and misapprehension on this interesting subject. The wail: "What *shall* I wear?" goes up all over the land.

Recently, I read a delightful book in which the heroine always informed her guests what sort of clothes they should wear at her parties by penning the mysterious word "Hightum," "Tightum," or "Scrub" in one corner of the invitation. The initiated knew that "Hightum" meant one's very best clothes; "Tightum" was second-best and "Scrub" carried its own significance. So, following this rule, I want to chat with you this month about the occasions when these different types of clothes are worn.

Going back to the afternoon wedding that started my thoughts running in this direction: The perplexed girl would have been appropriately dressed for the event had she worn a smart afternoon frock of cloth, silk or satin, prettily trimmed. If a suit is worn on such an occasion, it should be an elaborate one of silk or velvet with a harmonizing blouse. The gloves should be of white kid, long or short as the sleeves require, and the shoes of black, bronze or matching kid, high or low as the wearer chooses. Nothing should be carried but a small fancy bag. If a one-piece frock is worn there should be an accompanying wrap of cloth, silk or velvet. It is not a compliment to the bride to appear at her wedding in

severe tailored street clothes. It is a joyous occasion and the clothes of the guests should reflect this state of mind.

A man wears a morning coat at day-time weddings. Silk hats have rather gone by the board in recent years, so this type of masculine headgear is not essential.

The type of clothes worn at a day wedding are equally appropriate for a formal luncheon, an afternoon reception or for making calls. Speaking of calls, reminds me that the old type of "Mr. and Mrs." calling card is now obsolete, husband and wife having separate visiting cards. This year the cards for husband and wife are identical in size and if you wish to be especially fashionable you will have them done in a tone of light gray.

If, in extending an invitation for an evening affair, your hostess does not make it clear that the event is formal or informal, it is permissible for you to write or telephone her regarding the type of clothes to be worn. You don't want to be the one to wear "Hightum" clothes while all the rest of the party is arrayed in "Tightum," and the opposite situation would be equally unpleasant. For an informal dinner at home or at a restaurant one may wear any pretty cotton or silk frock with shoes to match. When dining in a restaurant or hotel—unless the party is a most formal one—it is in better taste to wear a hat. A simple evening dress of silk, net or lace is worn for an informal dinner party at home.

The chance to wear your most elaborate clothes comes when you go to a formal ball, evening party or the opera. Silk, lace, net, velvet, chiffon or brocades are the materials most used for elaborate evening dresses. With such a gown one carries a fan, scarf and slipper bag, while the decoration for the hair runs the gamut of combs, ribbon, flower or feather ornaments. The custom of the country has a great deal to do with adornment of the hair. American women are not in the habit of wearing very elaborate hair decorations, while the women of European countries invariably pay much attention to this feature of their toilettes. In France, especially, is this true, and one hardly ever sees a Frenchwoman—particularly if she be a Parisienne—appearing in the evening with an unadorned coiffeur. Again it's a matter of type; if your hair looks better without added decoration, by all means wear it that way, and don't think you *must* stick combs and feathers in it because some one else does. When we seriously study our own faces and features and dress accordingly we are well-dressed, and not otherwise. So, if you have a sweet, round, baby-doll face don't try to wear a Spanish comb and mantilla; they won't look any better on you than a wreath of rosebuds will look in the hair of the "Carmen" type of young person.

The gown and wrap that you wear for formal occasions may be as elaborate as your taste and pocketbook permit. Luckily, in these times we have no laws regulating the amount we may spend on our clothes—although I expect some of the

husbands and fathers don't see this as any particularly shining bit of good fortune. I read in an old book recently that the English laws of 1363 forbade any but "the Royal family or nobles whose income was upward of one thousand pounds per annum" from wearing ermine or "embellishments of pearls." In those days it wasn't a case of cutting one's garment according to one's cloth, but of cutting it according to one's pocketbook. These regulations lapsed for a time, but they were revived in the reign of Henry IV, and it was ordered that "No man not being a banneret or person of high estate may wear cloth of gold, neither cloth of velvet nor motley velvet, or to use the fur of ermine or of martin." I don't know about the banneret, but one certainly has to be of "high estate" these days also to wear "the fur of ermine or of martin." Just think how that ruling would cut down the number of nice gold cloth turbans, too!

Ever since it was first woven, cloth of gold has been held in high esteem, and most of the old sumptuary laws were enacted to protect this fabric from general wear. Velvet is another material that has also held a high place, and has been used for the most gorgeous robes. No one knows when it was first made—its origin is lost in the mists of time—but is

supposed to have been first woven in China. In fact, most of the elaborately woven materials of which we have any record had their origin in that land, where the methods of weaving and of ornamenting materials have not changed to any great extent in the last two thousand years.

Going back once more to the question of evening raiment: the seasons make no great difference in the clothes worn for evening functions. More brilliant colors are used in the winter than in summer and lighter-weight wraps are used in warm weather. Gowns of lace, chiffon or net are used instead of the heavier fabrics of winter; in fact, in late years there is a tendency to do away entirely with formal evening dress for summer, but the custom still holds with conservative people.

For attending the theater your gown should be informal—unless the theater party has been preceded by a formal dinner. Let me say right here that for evening wear you will find more satisfaction from a gown designed to suit your type—or one that you have yourself designed with that end in mind—than from one that adheres too closely to the current fashion. A few skillful changes will make such a gown go through several seasons with good grace, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that your dress is an individual expression, instead of being any one of half a hundred similar frocks. If you are one of the people who attend more afternoon than evening affairs you should bear this in mind when purchasing a wrap. A dark-colored wrap or coat, in velvet for winter and silk for summer, will answer both purposes admirably.

Clothes for traveling are, again, (Continued on page 121)



If your hostess goes in for sports, you will want tramping clothes and the right sort of shoes, in addition to sports clothes designed for beauty rather than utility.

THE COAST

As Eventually Discovered

By COSMO HAMILTON

TO all those novelists and dramatists whose plays and books have been bought for the pictures but who have never been impelled or inspired to do more than take the money, the *Coast* is probably a vague and nebulous place, far, far, away beyond the reach of logic, accuracy, the firm facts of life and the uncompromising tests of truth: a pantomagoria of little men with false moustaches and big eyes, baby-faced young women with golden curls and wide blue eyes, balloon-like men who look as though they have never had to shave, girls in bathing clothes which never seem to get wet, comic policemen who fall as often and as far as oil barrels, stern-faced cowboys with murder in their guns but the milk of human kindness in their hearts, beaming comedians who run up walls and roll down mountains, and amazing Fords which turn somersaults, shed wheels and collide with trains.

To this strange place, divided by a desert from the normal world, the brain-children of those writers who regard the money derived from the sale of their work to the movies as velvet to talk with great scorn and biting sarcasm of the whole picture game, disappear. "What have you done with my last

book?" they ask. And the answer is always the same. "Oh, let me see. Your last book. It has gone to the Coast." "When am I likely to see what has been done to my last book?" And again the answer is the same. "Your last book. Let me see. Oh yes, that hasn't come back from the Coast." The Coast—the last!

After many days, weeks and sometimes even months, rumor has it that the last book has actually returned from the Coast and is to be seen in picture form at a marble palace on Broadway. With some excitement, and if his work has been translated to the screen before with some anticipation, our author rushes off in a taxi-cab to the marble palace to see what has happened to his latest brain-child. Bills outside the house invariably mislead him a good deal and cause him to imagine that rumor has lied once more.

Nowhere can he see the cover of his book which, if it had been called "The Far Horizon," must certainly have become "Why Cry for Your Wife?" His fame—so well known all over the world, so much beloved by hundreds of thousands of eager and faithful maidens—where is

that? He cannot find it. Instead, boldly set forth, there are the names of the production corporation, the star, the directors, scenario writers, continuity writers, art directors and camera men.

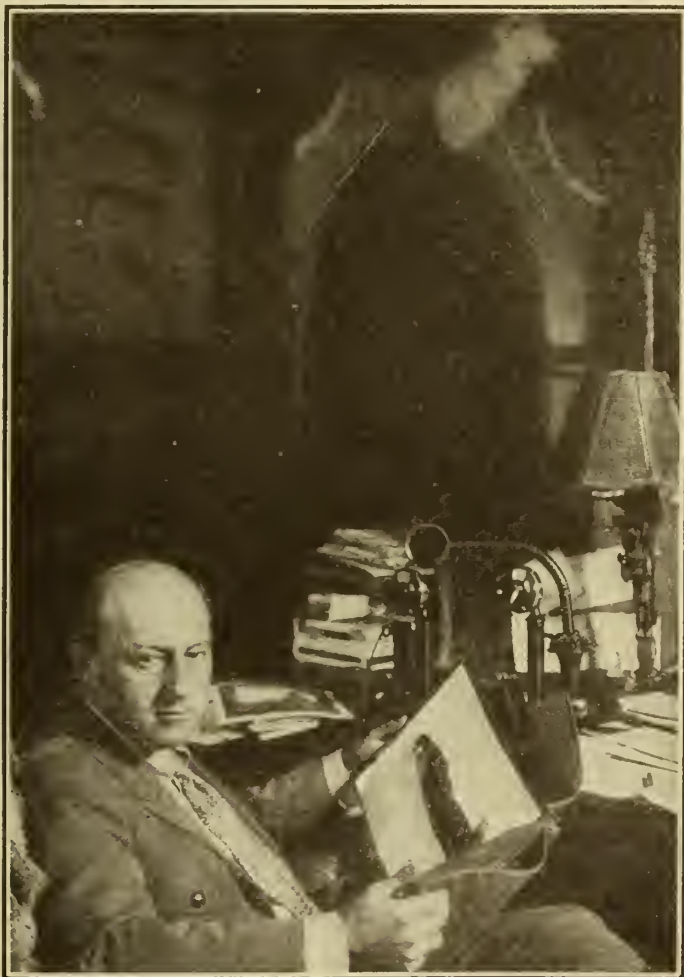
Nevertheless, having arrived at the marble palace at the cost of a dollar and a half, the great author enters and to the glorious strains of a superb orchestra gropes his way to a pew and having been dully doped by subtle changes of light on Venetian scenery, by the angelic voice of a prima donna, by exquisite pictures of flowers opening to the sun, by a long and giddy railway journey through the mountain passes of Alaska and by the soothing rumble of a great cathedral organ, the main picture of the afternoon finally oozes out.

With sleepy eyes he then sees something which reminds him faintly, very very faintly, of the brain-child known to all the world for the sake of argument as "The Far Horizon," and he is strengthened in his incredulous belief that somehow, at some time, the picture owed something to himself only from having caught a fleeting glimpse of his own name in infinitesimal lettering under the long list of other people's names.

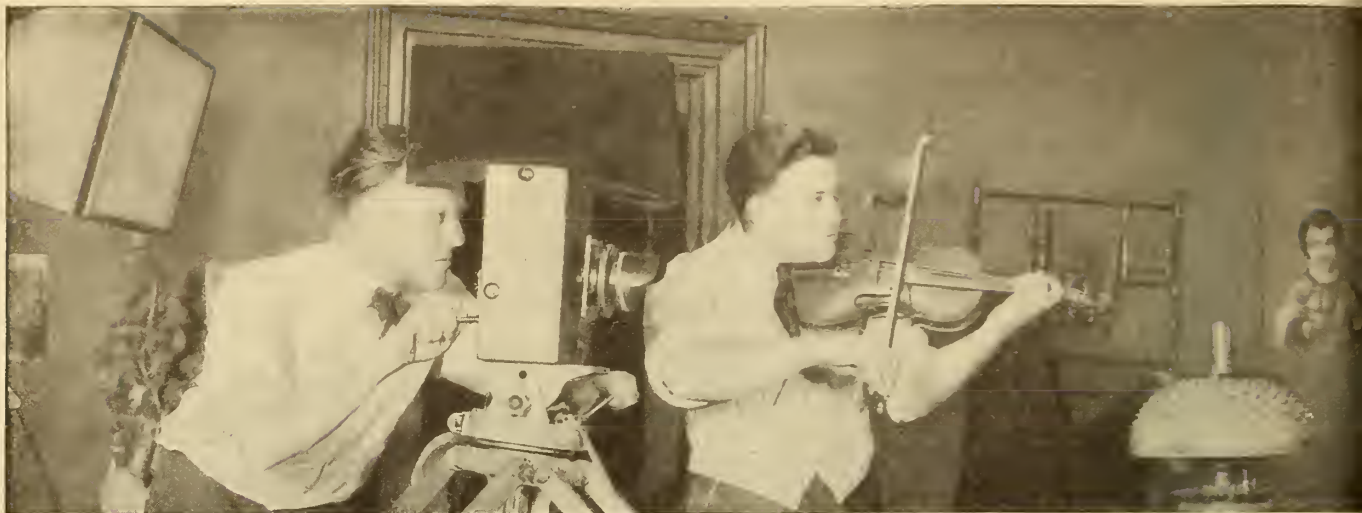
Imagine his exit from the marble palace. See him standing on the sidewalk a shattered and bewildered figure. Hear him cry out, "Oh my God, what have they done to me? What sort of place is this Coast to which my brain-child was sent and from which it has come back with a complete forgetfulness of its own fond parent?" Watch him as he staggers through the crowd, dodging between a trolley car and a motor truck, finally to emerge from the roaring Fortieth into Fifth Avenue.

"The Coast, the Coast,"—these words ring in his ears and wind themselves in and out of the maze of his thoughts. . . . Later, seated in his club, over, unfortunately, a mere cup of tea, he relates his experiences to a sympathetic friend and probably winds up his diatribe of anger and abuse with the following remark. "Well, after all, I've had the money and very few people saw my name on the screen. So what does it matter?"

But it does matter, as our friend the author might very readily realize did he take the trouble to apply cold statistics to his case. His brain-child might have been read, if he were really one of the very successful authors, by a hundred



The thinking room of Cecil deMille is a room as characteristic of its owner as the pictures which he flings hot and burning upon the screen—the room of a man of ubiquitous attainments, and that courageous under-graduatism that keeps a man perpetually on the right side of thirty.



Standing at a discreet distance from the scene of action, a rather stout young man with artistic hair was playing Puccini on a violin.

thousand people. Or if it had been a play and had achieved the remarkable feat of running for "one solid year" on Broadway, by eight hundred people a night. But the picture, even if not an outstanding success, has probably been seen by hundreds of thousands of people a night and eventually will be seen by millions.

The realization of this fact, the knowledge that the whole of one year's audiences of a successful play on Broadway do not amount to the audiences of a picture for one night in one state has done more to replace the scoffing smile on the face of the author with a look of fright and consternation, and sent him helter skelter to discover for himself what sort of place this Coast is, than all the velvet that his agent can procure for him for the sale of his work to the screen without any effort of his own.

One bad picture viewed by such an enormous audience in all parts of the world may be forgiven. Two bad pictures on which the original author's name finds itself however unnoticeably may not have a very marked effect. But three bad pictures following each other in fairly rapid succession, for which the author will be blamed in spite of the fact that so many other names are attached to it, and the result is inevitable. His next book will be regarded with horror and lie utterly neglected on the counter of the book store. "That's the man who wrote that awful picture under which I writhed at the Pivoli. Catch me reading anything of his again." And in one fell swoop away go all the years of work, effort, advertising, lecturing and brain strain put forth to achieve the position of a best seller and one more dead man wanders about to tell the sad story of his downfall.

That is why nearly every train that leaves New York for the Coast contains, now-a-days, at least one author or dramatist whose name has become a household word among English speaking people. The truth of hard facts has forced them into the realization that the old "velvet" which gave them so much amusement in the past will be turned into great yards of black stuff which will drape their coffins in the future. So they are going to the Coast, to that nebulous place, the Coast, to discover humbly and with some contrition precisely what it means first to sit at the feet of those pioneers who have devoted many hard years to the discovery of the New Art, the New Technique, and eventually to collaborate in the writing of their scenarios with the directors who walk the studios like Olympian gods with the power in their hands to make or break reputations, with the knowledge that they have at their command a public which embraces the whole civilized globe.

And that is why I, also, went to the Coast.

My mission, and it was a sort of mission, was to go to the Coast to discover why so many books went in at one end of studios as originally written and came out at the other in an absolutely different form, to watch the work in the studios, to discover first hand the values and the limitations of the camera, and, if I became a fan, to think, eat, sleep, and dream pictures.

I found an amazing building, or rather series of buildings, in fact a town, covering an enormous area of land where once



"The question that one asks oneself in all seriousness in thinking about the formation of pictures, as well as the creation of plays, is: 'Is there any such thing as technique anyhow, so long as one can move an audience to tears and laughter and be sincere?'"

the palm tree had flourished and the luxuriant geranium of California, so astonishing to English eyes, had grown in a delirium of color.

My first impression, that all about this place there was something reminiscent of the buildings of an army in reserve with G. H. Q., barracks, hospitals, and aerodomes, as far from the sound of guns as from the maddening crowds of cities, was confirmed upon a quick examination of it all. I found the quarters of the generalissimo in the center and of his various brigadier generals, staff officers, directors of machinery, art directors, publicity directors, property directors, masters of tact and mistresses of the wardrobe, established separately guarded by sentries in the form of extremely personable stenographers whose cheery smiles were almost as warm as the gorgeous California sun.

Jesse Lasky, a man with a strong hand and a velvet glove with the infinite capacity for taking pains, with the consummate gift of making people believe that they were doing their best but would some day do even better and a masterly knowledge of human nature which kept a constant smile on the faces of his busy army, sat like Foch surrounded by telephones in a room which gave as exact an index to his character as, quickly discovered, the rooms of his directors gave to theirs. It was very neat, very spotless, very cheerful, very unostentatious.

tious and supplied with an instrument which enabled him, with one press of his thumb, to call to his side any one of his brigadiers with whom he might desire to consult.

It was amusing to wait in the anteroom of Mr. Lasky's quarters and watch the arrival and the retirement of all the people who came in quick succession for an interview. Stars with grouches—stars invariably have grouches; continuity writers with worried looks—continuity writers always have worried looks; scenario editors unable to make decisions—scenario editors are always unable to make decisions, came and went, leaving their worries behind them on the floor of the master—cool, smiling, patient, immaculate, with many a sudden gleam of humor behind his rimless glasses.

Separated by a thin wall from this room was the thinking room of Cecil deMille,—a room as characteristic of its owner as the pictures which he flings hot and burning upon the screen—large, airy, bold, filled with enormous skins, tremendous antlers, Gargantuan fish, models of aeroplanes, mementos of hunting expeditions, yachting trips, mountain climbing, early triumphs on Broadway. It was the room of a man of ubiquitous attainments, unashamed sentiment, and that courageous undergraduatism that keeps a man perpetually on the right side of thirty. To go into this room even when its occupant was absent was to receive a bath of electricity. The whole atmosphere seemed to quiver and, notwithstanding prohibition, you would not be surprised if that enormous white skin which dominated the center rose up and prowled towards you showing its teeth. It seemed positively absurd that it was merely a skin in a place in which everything exuded life.

Away at the other end of the building, in the middle of a passage lined with little rooms in which sat ladies of all ages with nosegays on their desks, you found, and were very glad to find, the den in which William deMille worked. A very different type of room this. Nothing of the undergraduate here, but much that indicated the don, the professor, the dramatist, the student, the poet. It might be, indeed, the library of a hermit in a camp in the back woods,—a very temporary hermit, a hermit only long enough to sit in momentary

seclusion from the pressing concentration of picture making in a studio teeming with life. Quiet colors here, book-lined shelves, deep comfortable chairs, a wide window seat, thick beams suggestive of some old English cottage and in the air a faint echo of classical music. Here, at a large and roomy desk on which a man could spread himself, sat Brigadier-General William deMille with the face of Dante, always with a slightly tired air, but always with the appearance of a man waiting to spring at something and tear its heart out; always with a slightly cynical smile counteracted by a pair of kind brown eyes and a sensitive mouth ready at any moment with an apt quotation from the great poets or the writers of magic prose,—master himself, as well as a beginner, in the art to which he had devoted the best years of his life.

Very shortly after I entered this bee-hive of eager enthusiasts and loyal workers my preconceived ideas of the Coast turned a complete somersault and I very quickly saw why it was and why it had to be that books and plays sent from New York often return in a practically unrecognizable form. I very quickly gathered as I went from one studio to another and watched the various directors at work how different is the medium of the screen from that to which I had been used as a novelist and a playwright, and one of the first things that dawned upon me was not that the camera cannot tell a lie but that it can hardly ever tell the truth. With one small tilt of the instrument a forty-foot backyard can be made to look like an enormous park, a small interior to become as immense as the Grand Central Railway Station and a young and charming face as old and lined as that of a witch of Endor. It was easy to see how amazingly difficult is the continual problem of the director to deal with an instrument which, without the most careful handling, renders the simplest scene fantastic and gives an element of the unreal to everything at which it is pointed, exaggerating the smallest detail, putting on ineradicable record everything that is not interpreted before it with the most cunning economy of movement, gesture, facial expression and emotion, and turning the pathetic comic and the comic pathetic in the most (Continued on page 123)



View of the George Melford company at work in the Lasky studio. Mr. Melford stands with Ann Forest in the background. This setting was used in "The Faith Healer."

Gilding the Lily

Demonstrating that, properly encouraged, the camera does lie, after all.



Margaret Loomis, Paramount leading woman, is supposed by experts to be the finest example of a rather plain girl changed by makeup into an exceptionally charming one. Without makeup—as you see Miss Loomis at the right—she herself admits she would never have played opposite Wally Reid. In the picture above, you can see how makeup brings out her dark eyes and changes the downward tendency of her mouth and eyes to an upward tilt.

CHAPTER I Verse I, of the Book of Motion Picture Proverbs, reads, "Wait until you see her without her makeup." It is good advice, that, brother. For the results obtained by the expert use of makeup are altogether startling to the layman. The art—or should we say science?—of cosmetics is by no means confined to whiskers and putty noses. Straight makeup is one of the essential features of screen work and without it, the personnel of pictures might be other than it is. In fact, features are often actually created. The size of the eyes, the shape of the mouth, the charm of the eyebrows, the contour of the cheek-bones—are all more or less a matter of makeup.

Some of the most famous features in films are the result of makeup. Ordinary-looking extra girls, leading woman stars, all owe much to the grease-paint, the lip-stick, and the mascara box. The accompanying photographs will give you a very definite idea of the part makeup plays before the all-seeing eye of the camera.



Lips are the most susceptible of any feature to makeup. Bebe Daniel has a naturally charming mouth—you see it at left above—but it is nothing at all like the lips she has made famous on the screen. Bebe spends half an hour creating the seductive feature at left below with a big red lipstick.





Above, Florence Long, a Christie comedy girl, in her everyday profile. Without makeup Miss Long seems an extremely negative type. But—permit Florence to enter her dressing-room for a moment; then watch her when she emerges.

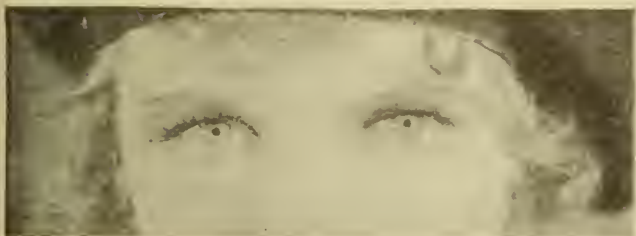


We have Florence, one of the prettiest girls in the farces. Her camera success is due to the fact that her face is a good canvas for makeup. A few strokes of the magic eyebrow pencil, lipstick and powder-puff transform her.



At the right: Molly MacGowan, another Christie comedienne. This is a half-and-half picture—in other words, Molly has made up the right side of her face and left the left side untouched. Cover up one side at a time. It takes two hours for Miss MacGowan to do her whole face as it is on the left side and she uses the heaviest makeup known. The change is almost magical.

Straight makeup, a course in cosmetics would teach you, requires grease-paint in any color varying from dark brown to bright rose, that best suits the face. Heavy red lip-rouge for the mouth, and mascara and brown grease-paint for the eyes. Experts are employed by most studios either to make up the girls or to oversee their makeups and teach them how to gain the best results.



Above, the actual eyes of Ann Forrest. The Lasky cameraman insists they are the most photographically perfect in pictures, solely because they make up so well. Without makeup they scarcely show up at all before the camera.



Here are Miss Forrest's eyes after she has made them up. They are very light gray, and the heavy black makeup, beaded lashes and the darkened lids give them that almost uncanny brilliance you have admired on the screen.



THE RETURN OF MARY CARR



Mrs. Carr as she appears in real life. Below—as she looked at the age of sixteen, when she met her husband while doing amateur stage work.



A scene from "Over the Hill". The two girls are her daughters, Rosemary and Maybeth. The two boys in the background are her sons, Stephen and Thomas. All four are making names for themselves in motion picture work.

WHEN you saw "Over the Hill" and wept with the pathetic little old lady who is turned down by all her children, one after the other, and finally finds herself a scrub-woman in the poorhouse, you probably thought you were seeing, not a characterization of suffering and poverty, mother-love and sacrifice, but the real thing.

It said on the program that Mrs. Mary Carr played the part. The name meant so little to you that you listened to your neighbor when he gave assurance that the director "just went out and picked Mrs. Carr from the poorhouse or an old folks' home and that's why she acts so natural."

Now you have the reason why one of the greatest dramatic contributions to the screen will not receive all the credit it deserves.

Mary Carr, personal, is a mother.

But she is also an actress. She was, in fact, an actress before she was a mother.

She had years of experience on the stage and more years of patient waiting in private life before her big chance came.

She didn't come out of the poorhouse to play in "Over the Hill." She came from her comfortable and large apartment in upper Manhattan, where she mothers a brood of six grown children and keeps house for Mr. Carr.

Her life has not been tragic. It has been more or less serene and happy. That she is able to portray poignant tragedy is a tribute to her art, not a reflection of her own life.

You saw four of Mrs. Carr's own children in "Over the Hill." Lucy, her oldest daughter, played the selfish daughter in the picture. Her littlest girls, Rosemary and Maybeth, played the daughters when they were small. Stephen, the handsome middle-sized son, played his own part before the camera.

"And when people say it must have been easy for me to play a mother to my own children, they are wrong!" says Mrs. Carr. "It is much easier for an actress to be convincing as the mother of some one's else child. When my children acted with me I was so anxious for them to do their best that I forgot almost entirely about my own part."

Perhaps, however, she betrays part of the secret of her remarkable portrayal when she admits this.

At one time or another you have undoubtedly watched the little Carrs—a whole train of 'em!—on the screen. John, the oldest boy, created Clare Briggs' famous cartoon character, "Skinney," in Paramount's series of comedies. Thomas, a lovable rogue, has an important juvenile role in George Seitz's Pathe serial, "Velvet Fingers," and is often asked to make personal appearances in conjunction with the showing of the film. Stephen was the favorite "son" of Alice Joyce. Agnes Ayres, and other celebrated screen ladies until he grew too big to play little boys to such young stars—and now his little

sister Maybeth plays his parts and has become as popular with the various celluloid celebrities as Stephen ever was. Stephen, of course, is still playing in pictures—some day, we predict, he will be a famous matinee idol. Rosemary with her lovely dark curls, and pretty seventeen-year-old Lucy are both much in demand in eastern studios.

We had hoped to make this Mary Carr's story. But she is such a devoted mother that it is impossible to leave out a single one of her children. Her devotion to her sons and daughters, in fact, was the only thing that kept her away from the stage or screen for fifteen years.

She was Philadelphia's finest young amateur actress. One night when she was only sixteen, she was giving an unusually brilliant performance at a church entertainment. A young actor from a nearby theater strolled in, saw her, and stayed. He was only in town for a brief engagement but before he left, he told the manager of the theater that he had seen a young local girl who, someday, would be a great actress. The manager lost no time in communicating with the young lady—and before long a new member enrolled in the Girard Avenue Theater stock company. Mary Kennevan was her name.

She was not so beautiful as she was wistfully charming. She had a sweet voice, a shy dignity. She was given increasingly important parts to play.

The young actor himself came back to town. Mary Kennevan met him. His name was Stephen Carr. He was tall and very good-looking, with the nicest brown eyes she had ever seen. He made love to her and a swift courtship culminated in their marriage.

Mary Carr thought it all over. She was very happy. But she loved her art and hated to give it up. She chose love and never regretted it.

Six little Carrs arrived and for almost fifteen years, the name of Mary Kennevan was forgotten in the theater.

In the years following, Stephen Carr, Sr., came into pictures with many other actors of the old school. He was director general for the old Lubin company. Later, Mrs. Carr made her first appearance on the screen.

With six young children she could not spare much time for work; but when she could manage it, she played any part that happened to be open. Among her later performances might be mentioned the squaw in "The Barrier," and "Mrs. Wiggs" in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

Then the children began to beg to "go into pictures." The older boys met with so much encouragement that they were busy almost all the time. While John was working in a studio a call came to his mother from Harry Millarde, who was casting for "Over the Hill," a new Fox picture.

Mrs. Carr and John went to the Fox studio. Millarde shook his head regretfully. "He's just the boy I want," he said, "but—he's too big!"

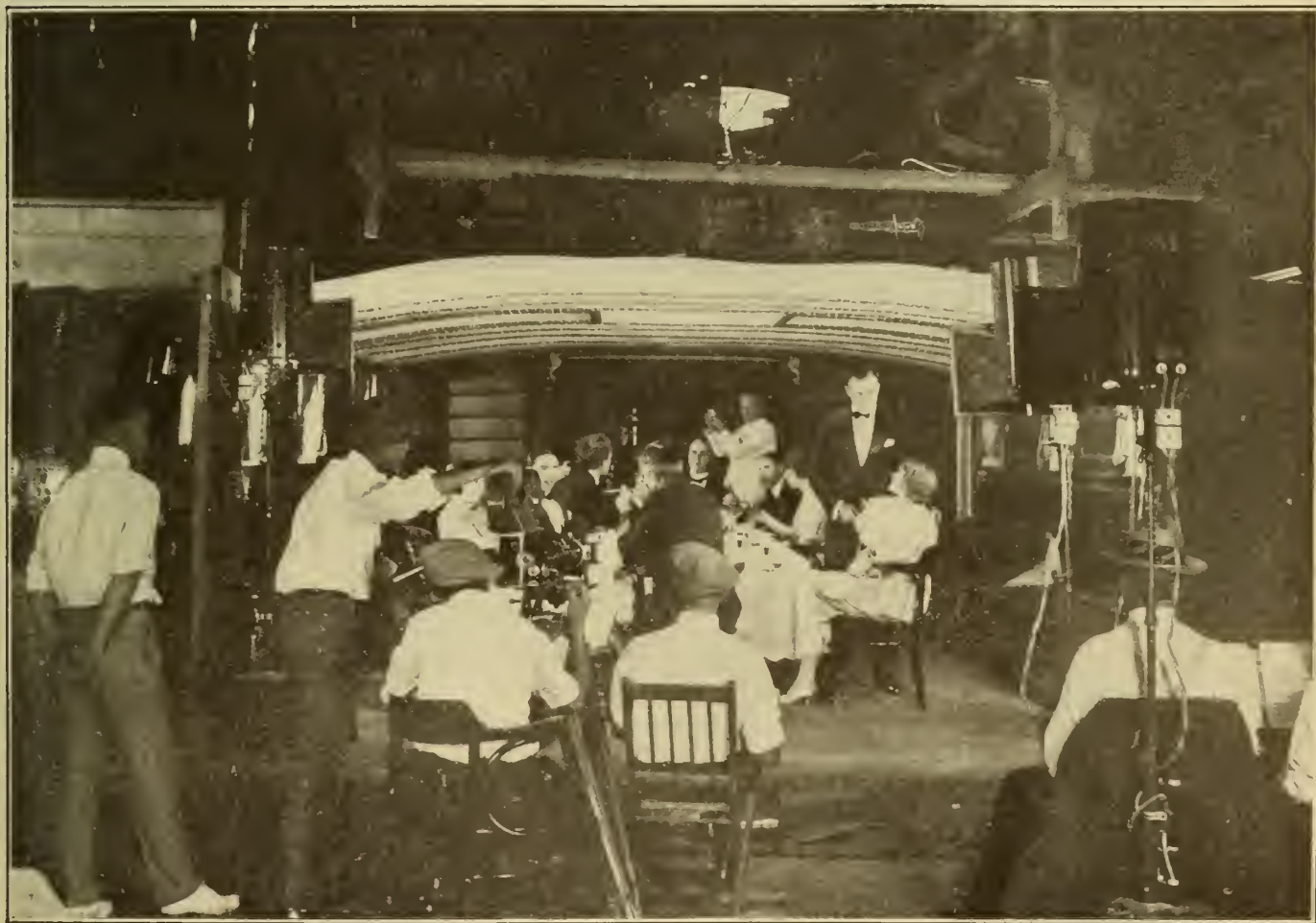
Mrs. Carr told him she had two other boys at home. That settled it. Before Millarde was through he had engaged four of the little Carrs for the picture.

Originally, it was to be a boys' picture. Then Mrs. Carr was asked if she would play the mother's part. She accepted, and after a few rehearsals it was evident that this was a *mother's* picture—as long as Mary Carr played the mother.

The success of "Over the Hill" is well known. On blase Broadway, audiences wept. All over the country, Mrs. Carr has carried her memorable message to sons and daughters.

There can be little doubt of the immeasurable good she has done. And there is a report that she will be starred in 1921 by William Fox.

THIS WOULD FOOL OLD KING NEPTUNE HIMSELF



HERE is the cabin of the yacht built for a Universal picture. Sturdy stage-hands are doing their best to roll it in the most approved yo-ho manner, almost inducing mal-de-mer on the part of the actors. Note the arc lights on top of the set, and the illumination at the windows. Jacques Jaccard is directing, and that's Frank Mayo standing at the table.



Norman Anthony 74

Drawn by Norman Anthony

Sinners!



Alice Brady—delightful on the screen and in the spoken drama for the elegance and distinction of her grooming—regards the care of the hands as one of the most important of the subtleties of beauty. She says: "I have found Cutex the quickest and most effective way of taking care of my nails."



Don't cut the cuticle—it protects the most sensitive thing in the world

WHEN we want to describe an injury to our most delicate sensibilities, we say that we have been "cut to the quick." Yet every time you trim the cuticle you risk this in a literal sense.

It is almost impossible to trim off dead cuticle without cutting into the live cuticle which is the only protection of the nail root, lying only 1-12th of an inch beneath.

To heal these wounds, nature immediately builds up a covering that is tougher than the rest of the cuticle. This is why, when you cut the cuticle, it grows up coarser and more ragged than before.

Yet when the cuticle dries, splits and forms hangnails it must be removed some way. To do this simply and safely without cutting, try the new method provided in Cutex. Cutex Cuticle Remover is a harmless liquid that acts on the dry, dead cuticle as soap and water act on dirt; leaving a delightfully smooth, even nail rim. But a beautiful, even cuticle calls for immaculate nail tips, and both demand smoothly polished nails.

To give your nails the grooming that present day standards require:

First, the Cuticle Remover: Apply around the nail with an orange stick wrapped in absorbent

cotton. Rinse the fingers, and when drying them push the cuticle gently downwards with the towel, whereupon all the dead, dry cuticle will wipe away.

Next, the Nail White: Squeeze it under the nails directly from the convenient tube with the pointed top. It will remove stains and give the nail tips that immaculate whiteness without which they never look quite freshly manicured.

Finally, the Polish: A jewel-like shine is obtained by using first the paste and then the powder, and burnishing by brushing the nails across the hand. Or you can get an equally lovely lustre, instantaneously and without burnishing, with the liquid polish.

Try a Cutex manicure today. However ragged your cuticle may have become through cutting, a single application of the Cuticle Remover will make an astonishing improvement. You will be pleased, also, with the immaculate beauty of the nail tips after the Nail White, and with the delicate sheen that you get from the Cutex Polishes.

Cutex Manicure sets come in three sizes. At 60c, \$1.50 and \$3.00. Or each item separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores.

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Mail the coupon below with two dimes for a Cutex Introductory Set to Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York; or if you live in Canada, to Dept. 703, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.



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City..... State.....

Traveling Set, \$1.50



(Concluded from page 31)

little girl—the cliffs there, above the green sea that sang a little song and the lovely, fragrant smell of Ireland. Because my grandmother used to sing it to me.

"What does it make you think of?" and she looked up at the famous director whose success has been so much the result of the gifts Ireland gave him—the gifts of fire, vision, dramatic instinct and irresistible humor.

But he only shook his head, whistling the tune between his teeth. Then—

"A girl I knew once, a long, long time ago," he said. "And John McCormack."

"Do you think we'll ever any of us get back to Ireland," asked Colleen a bit wistfully.

"Aw," said Pat O'Malley swiftly, "Ireland isn't a place. It's a feeling. I was back in 1913. Mickey's been back a lot. If you're Irish it doesn't matter where you are. Though I had a lot of fun that year fighting in the Irish National Guards."

"Funny we should all be together here—isn't it?" asked the girl.

"Not a bit," said Marshall Neilan. "It's the most natural

thing in the world when you stop to think about it. We're the only race in the world that can go anywhere, do anything, belong to other countries and still be—ourselves."

There was a pause, filled again with the strumming of the guitar.

"I see Mrs. MacSwiney has landed in New York," said Colleen.

The two men quietly uncovered where they sat. And I saw a tear fall on the blue of the girl's dress.

But it wasn't long before Colleen was tuning up her guitar again and they were all singing some other typically Irish thing that was as carefree as the birds and as rippling and tinkling as a happy little brook.

I remembered Pat O'Malley's great hit in "Go and Get It" and his new triumph in "Not a Drum Was Heard." I thought of Colleen's "Dinty" and "So Long Letty" and more recently even "The Sky Pilot." I thought of all the things Marshall Neilan had done—the really great things for pictures. And I knew there were a lot of questions I could ask them.

But I decided not to stay because—you see, I'm Irish myself, and I didn't want to spoil my little trip to Ireland.



Reel 1: The start. Lambert Hillyer, Hart's director, Bill himself, Eva Novak, leading lady, and Gordon Russell, villain of the piece, fall to.



Reel 2: Three minutes later. A considerable portion of each pie has vanished, also a considerable portion of each contestant's enthusiasm for pie.



Reel 3: Concentration is what counts. Observe the spirituelle Mlle. Novak, and her valiant, yet ladylike efforts to keep on in the face of all obstacles.



Reel 4: The finish—Eva winning. Note disgust of Messrs. Hillyer and Russell, whose efforts resulted only in a determination never to touch apple pie again.

THE GREAT PIE-EATING CONTEST

ONE of the fondest of boyhood's memories is the pie-eating contest at the Sunday School picnic. It was the only time in your life you were encouraged to eat all the pie you wanted. If the zest for pie was gone at the end of the performance you didn't much mind—you knew it would be found in time for the next contest. Bill Hart harked back to the days of real sport when he inaugurated a pie-eating contest to enliven a lunch-hour on a recent location.



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Will keep your hair
looking spic and span

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GREY AND WHITE

Invisible
Full Size

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Durable

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Lorraine
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Plays and Players

By
CAL. YORK

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion-picture people.

PROBABLY the most interesting audience of film people gathered in Los Angeles this year attended the recent opening of the new Mission Theater. No wonder the crowds lined up for blocks to see the celebrities descend from their limousines at the beautiful Spanish entrance.

The picture presented was the Fairbanks release, "The Mark of Zorro," and it didn't detract from the interest of the film to see "Doug and Mary" hand in hand in a box, the star watching himself on the screen with interest while his lovely wife gurgled and flushed with appreciation and delight. Mary Pickford Fairbanks, wrapped in a magnificent ermine cloak, her mother, Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, in black with orchids, and Mr. Fairbanks, occupied the seats of honor. Behind them were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Ince, Mrs. Ince looking more beautiful than I have seen her in months, in emerald green with diamonds in her pretty fair hair, while Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lasky occupied the loge with them. Others in attendance—the affair was invitational—were Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Warner, entertaining as their guests Pauline Frederick, in an enormous Paris hat of green, and J. Allen Boone; Bebe Daniels and her mother and Gloria Swanson and her husband, Herbert K. Sornborn, with Elliott Dexter; Louise Glaum, in cloth of silver and black fox furs; Viola Dana, escorted by "Winnie" Sheehan, vice-president of Fox, in the west on a business trip; Lew Cody and Jack Pickford; Allan Dwan; Jeanie MacPherson and her mother; Tony Moreno, with a lovely girl in henna and gold whom I couldn't place; Sir Gilbert and Lady Parker, having as their guest Madame Elinor Glyn; Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Reid in a loge with Mr. and Mrs. William Desmond—both stars' wives beautifully gowned in white; Katherine MacDonald, surrounded by a sea of black evening coats; Mack Sennett, wandering about the lobby with an absent-minded expression; Mary Alden, regal in black velvet

(Continued on page 80)

Pearl White's new script called for a daring dive off shipboard. When she got back to the studio she had to participate in a shower-bath before she could record the damp emotions for the interior scenes. Director Dawley as Jupiter Pluvius.



How to fight the little foes which work to mar your skin

YOUR complexion is surrounded by enemies—

There are wind and cold that dry and dull the unprotected skin. There is that inward enemy that shines the face. There is dust that clogs the pores. There is time.

Each one of these wicked little foes is striving morning, noon and night to ruin your good looks. Be always on your guard against their wiles.

Exposure to wind, cold and dust roughens and coarsens your skin. Skin specialists say that you can protect your complexion from this injury by applying a protective cream before every outing.

For this a special cream is needed, a cream which makes up for the moisture that the cold will whip out; yet a cream which disappears instantly and will not reappear.

Pond's Vanishing Cream is made precisely for this protective use. It has not a bit of oil in it, so it cannot make your face shine. Before you go out, lightly touch your face and hands with Pond's Vanishing Cream.

This will give your skin such perfect protection that it will remain appealingly soft and smooth no matter how much time you spend out of doors.

You never can tell when that



Tiny, deepening lines can be kept at bay with a good oil cream massage



To foil cold, wind and dust, keep your skin protected with a cream without oil

treacherous enemy, an ugly glisten will creep upon you unawares and make you look your worst.

This cannot happen if you powder in such a way that it will last. To stay powdered the right powder foundation is essential. For this as for protection, you need a cream without oil.

Before powdering, rub a tiny bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream on your face. Then notice how smoothly the powder goes on, how natural it looks. It will stay on indefinitely. Until you wash your face it cannot shine again.

Dust is a subtle enemy. When your skin grows dull, loses its clearness, it is simply an announcement that the pores have become clogged deep down with tiny particles of dust.

To remove these you need an entirely different cream from the greaseless cream you need for protection—a cream *with* a good oil base.

Pond's Cold Cream contains just enough oil to work deep into the pores and thoroughly cleanse them.

Before you go to bed and after a train or motor trip, rub Pond's Cold Cream into the pores and wipe it off. You will be shocked at yourself when you see how much dirt you were harboring. Your skin will be so much clearer, so much fairer, that you will be amazed.

Time, too, seems to have a grudge against us. It is busy every minute etching little lines around the eyes and mouth. After these little lines have once formed it is hard indeed to erase them. But you can keep them from forming by giving your skin the right kind of massage. For this as for cleansing you need a cream *with* oil. Pond's Cold Cream is especially made just the consistency to give a perfect massage. Once or twice a week give your skin a good massage with Pond's Cold Cream. In this way you can keep the wretched enemy, Time, at bay!

Neither of these creams fosters the growth of hair or down on the face.

Stop at the drug store or any department store and buy a jar or a tube of each cream. Every normal skin needs both these creams. By the intelligent use of these two creams you can be freed of the fear of the little foes that work to mar the skin.



Before retiring remove the dust that is lodged deep in the pores with a cream with an oil base

Free sample tubes
MAIL THIS COUPON

Pond's Extract Company, 117A Hudson St., New York
Please send me, free, the items checked:

Sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
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Instead of free samples, I desire the larger samples checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:

A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream

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Street.....

City..... State.....

POND'S Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

One with an oil base and one without any oil

(Continued from page 78)

and pearls;—and a lot it's impossible to remember unless you had a note book along.

CONRAD NAGEL is busy stealing some leading lady's thunder by writing a book entitled "Things Directors Have Asked Me To Do."

Having worn his hair down over his collar until it was almost long enough to braid, for William de Mille in "What Every Woman Knows," poor Conrad has now been commanded to grow a moustache for the forthcoming Elsie Ferguson picture, "Sacred and Profane Love."

And since it is his first offense, he declares that every hair has a meaning all its own—or at least a direction, and the ultimate effect resembles nothing so much as a good bird's nest gone wrong.

But in the meantime, Mr. Nagel has scored a tremendous hit at the Hollywood Community Theater in Stephen Phillips' poetic drama, "Paolo and Francesca." His work and that of Helen Jerome Eddy, who plays opposite him, and of Ann Forrest, who here makes her first appearance on the speaking stage, has received the highest commendation both from critics and the public.

NOBODY seems prepared to state positively, but everybody seems to have their own ideas on the subject, most of them affirmative—that Pauline Frederick may soon become the bride of one of the high officials of the organization which is now starring her.

The well known little bird has certainly been busy, ever since Miss Frederick and this gentleman, a person of importance and, incidentally, as handsome as most leading men, began to be seen so constantly together.

Polly's marriage to Willard Mack, a most unhappy affair for the screen star, was recently terminated.

Certainly, if it should be true, the film colony is more than ready with congratulations for the lucky man and best wishes for the lady, who is one of its best-loved daughters.

ONE of the most popular and charming plays in Manhattan right now is Clare Kummer's newest comedy, "Rollo's Wild Oat," in which Roland Young has the principal part. Prominent in the cast is Dore Davidson, who played the father in "Humoresque." Davidson has the role of a typical theatrical producer and at a point in the play, discussing the stage and the screen, delivers himself of this speech:

"On the stage, actors can disappoint a manager at the last minute. But on the screen, whether they are sick or dead, they're working for you all the time!"



Three guesses—who is the principal peach in this basket? Right: Mac Murray, of course. Please, Mrs. Leonard, let us see you in just one picture in which you do not appear surrounded by all those extraordinary and extravagant effects you seem to be going in for nowadays.

PEARL WHITE is one star that other stars seem to like.

Next to Mary Pickford, whom every other woman in films adores, Pearl seems to have the most admirers among those in her own profession.

The other day a very well-known and beautiful celluloid personage was talking about Miss White.

"If people knew how good she was to everyone she comes in contact with, they would admire her all the more," declared the lady. "Why, I know myself she is sending the children of her servants through school. She has a heart so big she can't hide it any place. And she never tells anyone about it, either."

WATCH "Buster" Collier. This only son of the celebrated comedian, William Collier, is, some day, going to be one of the great American actors or we don't know an embryo genius when we see one.

He plays an important part in Catherine Calvert's new picture, "The Heart of Maryland." While the Tom Terris company was down in Natchez, Mississippi, for exteriors for the picture, he was the leading light in an entertainment given by the members of the Vitagraph cast to the citizens of the southern city who treated them so royally. Buster proved himself a tragic actor, an acrobat of the Keaton-Chaplin class, and an all-around dramatic asset. He's still getting letters from the sub-debs of Natchez. Some producer ought to sign young Collier to a life contract right now, before all the other producers get wise to his talents.

SPEAKING of "The Heart of Maryland": The beautiful Catherine Calvert plays the part Mrs. Leslie Carter made famous. Ben Lyons and Buster Collier, two young men not quite twenty, are in her support. They called her "Mother" Calvert around the studio and all the visitors, hearing them, would look around for a decrepit character woman to answer the call. Miss Calvert has

a little son of her own, and all boys just naturally seem to take to her.

ALICE JOYCE has the right idea. She stops work at exactly four o'clock every afternoon and serves tea on the set to all members of her company.

IT must have been more or less of a surprise to Fraulein Pola Negri, somewhere in Central Europe, to hear of her astounding success in celluloid in the United States. Her picture, "Passion," originally called "Du Barry" until First National got hold of it, broke the world's entertainment record in its two weeks run at the Capitol Theater, in New York. The first day of the run, a Sunday, 21,000 admissions were paid

and the "takings" for the day were \$12,000. The week's gross totaled over \$55,000. In the two weeks' engagement 350,000 people saw it. Other thousands were turned away. On the strength of this hit, the leading woman of the photoplay has been signed by a company to leave Germany and come to this country to make more pictures.

WILFRED BUCKLAND, who for six years was the art director for Lasky, in that period having a very great deal to do with the artistic success of the deMille and other Paramount pictures, is now a producer. He is associated with Allan Dwan in Los Angeles, and Dwan will present the Buckland Productions.

HERBERT BRENON has become Norma Talmadge's permanent director. This should insure at least a degree of originality in Norma's pictures which for a year or two has been sadly lacking. The first fruit of the Brenon-Talmadge combination will probably be "The Passion Flower." "The Sign on the Door" and "The Garden of Allah" are also scheduled.

MOLLIE McCONNELL, a veteran actress of the stage and screen, died in Los Angeles recently. She was a popular portrayal of "mother" and grande dame roles.

MILDRED MARSH, a younger sister of Mae Marsh, was married in Los Angeles recently. The groom is Ygnacio John Forest, a scion, as they say, of "one of the oldest Spanish families in California." Mildred is very young and very blonde. Sounds just like a movie romance.

"HOOT" GIBSON, driving his new Packard racer over a mountain road near Hollywood that is rather thickly settled, had the misfortune to hit a garage door, with results to the door that would have

(Continued on page 88)

"IT'S FREEMAN'S" in Milady's Boudoir



To attract, to be admired, to possess that subtle charm that thrills and fascinates those about her—all are sought by Milady in the preparation of her toilette.

And "It's Freeman's" that lends itself so successfully to her wishes.

Forty years of manufacturing, of constant refining and improving, have brought Freeman's Face Powder to a degree of perfection excelled by none, regardless of price.

At all toilet counters or send
5 cents for miniature box

THE FREEMAN
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50 cts

in SQUARE cornered box

Guaranteed to contain double the quantity of former round cornered 25c box

Freeman's FACE POWDER



Why-Do-They Do-It

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, that was stupid, unlife-like, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.



A Convenient Location

IN George Walsh's picture, "From Now On," the business begins on the East Side of Manhattan, amid garlic, back-alleys, tenements, and descendants of Dante. The inevitable chase starts, and prominent in the background as the sole embellishment of a vacant lot stands a huge storage tank. The scene shifts to Pittsburgh, where another chase is in order and another character is eliminated in a vacant lot, the sole embellishment of which is the same old huge storage tank!

BERNARD J. O'BRIEN, Pittsburgh, Pa.

That's The New York Idea

IS Alice Brady on a diet? In "The New York Idea" she told Lowell Sherman she was so awfully hungry—and when the food appeared, took a little nibble of one of the sandwiches and then watched Lowell eat his.

AGNES N., Kansas City, Mo.

Just So He Got His Number

IN "Go and Get It," J. Barney Sherry is seen speaking to his friend across the street by telephone. J. Barney Sherry is using a Parisian telephone, while his friend across the way is using an American phone.

J. R. MAINE, Pawtucket, R. I.

What's A Little Thing Like That?

IN "The Iron Heart" the weak spots in the scenario comes when Madlaine Traverse turns on the faithful and long-suffering hero and calls him a spy. Someone sent her a forged note telling her the hero was against her. The hero, in the preceding reel, had mailed her a charming epistle. The billet-doux and the forged letter were written in exactly the same hand, though one came from the hero and the other from the villain!

WILL W. WHALEN, Orrtanna, Pa.

Knockout A La Film

IN "The Penalty," the secret service lady, unable to get out of the house of "Blizzard," throws a note from the window to another operative, a man weighing at least two hundred pounds, who pockets the note and walks away. A few steps, and he walks right into the arms of about the worst-looking wreck of humanity I have ever seen: a poor, underfed fellow who seems to weigh all of one hundred pounds, who takes the note away from the fat "bull" and pulls him into a hole in the wall and that ends the episode!

M. R. S., Chicago, Ill.

Something Else to Think About

GLORIA SWANSON as the heroine in "Something to Think About," is seen washing clothes in an old-fashioned wooden tub filled with soap-suds. The hero comes along while she is thus engaged and together they fondly gaze into the tub where their images are reflected in pure sparkling water!

MINNA B., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Movie Millions

IN "Wanted at Headquarters," the thieves steal ten million—\$10,000,000—which is carried in one-third of a box car. The heroine sends the ten million back in two trucks. Yet it took the American Express Company more than ten trucks to move much less.

J. W., New York City.

Probably

BILL HART is seen as an officer of the law in "The Cradle of Courage." The first scene shows him with the shield—or star—of his authority reposing gently upon his right breast. In another scene the shield is over his heart. It is our opinion that officers of the law as a matter of custom or rule wear the badge of authority upon the left breast. Perhaps Bill saw the error of his ways and switched to a regular "cop" before it was too late. What say?

J. C. KEESBERRY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Bally Blunder, Eh Wot?

IN Bert Lytell's photoplay, "The Price of Redemption," a scene in British India is shown with the British soldiers wearing spiked helmets a la Hun. And in the final fadeout, the little son of the English arm officer and his English wife is seen in a white sailor suit with an American eagle very plainly embroidered on the sleeve.

CYRIE UPTON, Detroit, Michigan.



Santa Claus' Rival

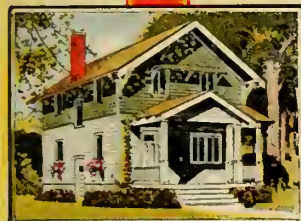
IN Episode II of the serial, "The Third Eye," one of the "victims," who had been tied, managed to escape. His only means of getting out of the building is through the fireplace and up through the chimney. A close-up shows the soot falling down the chimney, meaning that the victim was escaping, and a shot was fired up the chimney just too late to reach its mark. Later on, he climbs down the chimney, reaching the ground with a perfectly spotless white shirt, and clean hands and face!

LLOYD E. IRELAND,

Los Angeles,
California.

Aladdin

Readi-Cut HOMES



Built for \$1000 Less

30% Saved on Labor—18% Saved on Lumber



This is the pleasant and satisfying experience of Mr. C. M. Hissong, of LaGrange, Indiana, who recently wrote as follows: "I am the owner of an Aladdin Readi-cut house, the Plaza, and I am certainly more than satisfied. The carpenters in this place,—those who did not help me, as well as those who did,—said they never saw better material. I have worked a great deal at carpentering myself and I never before worked such fine material,—not a crooked or twisted piece in the lot. Everything was cut-to-fit and went together without a hitch, and this saving in time was a big item. Two others and myself put up the frames, sheathed the entire building and put on the shingles in 14 days. I know I saved over \$1,000 by buying an Aladdin Readi-cut house instead of buying at home. If I were to build either one or a hundred houses, they would all be Readi-cut and bought of the Aladdin Company."

We have thousands of letters from satisfied owners of Aladdin Readi-cut Homes who have had the same experience as Mr. Hissong. No matter where you live, there is an Aladdin Readi-cut owner near you, to whom we will gladly refer.

Dollar-a-Knot Quality

Aladdin "Dollar-a-Knot" guarantee means lumber of the highest quality. Knotless lumber,—the cleanest and clearest that comes out of the forest, is the kind that Aladdin Homes are made of. This is evidenced by our famous "Dollar-a-Knot" Guarantee, which has now been in effect for over 5 years. Better quality lumber does not grow. Highest grade paints, hardware, doors, windows, mill work, etc., are all included with every Aladdin Home. The same grade,—the best,—is furnished for the small as well as for the large Aladdin designs.

Aladdin Homes Cut-to-Fit

The Aladdin book of Homes has a message for you. Amongst its pages are shown, profusely illustrated in colors, many leading home designs. Aladdin Homes are cut-to-fit, as follows: Lumber, mill-work, floors, outside and inside finish, doors, windows, shingles, lath and plaster, hardware, locks, nails, paints, varnishes. This material is all shipped to you in a sealed box car, complete, ready to erect. Safe arrival of the complete material, in perfect condition, is guaranteed. Send today for a copy of the beautifully illustrated book, "Aladdin Homes" No. 142.

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This Aladdinette

is really an apartment that separated itself from other apartments and became a house in itself. The desirable features of both are combined.

The convenience of properly arranged, expertly proportioned rooms which are typical of the apartment, together with the privacy of the detached home and freedom of yard lawns, constitute the features that make for the popularity of the Aladdinette.

There are many individual designs of Aladdinettes,—something to please each individual requirement in size, style and price. And the amount you would have to pay for rent this year and next will more than pay for the entire cost of one of these most desirable homes. By the use of a modern kitchenette, wasteful dining room space is eliminated. By the use of Murphy wall beds, floor space serves a double purpose.

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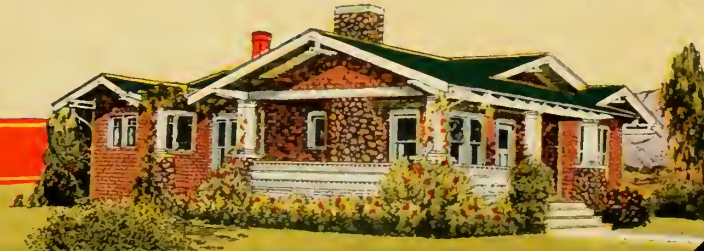
Enclosed find stamps for the book "ALADDIN HOMES" No. 142.

Name

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No More Spilled Powder

NO more mussing of your gown or bag with "loose" powder, spilled from vanity case or puff. Face Powder Jonteel Compacts stop all this waste and annoyance.

These ready-to-use toilet conveniences are beginning to replace loose powder, even on the dressing table. Plump discs of alluring, fragrant powder, having a peculiar "body" which makes it cling to the skin caressingly—removing the "shine" perfectly, and not easily blowing or brushing off.

And the subtle shades in which it comes. You get the magic effect of your own individual coloring made flawless.

Jonteel Compacts come in two sizes—an unusually generous 50c one, for the hand bag or vanity case, and a larger \$1 size, especially for the toilet table. Stop at the nearest Rexall Store today, and pick out your shade



Rouge You Can't Detect

COMPACTS of color for every complexion. Choice of three wonderfully life-like tints, each imparting a charming, rose-petal velvetiness.

Ask for Jonteel Powder and Rouge Compacts only at a Rexall store. They are obtainable nowhere else.

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are an organization of 10,000 progressive retail drug stores, throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain, united for a world-wide service.

Perfumed with the Wonderful New Odor of 26 Flowers



WHITE
Powder for the very fair complexion



FLESH
Powder for skins that have color



OUTDOOR
Powder matches the sun- or wind-colored skins



BRUNETTE
Powder for the darker complexions



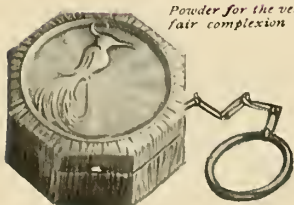
LIGHT
Rouge for the fair-skinned girl



MEDIUM
The popular rouge for general use



DARK
Rouge for the red-bronzed type



SMART VANITY CASE

Exactly the right size to hold a compact of Powder or Rouge Jonteel. In repousse silver finish, decorated with the quaint Jonteel bird. Complete with compact, \$1—less than half its value. (In Canada, Jonteel prices are slightly higher.)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS



YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, 25 W. 45th St., New York City.

DASQUALE, CONN.—Why should I bother about high prices? I haven't any money to spend. Elmo Lincoln is forty-one years old. His real name is Otto Elmo Linkenhelt. He was born in Rochester, New York. Eddie Polo is thirty-one. Married.

RUBY JENNINGS.—If you will write to the editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for an appointment I am sure he will be glad to see you. Or write to me, or just drop in to see me. The door is wide open to you any time. Don't forget.

CONSUÉLO, CUBA.—Did you have a nice New Year? You are so modest in your requests, Connie—don't mind if I call you that, do you? You just want Wally Reid's picture in every part he ever played, that's all. It isn't so surprising that Mr. Reid didn't answer your gimme letter, but write him at the Lasky studio in Hollywood and try again. Dorothy Dalton is now working in the west same studio as Mr. Reid.

LUCY.—Frank Craig in Black-n's "Life's Greatest Problem" as played by John Goldsworthy. Now don't all write and ask me when John Galsworthy went into pictures. Following is the cast of his picture: *Big Steve Reardon*, Mitchell Lewis; *Alice Webster*, Ruby deRemer; *Little Lefty*, Gus Alexander; *Mrs. Craig*, Ida Darling; *Miriam Craig*, Helen Ferguson; *John Craig*, John P. Wade; *Dick Craig*, Eugene Strong; *Shipyard Superintendent*, Jack Martin; *Secretary to Craig*, Bernard Randall; *Wilkins*, Aubrey Beattie.

L. E. T., CONN.—You would like to go to pictures. Well, are you asking me for information, or just confiding in me? In either case I have absolutely nothing to say. Jack Perrin is about 25. Address him Universal City, Cal. Dorothy Wilbert in "La Lucille."

MISS FITZGERALD, OMAHA.—Norma Talmadge is a brunette. What is more, she

has always been a brunette. Except when she wears a blonde wig once in a while to put over a characterization before the camera. Oh, I think you would know Norma and Constance if you saw them on the street. But they haven't been in Omaha.

FRANCES RYERSON.—Why don't you give your address when you want me to write you a personal letter? I will be only too pleased to answer all your questions if you'll send me a stamped self-addressed envelope. I dislike heartily to hand myself anything, but I daresay if it's a question appertainin'

married to Wallace Beery. Don't know Gloria's age but it isn't much.

N. G., TENN.—I suppose so many people go in for a literary career because it is so easy to be bad at it. I won't say that that was what guided me but it's as good an excuse as any, and I certainly need an excuse. Dustin Farnum is married but his wife doesn't appear in pictures. Holmes E. Herbert is forty-eight years old; he won't give any information as to his matrimonial status, but when a man says nothing he usually means perhaps—do we not?

Y. H., TAFT, CAL.—Don't call me dear, dear man. Especially when you have nothing to tell me except that you heard Bill Farnum has been married four times and divorced three times. So sorry to disillusion you, but my good friend Mr. Farnum has only been married once, and divorced never. His wife is Olive White, an actress who is not appearing professionally now. They have a little daughter.

A. M., FORT WORTH.—Shades of Whitman, Wilde, and William Shakespeare! Next time, please, put your queries in prose. I got so mixed in my metre I'm not sure I know what you asked me. Dick Barthelmess is an American. Bessie Love is 22. Colleen Moore has one brown and one blue eye. Honest! Alma Rubens has black hair and brown eyes. Bebe Daniels weighs 123 pounds. Farewell, fair muse.

HELEN RIEGEL, OWATONNA, MINN.—The only address I have for Victoria Forde is in care of her husband, Tom Mix, at the Fox studios, Hollywood. The Talmadge sisters work in their own studio at 318 East 48th Street, New York city.

LULUBELLE.—Cuba, I should say, was discovered about July 1, 1910. Of course. I may be wrong. Blanche Sweet is twenty-six. Alice Joyce, thirty. Matt Moore opposite Miss Sweet in "The Unpardonable Sin." Here is the cast of "Sand:" Dan



Street photographer to moving picture star—
"Take yer pitcher fer a dime, lady?"

to the films, I can answer it. Anyway, write to me again.

C. B. M., IDAHO.—Why should I try to cure my bad habits? With all the Blue Laws, it will be done for me. Gloria Swanson is her real name—that is, it was her real name until she married Herbert Sornborn. There's a Gloria H. now. Her father is Captain Swanson. She was formerly

(Continued)

Kurrie, William S. Hart; Margaret Young, Mary Thurman; Joseph Garber, G. Raymond Nye; Josie Kirkwood, Patricia Palmer; Pete Beckett, William Patton; Jim Kirkwood, Lon Poff; Pop Young, Hugh Sackson.

MISS G. D. M., CANADA.—So you're coming to New York? Well, well. And you want to know the quickest way to get to the Capitol Theater, reputed the largest in the world (in New York). I'd advise you to wear a wider skirt. But if you don't want to do that, consult the directory and then take a taxicab. Surely, call on me while you're here. I nearly always answer my phone. Marguerite Courtot in Pathe serial, "Bound and Gagged." Mary Miles Minter isn't married. William Farnum supported by Louise Lovely in "The Last of the Duanees." Louise is now .. star.

MISS CHARLIE.—Very glad indeed to hear from you, even though you do surmise I'd make an ideal mate for a school-teacher. I can't even support myself, Miss Charlie. What's your real name—Charlotte? Charles Ray was born in 1891, in Jacksonville, Ill. He made his first stage appearance in 1913; his screen debut in 1915.

B. L., NORTH DAKOTA.—The reason your question was not answered was because it was attended to under some other item. There are many who want to know the same things, Blanche. So don't be snappish, old dear. Enid Bennett was born in Australia. She is married to Fred Niblo, the director. Miss Bennett is soon to have her own company but Paramount is still releasing a few of her pictures which she made when with the Ince-Paramount organization: One of them is called, "Her Husband's Friend." There—does that smooth your ruffled feathers?"

EDNA.—So you passed my office this morning and looked up. Thank you, Edna—thank you very much. I shall always remember that. Frank Mayo may be reached at Universal City, Cal. Frank's wife is suing him for divorce right now, I believe. Her name is Joyce Moore Mayo. No relation to Tom, Owen, Matt and Joe. (I beat you to it that time.)

ANSWER MAN ADMIRER.—Ah, at last—I have an Admirer! Now I feel I am entitled to a new swivel chair and one of those lovely quill pens. Wouldn't you be thrilled, Dear Admirer, to get a letter signed

by me with one of those lovely quill pens? Of course, maybe they are not made to be used—I don't know. Lillian Hall played in Tourneur's picturization of J. Fenimore Cooper's "The Last of the Mohicans." Barbara Bedford is Cora in the same production. Faire Binney lives at 212 East 63rd Street, New York City, with her mother and her sister, Constance. Ward Crane, care Allan Dwan Productions, Los Angeles, Cal.

but that was before I got your letter, so I couldn't give him the good wishes of his home-town—and yours. Why don't you write to Mr. Woods at the Lasky studio in Hollywood? He's a mighty fine chap and I am sure he would appreciate your taking the trouble to drop him a line. David Powell is in England now.

C. B. H., VERMONT.—Most people who follow the races find themselves a long way behind. But there's no use my giving you advice. Advice is like some of the Christmas gifts I received: given with a good will but never used. You should see the crocheted toothbrush-holders and the telephone pads and the cigars I got. After you unwrapped the lovely holly paper and the beautiful gold cord and took off the greeting tag there was nothing to 'em at all. Albert Roscoe was Gabriel in Fox's "Evangeline."

ELIZABETH.—I thought we had settled the question for once and for all, but it seems not. I assure you that no perfect lady could answer all these questions—and remain a lady. I assure you my stenographer wouldn't stay here for a moment if the calm conductor of this department were an Answer Lady, not an Answer Man. My stenographer says she just can't bear to work for a woman—they're too particular. So, Elizabeth—or may I call you Betty?—so, Betty, you are all wrong. Address it to the Answer Man, next time. Monte Blue is about thirty and he says he isn't married. Mary Miles Minter is eighteen. Bryant Washburn is thirty-one. The Gish - Talmadge nuptials are on page 59.



Drawn by C. W. Anderson

"All in the Day's Work"

LOUISE, LAFAYETTE.—Louise Fazenda comes from your town and I believe she is visiting there as I write this. You doubtless saw her. Kenneth Harlan opposite Viola Dana in "The Microbe." I am not a woman-hater. There's no such animal.

BOBBIE.—You say I once intimated that writing was a thankless job, but that it is not true in your case, as everything you write is returned with thanks. Just keep on, Bobbie, and someday the magazines may change their rejection slips to a less courteous but probably more sincere way of putting it. Clark Marshall played Harry Dean in "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come." Wanda Hawley, Realart studios, Hollywood, Cal.

S. L. M., ERIE, PA.—Well, I saw Frank Woods when he was in New York last,

RHODODENDRON.—I have a horrid feeling that that word is misspelled. But I wouldn't for worlds look it up. A dictionary spells death to an artistic temperament like mine. (There—I've been down to that awful Greenwich Village again.) They say Bill Russell is soon to marry Helen Ferguson. They are engaged, for Helen wears a very prominent diamond ring on the appropriate finger. Katherine MacDonald is her real name—Katherine's, I mean, not Helen's.

R. B., FLORIDA.—No, no, Roscoe Arbuckle isn't dead. He is in Europe. This is not intended to be humorous. His latest Paramount picture in five reels is "Brewster's Millions." Al St. John is Fatty's nephew.

FERN.—Florence Lawrence is soon to return to the screen. She went to California to become the (Continued on page 124)



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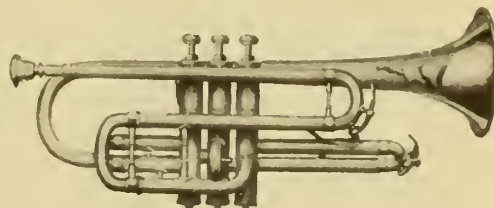
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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 80)

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Remember, if not pleased your money will be returned.



A more or less private showing of an educational film in three reels by Robert Schable and his bibulous cane, a modern weapon which has made tipping a fine art in spite of the Eighteenth Amendment.

done justice to a machine gun. Of course, it was dark, and Hoot certainly meant no harm, being at the moment exceedingly well pleased with the world and at peace with all mankind. For the time being, he had even forgotten the 18th Amendment.

Therefore he was surprised, not to say hurt, when the owner of the garage appeared belligerently and protested vigorously.

"What the ——— is the matter with you, you gosh-darned idiot?" yelled the owner irascibly.

"My dear sir," said Hoot with great dignity, "There is nothing the matter with me—nothing. But I would like to ask you what the deuce your garage door is doing way out in the middle of the road like that, and why you have two garage doors where there is only one garage?"

And feeling he had conclusively settled the matter, Hoot climbed back into the roadster and went on his way rejoicing.

But we do hear, poor Hoot had to pay for at least one of the garage doors, though we don't know which one.

THE small son of an executive attached to one of the more prominent and prosperous film companies was being escorted on his first trip to a motion picture studio. His father led him by the hand into one of the huge stages and pointed about impressively.

"Here, my son," he said, "are the movies."

"Huh!" snorted the youngster, "where's the vaudeville?"

PASSERSBY stopped and looked and laughed at a sign over a Broadway picture house this month. It read:

"Behold My Wife and Bert Lytell."

SOMETIMES predictions come true. Ours, that Miss Jean Paige was to become Mrs. Albert E. Smith, proved entirely correct, for the young lady was united in marriage to Vitagraph's president at a nice, quiet, informal ceremony performed at the home of her parents in Paris, Illinois. Miss Paige's real name is—or was—Lucile O'Hare. She is very popular in studio circles for her simple charm and dignity and both she and her husband have the good wishes of everybody.

Plays and Players

(Continued)

ELSIE FERGUSON, who left New York to work in the Lasky studio in Hollywood, is said to have sent a telegram to her director, William D. Taylor, just before her departure. "Am looking forward to 'Sacred and Profane Love,'" it read.

And then all the wags said they hoped Miss Ferguson didn't believe all those things they say about the Hollywood film colony.

PARIS went wild over Fatty Arbuckle. From the time he landed until he sailed for home, he was dined and wined and feted, for the French took to him in portly person as readily as they take to his pictures. Roscoe went well in London, too; and to show his appreciation gave a dinner at the Hotel Savoy which was attended by 150 notables.

NAZIMOVA has temporarily shelved the production of "Aphrodite" and will do "Camille" next instead. It is said that despite the assertions of Los Angeles' Chamber of Commerce, the weather in Hollywood is not quite clement enough to insure complete comfort to the dramatic participants in such a summery tale as "Aphrodite." Alla will make it sooner or later, however.

SAN FRANCISCO'S "Four Hundred" did a little extra work the other day. They appeared in the Monte Carlo scenes of Universal's new von Stroheim picture, "Foolish Wives." Carl Laemmle, in return for their services, gave them \$5,000 to be used for charitable purposes.

LOUISE HUFF is the mother of a little son. She will not return to the screen before spring. She married, you know, a New York millionaire, Edwin Stillman. Mary Louise, her little four-year-old daughter by a former marriage, is much interested and not a bit jealous of the new arrival.

FRANCES MARION, looking more charming than ever, has returned to New York from a season in California, where she directed Mary Pickford. Miss Marion's husband came east with her—he's Fred Thompson, whom you will see in Little Mary's picture that Frances directed, "The Love Light." Marion Davies will be the next star to be directed by Miss Marion, who says she has put on the puttees for good.

CECIL DEMILLE decided to film "The Affairs of Anatole." Everybody was glad, for deMille gathered together in one cast such stars as Gloria Swanson, Wallace Reid, Wanda Hawley, Bebe Daniels, Raymond Hutton, Theodore Roberts, and Agnes Ayres. He enlisted the scenario services of Jeanie MacPherson, Elmer Harris, and other experts. And then—

We can barely write it—he changed the title of "The Affairs of Anatole"—Arthur Schnitzler's world-renowned play—to "Five Kisses!"

NOW that Constance Talmadge has settled down to a happily wedded existence, and her inseparable chum Dorothy Gish has decided to have one leading man for life, James Rennie; and Dick Barthelmess has been married to Mary Hay for some months now, and Alice Brady and James Crane are as devoted as ever, and Justine Johnstone and her husband Walter Wanger still wrapped up in each other—what in the world will the rumor-hounds and the gossip-lovers have to talk about, in the eastern studio colony, at least?



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A CLEAR, radiant, youthful complexion, what else but health can produce it? Health is the originator of charm, the handmaid to beauty, the basis of personal attractiveness. The texture of your skin, the brightness of your eyes and the sheen and lustre of your hair, all depend upon your physical well-being. Truly, the fastidious woman watches her health. She is careful to see that her bodily organs function properly, particularly those organs that eliminate waste from the body. If these do not act regularly and thoroughly, poisons are formed, absorbed by the blood and carried to every body cell. These poisons are the most common cause of unattractiveness. Facial blemishes, muddy skin and sallowness are all traceable to them. Nujol has been found by many women to be an invaluable aid to a clear, radiant complexion. It encourages the bowels to daily evacuations, thus keeping the body free of those toxins that mar the skin and endanger health.

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Plays and Players

(Continued)

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Here's an idea. Whenever you want to portray a character, take tips from the real article. Roscoe Arbuckle brought a baby on the set the day he played an infant, and was able to assume the expression of complete juvenility you see here.

MADGE KENNEDY played in four roles at the same time last month.

She was enacting a dual role in her new stage play, "Cornered," at the Astor Theater on Broadway; and at the same time playing two parts in her Goldwyn picture, "The Girl with the Jazz Heart," at the Capitol, several blocks up the Great White Way.

IF you don't think those serial stunts are the real thing, go and talk to Charles Hutchinson.

He's Pathe's daredevil serial artist; and while he was hanging from a cliff or something he fell and broke his arm, ruffled his disposition, and barely escaped breaking his neck. He's all right now—in fact, he's doing a re-take on that scene right now. Says he's sorry he spoiled it.

PEARL WHITE went to Bermuda on location in December. She was assured when she left New York that she would be able to return to eat Christmas dinner in Bayside.

But the "Victoria" sailed from Bermuda December 22, at noon—while Miss White was finishing her last scene. She arrived at the dock too late to get aboard. Majors Kitchensner and Heming, of the British Air Service, came to her rescue with an offer to take her to sea in a monoplane and set

her aboard the vessel. Miss White accepted, and eight miles out at sea the "Victoria" was overtaken. Pearl did a real old-fashioned serial stunt when she climbed down the air-craft rope ladder to a life-boat from which she boarded the liner. And—she ate Christmas dinner at Bayside, and drank to the health of her gallant rescuers.

MORE than two thousand people take part in scenes for Marshall Neilan's new picture, "Bob Hampton of Placer." The story deals with Indian uprising in Montana and Wyoming, some time after the Civil War. Neilan took Marjorie Daw, Wesley Barry, Pat O'Malley and many other actors up to Glacier Park for important scenes.

A LITTLE old lady and her seventeen-year-old grandson were watching Fox's "Over the Hill." When the scenes with the dog were shown, the old lady asked, "What kind of a dog is that? He's real cute."

Grandson hastened to supply the information. "That's a Dalmation hound," he explained importantly.

"Dear me!" gasped his grandmother. "think of calling a nice dog like that a damnation hound!"

Plays and Players

(Continued)

WHY will famous stars try so hard to be their own director, scenario writer, cutter and title-writer?

A popular young man left the organization which had made him famous to star on his own. The first thing everybody knew, he was writing his own titles. Now he is directing himself.

One of the greatest lady-stars in the business attends to even the details of all her productions. Not content to be merely the leading player, she must actually do everything except turn the crank of the camera.

And nobody—not even their good friends—can tell the stars that they are making a mistake. They will go on dissipating their genius until—well, perhaps the public will have a way of stopping them. The public is, after all, the final critic and consumer.

IT is said in studio circles that Leatrice Joy, who played in "Bunty Pulls the Strings," is to marry Jack Gilbert, director. At any rate, Miss Joy is wearing a diamond on the correct finger and neither of the parties has denied the engagement.

ELINOR GLYN became famous as the author of "Three Weeks." So it seems particularly appropriate that her first original story for the screen should be called "Her Great Moment."

RATTLING the skeleton: Tom Terriss, the director, used to tour the country as "Scrooge" in Dickens' "The Christmas Carol." And he gave a very good performance, too.

IRENE CASTLE is returning to pictures at the head of her own company. She will be seen in four photoplays this year, and will work part of the time in California.

WE are thinking of offering a prize for the most original spelling of the name of Constance Talmadge's husband.

In the newspapers and journals, after the wedding, it appeared variously as:

John Pioglo;
John Pigalo;
John Pailoglu;
John Pialoglo.

We have it on pretty authentic information that the last is the correct way of spelling it.

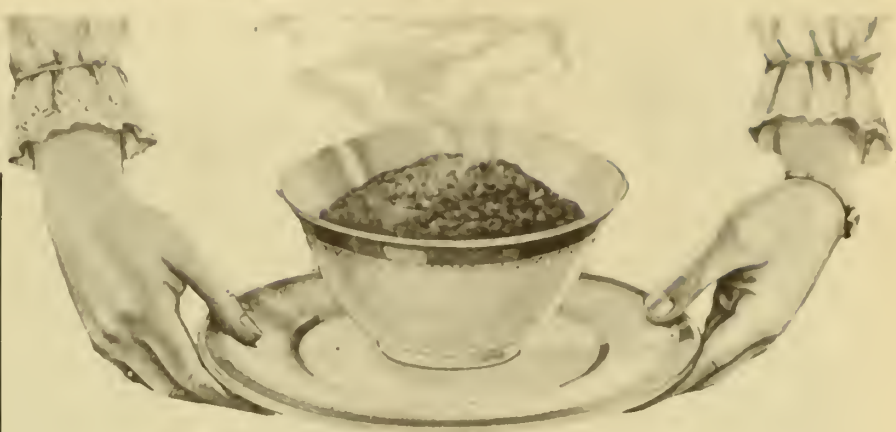
DORIS KENYON, who left the silver-sheet to be "The Girl in the Limousine" in a Broadway theater, comes back to pictures as the heroine of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," for Cosmopolitan, under Frank Borzage's direction.

MARY and Doug may not go to Europe in the spring, after all. They have two pictures apiece to finish before they leave. Fairbanks is now working on an original story, by himself, called "The Nut," and after that he is going to do "The Virginian."

WILL ROGERS was known as a crack rope thrower before he ever became an actor.

The other day he was practicing on the Goldwyn studio lot when a little Chinese boy who was working on another set, came along. Rogers turned and threw his rope at the kid, neatly missing him by a fraction of an inch. The boy chuckled and called out derisively:

"Golly, but you're a rotten rope thrower!" (Continued on page 122)



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didn't give him a chance to ring off by parleying, but announced immediately my intention of complying with his proposition of the house and lot, the augmented income and the hand of the lady with the prominent teeth.

My father was almost cordial. "I shall expect you in ten minutes" he told me. In thirty minutes I was between the sheets of the same bed in the same room that had been my prison from my earliest recollections. I was looked upon as the prodigal returned. The proverbial calf was served in my honour and I was feted as never in my life before. At the end of the week I commenced my strategic campaign.

Coming home from the bank one evening I complained of a violent headache. I refused my dinner and went to bed early. The next morning I was worse, but insisted on dragging my feeble steps to the bank. Day by day my sufferings increased. I became haggard and correspondingly undemonstrative to the lady of my father's choice. Now and then I affected a wild manner and occasionally when we were alone together I hinted at murders, black and horrible.

At first she humoured me, suggesting to my mother that the waiting for her hand was stirring my emotional depths too profoundly and that it might be well for her to take up residence in the house until the wedding so that I might have her constantly in my sight.

My mother for once showed a certain amount of discrimination. She did not favor the idea.

Finally, after a particularly blood-curdling recital of one or another of my fantasies, my fiancée became alarmed for my sanity, while a note from the manager of the bank to my father, relative to my recent peculiarities there, clinched the argument. "Much as she loved me," she declared, "it would be unfair to the next generation and to herself to unite in the holy bonds of matrimony with a lunatic. She returned the very fine engagement ring that my father had bought to seal our betrothal and told me that, alas, she could never be mine. My mother and father were furious, but later their real alarm made itself evident. They called in three or four doctors and a couple of absolutely idiotic looking alienists.

They all agreed on the diagnosis. I was suffering from nervous strain. I had some secret sorrow on my mind, I was fighting some ancient inhibition, my subconscious mind was driving out the I that was I; they had a lot of other ways of expressing that I was a splendid subject for Mr. Freud or Carl Jung, but one and all they declared that the cause of the trouble must be removed—or—.

My plan was working even better than I had dared to hope.

On the advice of the most expensive of the doctors my father obtained leave of absence for me from the bank. I took me to my bed and prepared to fade away. After a

month's fading I came to the conclusion that the role of invalid would suit me admirably well till the end of my days. I was quite content with the present. The past and the future held no interest. I almost forgot the original reason for my present state of grace. Alice became a luminous and far away memory. I really had no further desire as far as she was concerned. I only wanted to be babied and petted, to count the tulips on the wall paper and to spend the time between naps in eating of rare and epicurean viands. However, this sweet solace was not to be of long duration.

My father came to my bedside one day and told me that in view of my ill health, he was willing to make concessions, taking into consideration the fact of my obedience to his recent matrimonial de-

However, I was not to be seriously consulted on the matter. Alice was sent for. Alice arrived.

The marriage was solemnized and we took up our residence, as the local papers had it "at the charming town house on Purgatory Place, the gift of the Bridegroom's father."

I wanted to go away, far away, to some desert or other, to get it over, but Alice and my mother decided that it must be "done" from the house.

For the first week after our marriage I was really happy. I threw out my chest and said to myself, "Now I am free."

It was not long, however, before I discovered that I had merely exchanged one form of slavery for another. I had Alice on the one hand and our neighbors on the other in place of my erstwhile tyrants. Did I want to read in the evenings. I was immediately yanked from my sequestered corner to play bridge, of which I really know less than nothing. Then I had to endure the haughty stares and the icy sniffs of my unfortunate partners when I made a more glaring error than usual. I determined that now I was free I would never enter a church door again. Alice overruled me, saying that people would credit the fact of her having been an actress to my fall from grace. Actress or not, you see, Alice was exceedingly orthodox.

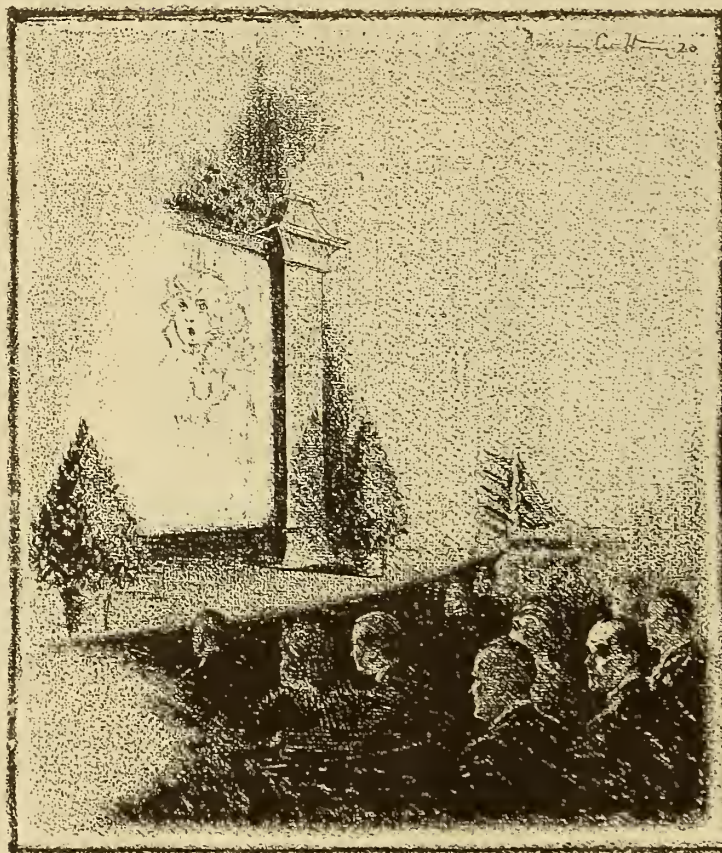
I made up my mind that, now that neither my father nor my mother were in such close vicinity as to interfere with my taste in dress, I would for the first time in my life garb myself as befitted my aesthetic temperament.

I remember my tailor's sending home my first choice, a beautiful new suit of purple hue. I had had it copied from one that the leading man wore in some musical comedy that we had witnessed on our honeymoon. I unpacked the box in joy and trembling. At last I could choose my own clothes. No more black for me, but purple, rich, royal purple.

I put it on and went downstairs to be admired.

My wife gave me one glance and then told me that Hallowe'en fell in October while this was February. Her expression was so peculiar that I went upstairs again and I took it off. If you should happen to be five-feet six inches in height with a chest measurement of forty inches you may have it with pleasure. You will find it hanging in the cupboard of my room, on the very last peg. You cannot miss it. It is purple, bright purple. This episode of the purple suit did more to convince me that the word freedom was never to be applied in its broad sense as far as I personally was concerned, yet it was only indicative of other of my sufferings. If I wanted to go fishing in Maine for a holiday, my wife decided that we should both go to Atlantic City. If I wanted to play a game of billiards at the club Alice sud-

(Continued on page 100)



"Who's the villain in this picture?"

"The man who produced it!"

cree for me. He told me that he and my mother had decided that if my heart were still set on marrying Alice, they would not now refuse their consent. Of course, it would be a terrible blow, but parents only existed for the good of their children and for eternal self-sacrifice. I listened apathetically. I thanked my father, but replied that I did not think that I should live to marry anybody now.

He became amazingly insistent. Marry Alice I should and that at once. He became as determined that I should marry Alice as he had been determined before that I should not marry her. He would give me an even larger house and an even larger tract of land. But as I have already explained by this time the poignancy of my grief had faded considerably and my enthusiasm for Alice paled in comparison with my enthusiasm for the career of an invalid.



The beauty secret of Cleopatra hidden in every cake

How washing your face makes rouge and powder harmless

YOU should not blame your skin imperfections on the rouge and powder you may use. Modern cosmetics are usually harmless enough if applied to a clean skin.

It is only by leaving them on—one application over another—that the damage is done.

Then they combine with dirt, oil secretions and perspiration in an impervious coat. This clogs and poisons the delicate network of pores and glands we call the skin. Coarse texture and ugly blotches are the result.

Wash your face thoroughly once a day with a pure, mild soap and you needn't fear rouge and powder.

Most actresses know this secret, which keeps their complexions fresh, clear and young in spite of the make-up used. It is

really the oldest of beauty secrets, discovered by Cleopatra.

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on the soap*

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Yet, while money can't buy a more satisfactory facial soap, the price of Palmolive keeps it within reach of all.

*Two kinds of faces
to wash*



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For a dry skin

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PALMOLIVE



When the skin is inclined to oiliness wash thoroughly with Palmolive. Use warm water for the actual cleansing, rinse with cold. Apply a little Palmolive cold cream, removing all surplus.

If the skin is dry apply Palmolive cold cream first. Then wash thoroughly with Palmolive soap, using warm water followed with cold. This supplements the natural oil needed to keep the skin smooth and supple. An additional touch of cream may also be applied after washing.

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and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

(Continued from page 52)

of him. It was a mysterious disappearance. There was not a trace of the man.

"Probably a bum who's afraid the cops have something on him and has beat it," the roundsman suggested.

"A brave lad, jist the same," declared Rafferty. "But for the likes of him the fishes would have had me now."

"Never mind about that," urged Sheridan. "Let's get up to that boat house now and fix you up for duty. If the inspector should catch us here, a fine mess of alibis we'd have to frame."

They led the tottering, weak-stomached Mike to the upper floor of the little shack and stripped him. The man down stairs rustled up a drink of whiskey—this was twenty years ago—and they bade Rafferty brace up.

"Llewellyn," directed Sheridan, "get a boy and send him to Mike's home for his other uniform. Tell Mrs. Rafferty that Mike got a wetting. That'll be enough until we get our story straight."

"A fine howdyedo!" he added, as Rafferty, stripped to the skin and shivering, took the proffered drink. "And you call yourself one of New York's finest!"

"I'll take all the blame," insisted Mike between teeth chatters. "You needn't wait any longer—you and Llewellyn. Soon as the clothes come, I'll be right on the job as chipper as a bird."

"Mike, your head ain't straight," Sheridan reminded him. "Don't you understand that I've got to make a report on this—on your being off your beat. And the accident?"

Mike had not thought of that.

"Can't you say that I fell in the water?" he asked.

"But that ain't the point," the sergeant declared with growing irritation. "How am I going to explain about lending you a bicycle for practice while on duty? What explanation have I got for your post being uncovered all this time?"

Rafferty scratched his wet head in perplexity.

"And," suggested Llewellyn, "it'd be pretty soft picking for the newspapers if they found out that a copper had fell off the dock and was saved by a bum!"

"May the Saints preserve us," moaned the patrolman. "Suppose," he suggested, "you dont make any report at all."

"And then," snorted Sheridan, "we'd all be in a fine jamb, if the chief heard about it."

For a few moments one naked policeman and two in uniform gave themselves over to profound thought.

"There's nothing to it, Mike," announced Sheridan finally and authoritatively. "I've thought it all over and—you've got to be a hero. It's the only way out."

Between the salt water and the drink Mike's head was still a little thick. "A hero? And what can I do to show bravery?" he asked.

"You've already done it, you numbskull," declared Sheridan. "You jumped overboard at the risk of your life to save a poor bum. It was as brave a deed as ever decorated the police blotter."

"But I can't swim," protested Mike, after this had soaked in.

"You may think you can't, but you are a hero just the same."

"A fine hero I am, standing here as naked as a jaybird, shivering."

"Right now you are the flower of the police department, Mike. And that goes—understand? Now get the story straight, tell it to Margaret and stick to it. If you weaken, I'll have you transferred to the loneliest post in New York."

"Looks like the only way out," agreed Roundsman Llewellyn, reflectively.

"But what about the tramp, the bum who saved me?" Mike offered as a last defense.

"Never mind about the bum," advised Llewellyn. "A bum never comes back. If he did the word of three officers is better than any of that kind of blackmail."

"Blackmail, ye'd be calling it?" exclaimed Mike.

"That's what it'd be—and nothing else."

"Well, it's all my fault," Rafferty moaned in capitulating. "It don't seem right to be a hero, but I'll do my part if it kills me."

At headquarters next day Eddie Tompkins, on the police run for the News, stumbled across a report turned in by Sergeant Sheridan. But he did not get a beat. Other reporters claimed a share in the item.

Every paper in New York carried the story of a new police hero. There was little doing that day and the reporters splurged on Michael Rafferty. At the risk of his life a patrolman, true to the traditions of the force, unhesitatingly had leaped overboard to save a tramp, an ordinary river front bum. The reporters went a little further than the report—far enough to make the honest-minded Mike ashamed to look his admiring Margaret in the face at breakfast. The tramp after being saved had disappeared without so much as a word of thanks!

The head of the police department—chief he was called in those days—personally congratulated Mike and gave him two days' leave with full pay.

In Rafferty's neighborhood Margaret suddenly became a woman to be looked up to. So often had she related the story of Mike coming home without so much as a word of his heroism and so freely had she exhibited the newspaper clippings that neighboring wives bewailed the lack of ambition on the part of their husbands to get on the police force.

But Mike Rafferty was ill at ease, unhappy. His confidence in Sheridan was absolute. He was not so sure of Llewellyn. Mike well remembered how the roundsman often winked at police violations and had smothered reports on the location of poker, stuss and crap games. He also recalled, uneasily, the occasion when he saw Llewellyn dining with one of the game keepers that he had reported. Still what could he do?

To save the reputation of his friend Sheridan, as well as his own, he would simply have to remain a hero. But for the gnawing at his conscience it might not be so bad, at that.

On his first day off, being cautious by nature, the hero took a swimming lesson.

Returning home in more buoyant spirits Mike found the priest come to his home to bless the little family.

"My boy," said the good father, "the force does itself proud to honor the likes of you. I am just as proud as Margaret."

"It was nothing, Father."

"It was that!" contradicted Margaret. "And I'm tired of you trying to hide your shining light under a bushel measure. That's why ye've never been promoted. . . . Dont you think he might be now, Father?" she asked the priest.

"It would be just and fitting," agreed the pious old man. "But, my boy," he beamed on Mike, "it is much more in the sight of Him above to live a life of humility and self-sacrifice than to gain promotion. You'll have to be blessed for your great deed, my son."

A feeling of utter helplessness came over the wavering Mike. The words of the innocent old priest caused him, for the first

time, to think of the confessional. It terrified him.

Rafferty went back to his post furtively avoiding congratulations of the residents lest he betray himself. There was nothing of intrigue in Mike Rafferty. Blunt and honest by nature his soul grew in rebellion at his future days of deceit. But he could think of no way to loose himself from the binding fetters of heroism.

Even in his weeks of fame Rafferty still dared to hang around the docks. The scene of his deed and consequent painful honors haunted him, and he haunted it. Mike was able to time his visits so as to avoid the roundsman. Avoiding right now was a specialty. He could not afford to be caught off post again. Such is the sense of responsibility that comes with heroism.

One morning the inspector, himself, arrived within five minutes of Mike's return from one of these hookey playing strolls. The brave Rafferty trembled.

"Mike," announced the high ranking officer, slapping the patrolman on the back, "give me your hand. You are in the Hall of Fame!"

"Now, what've I done, Sir?" Rafferty inquired plaintively. To him fame meant trouble.

"Look," bade the inspector. He unfolded a General Order.

The Honor Board had met and awarded to Michael Rafferty the much coveted gold medal of honor for bravery. A special order attached directed the said Rafferty to present himself at the city hall with other heroic policemen and firemen on a day to be set apart for that purpose. On his breast the Mayor would pin the medal.

The pressure, or over pressure, of early newspaper stories had done their work. Sheridan had overplayed his hand.

Once more Mike, now somewhat hardened, weathered the plaudits of an admiring neighborhood and took another upbraiding from Margaret for not asserting his rights. But he was getting used to that now.

At the exact hour when this general order was being given out to the police reporters down at headquarters the troubled Rafferty was sauntering toward the dock with a weather eye on his post. He had observed the old barge again moored to a post. In a moment he was running.

The old barge, laden with lumber, was emitting great clouds of smoke.

"She's afire," Mike decided, "and there's a family living in her hold!"

There was a chance for Officer Rafferty to obliterate his past, he thought, and be a real hero. Mike was not afraid. He reached the edge of the pier, threw aside his club and dived into the water. The force of the dive itself brought him almost to the barge. Thanks to his secret swimming lessons two good strokes covered the rest of the distance. Climbing over the gunwale Rafferty clambered up the pile of lumber, ran back to the hatch from which the black smoke was pouring and allowed himself to drop into what he thought was fire, maybe death. There were people down there. Mike Rafferty, phony hero if you will, was going to save them or die in the attempt. He would yet wear that medal and not be ashamed.

Rafferty dropped into a pile of burning rags. The flames suddenly stirred into activity burned him. His hair and eyebrows were singed, his skin blistered. Half blinded, he staggered to one side, found no fire there and fell, fainting.

People on the dock had seen the brave act of the policeman and came running. Police and fire calls were sent in. When the officers and firemen arrived the smoke was

Heavy, Heavy Hangs Fame

(Continued)



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subsiding. The leaders hurried down the hatch and dragged out Rafferty, almost suffocated. Then everybody laughed—everybody but the police.

The only fire they found was the burning of a few oilered rags.

The inspector, arriving a few minutes late, looked at the suffering Rafferty, but in his glance there was no sympathy. He sniffed disgustedly. To his sophisticated mind it was the old, old case of a framed up fire.

"Staged this for another medal, did you?" he asked. "When the Chief gets this and the newspapers finish up the job of making a tool of the police department you'll be staging a month's suspension, I'm thinking."

That is exactly what Mike got.

A miserable man it was that lay in bed, receiving the ministrations of the devoted Margaret.

"And it's what a poor copper gets for trying to do more than his share," she said to him. "One day they call ye a hero and the next a fool. . . . And," she added accusingly, "ye lay there and take the worst of it either way."

Mike was too bitter for reply.

To be a fake hero was a thing he could suffer alone but to be the laughing stock of the force, as well as the police haters of the underworld, was the breaking point.

Michael Rafferty had a consuming desire to turn right over and not get well.

III

After finishing his story of the medal awards, Eddie Tompkins stopped at the mail rack on his way out of the editorial rooms and found a letter in his pigeon hole addressed in the scrawling hand of a man with stiff fingers.

"Friend Tompkins: I read in the News a long piece about Rafferty a policeman saving a drowning tramp. The whole thing is a lie. I knew you when a little boy up in the home town and I want you to take this thing up. It wasn't no such thing. I was the man and it was me that rescued the policeman. I aint no tramp and its a lie. I am the skipper on a barge and I make the trip from upstate once every two weeks. I thought maybe you would like to write the truth about this thing and thats why I am sending this letter. You can find me on my old scow at the dock where this policeman was supposed to save a tramp. Yours truly,

"SAMUEL SIMMONS."

"Simmons, Simmons?" repeated Eddie, mulling this over.

Gradually he remembered that a man by that name did live in his home town, a river man—shellback, they called him. Eddie tucked the letter in his pocket and went on. He would look into this the next day. If there was a story, the unearthing of a police scandal, he would get the facts first and have it all to himself. Having cut his eye-teeth in the newspaper business, Eddie Tompkins was taking no chances on having some special writer sent to the dock to turn out a big exposure story and get credit for a beat.

The next day young Tompkins found Samuel Simmons on the edge of the dock smoking a pipe. On the deck of the barge nearby a woman was hanging out some washing. Two children were playing about a bin of sand. Eddie recognized the man from his home town instantly.

"Aint that a hell of a thing?" observed Mr. Simmons when Eddie called his atten-

tion to the letter. "Think of a policeman who couldn't swim saying that he had rescued a tramp—all a lie, son. All a lie."

"And they came near getting away with it."

"But the worst part of it," added Mr. Simmons, "they even said the tramp disappeared without a word of thanks. Maybe they tried to make people think he'd committed a crime or something. Son, I was the tramp. I disappeared simply because I went down in the barge, my home, to get myself some dry clothes. When I come out them coppers had gone. Fine newspaper lie, wasn't it?"

"It certainly was, Mr. Simmons, and I'm to blame because I wrote it. But, of course, I didn't know the facts."

"Course not. Course not."

"It isn't too late to get even, though. I'll get a bird of a story out of this. I'll use your photograph when I print it, too."

"No, you wont, son," said Mr. Simmons most positively. "No you wont, because there aint going to be no story, and you aint going to print it."

For a moment the young reporter's face was blank.

"You mean to say you've changed your mind?"

"That's it, son," declared the old man, knocking ashes from his pipe and intently observing his wife as she hung out the wash. "And, if you are the kind of a man your daddy was you'll forgit that letter and say nothing about it. Son, that policeman is a hero, a sure enough one!"

"I, I don't exactly understand—"

"Oh, I've been reading the papers this mornin'. I read all about the way the police and you newspapers are roastin' that Rafferty for tryin' to save a bunch of burnin' rags. Seems like the newspapers manage to get it wrong every time, don't they?"

"Just what do you mean by that, Mr. Simmons?"

"Why, I mean to say that that copper has more'n paid me back for savin' him that day, even if I was sore. He saved the life of my two kids, I'm certain of it. Why, son, our kids was down in that hold on the other side of the partition asleep when Rafferty went down there. My wife and me was up to a store buying some groceries. We found 'em down there when we got back. You see, them policemen and folks who run down to the docks got so worked up about Rafferty doin' a fool thing that they forgot to look any further, long as the fire was out. Yes, son. I figger the puttin' out of them oil rags saved my kids. Me and Policeman Rafferty is even."

"Something funny about this thing," mused the reporter.

"You bet there is. What I can't understand is why the police told a lie about Rafferty saving a tramp to make him a hero and then turned around and made a big joke out of him about this barge fire. Tell me that."

But it was beyond Eddie Tompkins. He had no satisfactory answer.

"Now, son," said the old man, "I want you to give me back that there letter and, if you're the man I think you are, you'll say nothing about Policeman Rafferty at all."

A momentary problem faced the young reporter. He saw his story slipping, his big chance gone. But, he mentally decided, Samuel Simmons was right, and square. Also he might get a better story by waiting.

"I'm that kind of a man, Mr. Simmons," he said. "You can count on me."

"I thought so."

Heavy, Heavy Hangs Fame

(Continued)

The old man took the letter, tore it into bits and threw them into the water.

"Can't I see Rafferty and tell him what you've said?" asked Eddie. "He's laid up in bed, still suffering from his burns."

"Well, I reckon you might—but nothing about that saving the tramp. Nothing at all in the newspapers. There's something behind this and we might get it all snarled up."

"I understand," said the reporter.

"Yes, it's better not to go off half-cocked on these things. I've found out in life that patience is the thing. You just tell Rafferty that I know what he done at the fire—that's all—and that he can count on me if he needs me."

Young Tompkins found Rafferty in bed groaning from his burns.

"Did you expect to get a story out of me, Eddie?" he asked apprehensively.

"No, my hands are washed of this story, Rafferty."

He told the policeman of his really having saved the children of Samuel Simmons. Eddie was careful to make no reference to having discovered the missing tramp.

"It's mighty good news, boy, but you aint goin' to print it?"

"Why not?" Eddie asked as a feeler.

"The inspector'd think I was tryin' to show him up. I'd get the worst of it the rest of my life."

"No, I had no idea of printing it," Tompkins assured him. "The old barge man asked me not to. Still, it's a good thing to know."

"It is that, Eddie."

The officer breathed a sigh of genuine relief.

Rafferty recovered rapidly. In the department his receiving the gold medal had offset any cloud that might have attached to his record as a result of the reprimand. He was neither dropped nor advanced in the promotion list. Mike went right on being a patrolman—a good one, too. Except in inner circles the barge incident was forgotten. The brave rescue of the tramp might also have been forgotten but for the medal. Mike deposited the unwelcome badge of honor in a trunk—wished that he might throw it in the river—and tried to forget. But there are certain days—the day of Police Parade, for instance—when honor men are compelled to wear their medals. Those occasions Mike dreaded. His pride in marching in the honor squad, with chest expanded, was always dampened by the haunting fear of somebody like Llewellyn grinning cynically at him from the curb.

Once Rafferty went to headquarters determined to tell the truth, get his record cleared and have it all over with, but he met Sheridan, now a lieutenant, in the corridor. His determination wilted. To accuse the former sergeant of making out a false report—brand him a liar—meant demotion. His own acceptance of the false honor would be worse. Mike could read that in Sheridan's friendly smile. Rafferty had no fear of Lieutenant Sheridan ever telling what he knew about the medal.

"Say, Mike," Sheridan said, drawing him aside, "had you heard about Llewellyn?"

Instinctively Rafferty winced. He had never trusted the old roundsman.

"He's left the force," Sheridan went on. "They tell me he is interested in a pool room and a handbook uptown, making a lot of money."

"They'll get him some time, if he don't watch out," declared Mike.

"Not in this administration. The old man says there won't be any raids unless we've



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Heavy, Heavy Hangs Fame

(Continued)



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got the actual goods and a search warrant. I guess old Llewellyn knows what he's about."

It was none of Mike's business, so he went back to attend to his own job. He couldn't help, though, comparing his luck with that of the crafty roundsman.

As an officer Mike Rafferty's reputation grew. In turn he was made roundsman, sergeant and lieutenant. On each occasion when called before the commissioner—the department no longer had a chief of police—Mike, following custom, wore his medal. It was not shined brightly, though. He didn't want the golden rays to burn any deeper than was necessary.

When sworn in as lieutenant and congratulated by Sheridan, now Captain, Rafferty learned that Llewellyn had added a gambling house to his string of illicit enterprises.

"That's what I call a pretty tough break for you," Sheridan told him.

"What do you mean—tough?"

"I have the tip that you are going to be ordered to that district. And I'll tell you something else, Mike. With this new commissioner in, there's going to be something doing!"

Rafferty's mind had been in a police groove long enough to know what that meant.

The news of Lieutenant Rafferty's assignment to a bad section of the tenderloin spread rapidly in the underworld. On the first day he met Llewellyn on the street. The former roundsman, now affluent, was patronizing in his greeting. By nightfall Mike learned from a stoolpigeon that Llewellyn had amused a gathering around a stud poker table by referring to him as a fourflushing Mick who didn't know his way about town—meaning the tenderloin.

IV

Exactly fifteen years to the day from the time Rafferty was pulled out of the North River and given a medal for bravery the Commissioner of Police sent for the new lieutenant.

"Lieutenant," said the commissioner, "as you know, perhaps, this is to be a clean-up administration. The new mayor is determined that New York shall be rid of anything that even suggests a questionable resort, of gambling in all forms, and of Sunday enforcement."

"Yes, sir, I understood that."

"That," went on the police commissioner, "is exactly why you have been promoted and assigned to the tenderloin. Your past work has given the mayor every confidence in you. I want you to organize your forces as soon as possible and make this clean-up complete. In addition to cleaning up the city we are going to clean up the department. There will be no monkey business about it."

"I understand you, sir," Mike replied. "You can count on me to go through with it."

"The mayor," said the commissioner, "has announced to the newspapers what is going to be done. If we fail him the force will be a joke, you understand? We are depending upon you to make good."

Though Rafferty's attitude was one of determination, his bearing almost military, his mind was in a fog. As quickly as possible he escaped from the presence of the Commissioner—to think.

Though straightforward and honest to the core, Mike Rafferty was a practical policeman. His first move was to call in his stoolpigeons. Without these disloyal, often depraved, bits of humanity who earn an ill-

flavored livelihood by spying on their former fellow criminals the investigating arm of the law would wither. They are as necessary as are malodorous fertilizers in the growth of useful plants.

"The gang around one of Llewellyn's joints was gittin' a little skittish last night," one of them told Rafferty. "The play fell off something terrible. Everybody's afraid of a raid—everybody but Llewellyn."

"Is that so?" encouraged Rafferty. "He's not afraid of anything, I reckon."

"Not on your life," declared the stool-pigeon. "He told the gang last night to set tight and take it easy. He says to them: 'This Rafferty is a fourflusher with a medal. You needn't worry. I've got somethin' on him, and he knows it.'"

It was as Rafferty had feared. Llewellyn at the first opportunity was to use the weapon he had harbored all these years. Mike was facing the supreme test. With little deliberation he found himself willing to face it squarely. Rather than be recreant to a trust, Rafferty would risk exposure and possible downfall. But could he drag Captain Sheridan down with him? For a moment he wavered—but only for a moment. Yes, for the honor of the force he would even do that!

Mike flinched as he thought of Margaret's condemning eye at the breakfast table. It was the only secret he had ever kept from her. It had been no easy job.

Rafferty next thought of the newspapers. Of one friend he felt sure. Eddie Tompkins, now a city editor, had proven his friendship on several occasions. And—it came on Mike with a rush—Tompkins was an intimate friend of the new commissioner. Yes, he would go to Eddie.

Strangely enough, Eddie called the lieutenant on the 'phone the next morning.

"Say, Rafferty," said the editor, his tone unusually jovial, "you remember old man Simmons—the father of the kids—the barge man who sent me to see you way back yonder when I was a pup reporter?"

"Indeed, I do," said Mike, uneasiness creeping into his mind.

"Well, he's down to see me. I'm trying to get his son on the police force. Can I count on you to help give him a boost?"

"You bet you can, Eddie. But, say—"

"That's fine. I'll see you in a couple of days. And, say, Mike—"

"Yes, hello—hello—"

"I've found the tramp—the bum you saved from drowning!"

The blow of the night stick couldn't have hit harder. Lieutenant Rafferty dropped the phone. In a second he tried feverishly to re-establish the connection. But Eddie Tompkins was gone.

"And now the beans IS spilt!" exclaimed Mike, drawing a quick conclusion. "That Llewellyn has framed it to get me in Dutch with the papers."

But the bridges were burned. Rafferty felt strangely a relief in having a clear field. Also his long dormant Irish was up. He pressed a button.

"Sergeant," he ordered, "make that raid tonight. And make it good. They may get me tomorrow but I'll clean that Llewellyn and clean him like a picked bird."

Mute and unobserved witnesses to this having been carried out—to the last pin-feather—were the Commissioner, Sheridan and Tompkins. The acid had been applied. They slipped away leaving Mike to wriggle under its burn.

V

Margaret woke Mike at nine o'clock to answer the telephone. It was no surprise

Heavy, Heavy Hangs Fame

(Continued)

to Rafferty, though, to learn that Llewellyn had made bond and was out. Neither was he surprised when at eleven o'clock he was ordered to report at the office of the Commissioner. He had put the two together and was prepared for that.

But Mike was surprised to find Captain Sheridan there, as well as Tompkins, the newspaper editor. There was also a white-haired old man.

"It's all right, Lieutenant," the Commissioner assured him. "Come right in."

"I thought, maybe, you wanted to see me in private, sir."

"Nothing private, Lieutenant, but it's business. Haven't you a medal for bravery?"

"I have, sir, but I'm afraid you won't call it for bravery—I have it in my pocket."

"Let me have it, please."

Mike handed over his badge of shame, squared himself for the blow.

"Have you heard from Llewellyn, sir?" he asked. The Commissioner nodded.

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about," Mike went on—"two things—that badge and Llewellyn."

"Yes?"

"Yes, sir. I come here to make a confession—to tell the truth and take my medicine. I've tried to do my duty, but, somehow, everything seems to go wrong. I—"

"But the confession—"

"I didn't earn that medal, Commissioner. I didn't save that tramp. I never said I did—to anybody. He saved me!"

"Then where is the crime? Was it your fault that they gave you a medal?"

"No, not—that is—why, er—" Mike stammered. "Why, er, sir, I had to live a lie."

"Nobody was punished for that but yourself, was there? Is that all you have to confess?"

Rafferty stared at the Commissioner blankly. It really was all he had to confess. And there sat Sheridan grinning.

"It's all right, Lieutenant. Your conscience is clear and I've got the medal. But, pardon me, I wanted you to meet Mr. Simmons. I'm sure you would like to know HIM."

"Samuel Simmons? Eddie Tompkins' friend?"

"The same," said the old man arising. "I owed you a favor a long time and you owed me one. The Commissioner got my boy a job and—"

"I owed you a favor?" repeated the befuddled Rafferty.

"Sure you did," spoke up Tompkins. "Mike, Mr. Simmons is the tramp who saved—who you were honored for saving."

The troubled officer dropped weakly into a chair, mentally helpless. He was through.

"Now, gentlemen," said the Commissioner, his tone kindly, "there's no use in torturing Rafferty any longer. He's just done a man-sized job. . . . Lieutenant," he addressed Mike, "the matter of the medal was straightened out two days ago, thanks to Mr. Simmons, Tompkins and Sheridan. I was determined to give you a real test and I want to congratulate you on standing it like a man. You'll never be a politician or a schemer but you are an honor to New York's police force. I showed Llewellyn this book and he slunk out of here like a cur. Blackwell's Island is calling to him now."

He handed Rafferty a familiar envelope containing his assignment card—his police record. On it there was no reference whatever to the medal incident. Instead was an attached slip, endorsed by the Commissioner, bearing this entry:

"At a special meeting of the Honor Board called to review the record of Michael Raf-



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Heavy, Heavy Hangs Fame

(Concluded)



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ferty, undisputed evidence showed that a medal of honor was awarded to the said Rafferty for saving a drowning vagrant. This was plainly the result of error. Captain Sheridan assumed the blame for this, explaining that he had made the report in a spirit of practical joking; that it went so far he thought it inadvisable to correct it. His brilliant record since that time alone enables the board to forgive his reprehensible act. The entire matter is therefore ordered expunged from the record of Michael Rafferty.

"(2) As to the reprimand in the case of the barge fire, the attached affidavit of Samuel Simmons and the supporting one of Edward Tompkins show conclusively that such action was unfortunate, unfair and unjustified. Having been awarded a medal for the alleged saving of a drowning man, such award being contrary to his wishes and not of his own seeking, it is the sense of this board that Michael Rafferty be awarded the

medal for risking his life to save the lives of others in the said barge fire."

Rafferty looked up from the document, blinking, inarticulate.

"Will this get in the papers, Eddie?" he asked, thinking of Margaret.

"For about two columns. After you've posed for a picture."

Mike reached for the medal and signed.

"No," said the Commissioner, retaining the emblem and turning it over in his hand. "I wanted this so as to have the date changed. Come back at two o'clock."

"If it's all the same to you, Commissioner, give this one to Mr. Simmons and get me a new one."

The Commissioner smiled.

"Well," he said, "to change the order you'll have to hurry. Can you ride a bicycle?"

"NO, sir. An' what's more I'll never be after tryin'. But," Mike slung over his shoulder as he rushed down to the taxicab stand, "I can swim."

Free Born — But!

(Continued from page 92)

denly remembered that we had an engagement with the Joneses and I had to put on a black dinner jacket and go with her. If I wanted to stay up till twelve o'clock Alice wanted to go to bed. If I wanted to go to bed Alice wanted me to stay up and read to her.

I liked pig's knuckles and sauer kraut, but Alice wouldn't have them in the house. She said that the servants would think that we didn't know any better. Now I want to know what is better than pig's knuckles, either gastronomically or socially.

If I wanted to wear an overcoat on a chilly day in August, and I have known many such, my wife told me that I was making myself ridiculous, so I shivered accordingly. If on the other hand I felt warm in December and wanted to put on a palm beach suit, I was equally absurd, so I roasted in silence. *Free born!!!!*

So you see whatever I wanted to do, Alice did not want to do, and what I did not want to do, she, by the laws of contradiction, set her heart upon. The people I liked, she detested, and I found her friends a continual weariness of the spirit.

I held more or less broad views on the subject of conventional morality and on one occasion, a dinner party, given by my wife, I held forth at some length on the subject. I argued in favor of those dauntless souls that have the moral courage to ignore the opinions of the mob; to live where they love and to love where they live, with or without the law as seems good to them. My spouse kept me up till 6 a. m. reproaching me with making such statements in her presence. "People will think that you have very little respect for me" was her argument.

It seems to me that "What will people think?" will be graven on my heart when I die. One doesn't seem to be able to do anything, no matter how logical and harmless that thing may be, be it out of the path beaten by ordinary minds, without that battlecry's being sounded near and far.

The climax arrived some ten months ago. I should tell you that Alice has a passion for what she calls "poor dumb animals." Ours are not dumb. I have often wished that

they were. For the last year prior to my arrival here, she never let a week go by without adding in some way to our household menagerie. First it was a mangy mongrel that was being chased by a dog catcher. Then it was a cat with a propensity for fighting and with half an ear missing, that she had rescued from the clutches of three small boys and a tin can. At a vaudeville theatre her sympathies had been enlisted on behalf of a pair of almost hairless rabbits, objects of mystery, in a magician's "turn."

I might say in passing that these rabbits have fulfilled their scriptural destinies. They have increased and multiplied to an almost unbelievable capacity. There was not a quiet spot in the house. Either the cats, there were seven, or the dogs, there were six, were yelping in chorus or in pairs. One could not set foot on a square inch of ground without being precipitated onto the floor in the wake of a disappearing rabbit. As I said, about ten months ago came the climax, when—paradox of paradoxes—I came to the conclusion that whereas I had once been like to die because I could not live without Alice, now I was like to die because I could not live with her. The law offers no freedom from a bondage that is intolerable. I am reckoned a heartless brute and an unnatural husband and until death do us part—for Alice will never be guilty of any indiscretion that might lead to my freedom. I am bound, body and soul, hand and foot, purse and person.

The final match was laid to the gunpowder on a Friday. I remember distinctly it's being a Friday because we had fish for dinner. I hate fish. After this most disagreeable meal I retired to my sanctum with the plea of urgent letters to write, hoping that I might get away by myself somewhere if only for an hour. The room was dark. I felt too tired to turn on the light and too depressed. I wanted to think out a plan of escape. I sat down in my chair, but I rose again like a rocket—the cat I disliked most of the seven had brought forth her young in the very peace and sanctity of my pet fauteuil. Of course, this may sound very humorous to you, even a joke—well, that goes to prove how very nearly allied comedy

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Free Born—But!

(Continued)

and tragedy are. Even my study chair was not free.

I took the cat by the nape of the neck and deposited her and her entire family, as gently as I could under the circumstances, outside the door. Not five minutes elapsed when Alice, coming to rout me out of my seclusion, stumbled over the indignant mother and her progeny. She accused me of wanton cruelty and inhumanity. One word led to another, one accusation to a second and the conflagration culminated in as fine a domestic explosion as I have experienced since my matrimonial reign of terror began. Finally, not being allowed to take any part in the discourse and my wife's having come to the end of her verbal tether, she let fall a very Niagara of tears upon my carpet. I waited for the storm to subside and then, very quietly and very calmly I told her that I was sick of the whole thing, of life included—that I had decided to go out into the night, as it were.

I left the house hurriedly without hat or coat. First I thought of taking a cab, then I made up my mind to walk. "What was the use," I said, "better jump over the bridge and have done with the slavery of life altogether." At any rate death was free, to the rich and to the poor alike; to the slave and to the autocrat, I would be free; free at last.

After an hour's walk I saw the shimmering of the river ahead of me. It promised much; peace and rest and a respite from interminable "don'ts." I walked on with a lighter heart than I had ever carried before. It was a hot, stuffy night and I longed for the coolness of the water on my body. How could one call death a tragedy? It was a symphony. I knew the exact point from which I should throw myself down. I had passed it innumerable times. I rehearsed my plans. Arrived there I should rest for a moment, leaning against the stone coping. I should drink in the peace and the beauty of the stillness and the moonlight. Then with a smile on my mouth I should jump. A few moments and all would be over. I couldn't swim a stroke and no one was likely to rescue me, the bridge usually being deserted at this late hour. No more cats; no more dogs; no more rabbits with uncleanly habits; no more sitting in church and pinching myself to keep awake; no more worrying about clothes. I was going to a place where clothes were the least concern. No longer should "what will people say?" be dinned into my ears. My wife's voice was going to be a thing of the past. I was to be free!!! I hastened my pace.

In an almost spiritual exaltation I arrived at the goal of my imaginings. Here was my point of vantage, but—. Huddled up to the wall I saw a figure. His face was hidden in his hands and he mumbled incessantly to himself. I was annoyed. I was disappointed. I had considered this spot mine. I had with reason expected to find it free at this hour of the night. But no. Here was an unpleasant-looking person crouched up in my corner, and muttering unintelligible things to himself. I was furious—then curious. I wondered what he was doing there, what he was talking about, so I stood and waited. He took not the slightest notice of me. I became impatient. I coughed, at first discreetly, then more audibly.

He turned, looked me up and down and in a thick, alcoholic voice he inquired, what the hell I was looking at him for. Hadn't he a right to stand on the bridge if he liked?



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Better Than a Mustard Plaster



Free Born—But!

(Concluded)

I wasn't a cop anyhow. If he wanted to drown himself he had a right to, hadn't he. What the hell did I mean by interfering with him anyhow? His voice became threatening and I edged an inch away. I hastened, however, to assure him that I hadn't the slightest intention of interfering with him, or his perfect right to take his own life when and where he pleased. After all, it was his own life, wasn't it? And I couldn't imagine anyone else's having the slightest use for it.

I merely suggested that he might use the other side of the bridge as I had come really quite a long distance to commit suicide from that particular side myself. He looked at me with a stupid look on his dirty face and came a little closer. I was sorry for this. He wafted no balm from Gilead. He whined that he hadn't had a bite to eat nor a sup to drink since the day before yesterday, that he was suffering from a lingering disease. I restrained the impulse to tell him that his potions of two days ago must have been remarkably exhilarating and that his disease might be very easily cured with a severe application to some kind of work. I merely waived politely my right to the bridge until he had first disposed of himself.

Of course I didn't really like the idea of going into the water after this honest but filthy son of toil, but as I say, politeness forced me to give him precedence.

"I'll wait five minutes for you," I said, "then over I go."

Five minutes passed, but over he did not go. I was rather glad. I put my watch back in my pocket and prepared to take my leave of things material. My suicidal friend cast another glance at me, then he turned

and fled for his life. As soon as his steps receded in the distance and I felt that now all was well, I divested myself of my outer garment and over I jumped.

I remember saying to myself, "This is freedom. At last I am free." I remember hitting the water and I remember swallowing some gallons of it. And then—oblivion.

On awakening, to my immense astonishment I found myself in what proved to be a hospital. After much questioning it transpired that my beery friend had been the unfortunate means of my undoing. This is the crowning insult of all. An intoxicated hog with a very dirty face takes it upon himself to curtail my freedom in the matter of my own death.

To end my soliloquy, I should tell you that on the testimony of sweet Alice and the before-mentioned alcohologically inclined, a worthy judge has decided that I am violently insane, that I have long harbored abnormal ideas, that I am sadistic in my treatment of animals—the kittens in my study chair, to wit—and that I have had systematized hallucinations.

Well! Well! What does it matter? I have exchanged an old prison for a new one in my search for freedom, that is all.

However, I should in all justice say that I am really very happy here. No one interferes with me. On the contrary, they humor me in numerous ways. Yesterday I attired myself as the Emperor of Abyssinia. The asylum attendants were most obliging in their efforts as courtiers.

And so, if ever in the future, I may be adjudged cured, I think I shall attempt suicide again, or perhaps murder, that I may be sent back to this truly delightful spot.



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IT'S a long time between meals, even in California, where directors often order a dinner outlay for 9 a. m. in studio B, or oatmeal at six in the evening. Here is Harry Pollard as Old Mother Hubbard going fifty-fifty with as hungry a pair of dog-eyes as ever dared beg from a film star.

To Abolish the Stage?

OF all the revolutions which have struck the modern theater, and all the counter-revolutions they have engendered declares a writer in Current Opinion, perhaps none is more daring than that now being instituted in Germany under the leadership of the new art movement which names itself Expressionism. The Expressionists aim to abolish the stage itself. It is difficult to imagine a theater without a stage, but that is what it comes to. The Tribune Theater in Berlin recently staged Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest," under the title of "Bunbury." One adverse critic speaks of this new method as an "aid to poverty-stricken managers, by means of which four chairs and a tea-table are all that is necessary to convey the impression of a drawing-room." But coming direct from a study of the theaters of Central Europe, Huntly Carter rises to the defense of the new stageless theaters in the London *Observer* who says:

"The old dividing line between the auditorium and the stage itself, in ordinary theaters determined by the proscenium arch, is being abolished in these theaters of new times and new ideals. The actor is coming into the audience. He is becoming the center of interest instead of the setting. Everywhere in Germany, in theory and practice, Mr. Carter found 'Expressionism.' The Tribune Theater in Berlin and Max Reinhardt's Grosse Schauspielhaus are but different phases of this movement. At the Vienna Burgtheater, the Residenz and Schauspielhaus in Munich, the Altes Theater in Leipzig, he found Shakespeare being reinterpreted by new expressionist methods designed to bring out the true sense, meaning and significance of each play. Mr. Carter is sure that this new staging will bear fruit in England and America."

What the Fans Think

FOR a more unbiased, more representative statement of public sentiment in regard to the progress of the moving picture, what could excel an expression from five persons, not fans, picked at random and interviewed on the streets of a great metropolis?

A Chicago Tribune reporter asked five Chicagoans, picked at random in the street, the question: "Are the moving picture plays better than formerly?"

Here are the replies:

William R. Caldwell, investigator: "Yes, the movies are better, and everything in connection with the movie business, including theaters, films, actors and scenarios, has improved 100 per cent."

Miss Edlyn Borchardt, stenographer: "The pictures are much better than they used to be. When I was a little girl the pictures had no sense. They were mostly cowboy pictures. Now they deal with as many subjects as can be found in novels and magazines."

W. J. Fleming, clerk: "The movies have improved. They have all the real authors of this country and of Europe. A person can go to a picture show every night and see something different and something interesting. In that way the movie holds an ever-increasing interest."

Miss Marguerite Dann, stenographer: "Yes, indeed, the plays are a whole lot better. Now the movies have all the stars of the speaking stage and opera, and the public gets to see them for a small amount, where it formerly cost \$3 or \$4."

What Happens to Your Complexion

- When the Light Changes
- When the Dance Becomes Heated
- When the Wind Blows as You Motor

WHEN you go from the soft, subdued glow of your boudoir lamp into the glare of the reception room or theatre foyer—

—or when you go from the shaded rooms of your home into the bright light of the sun—

—what happens to your complexion then? Does it stand the test of a change of light? Is your complexion lovely under one light and something different under another light?

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Test Number Two

And again, when the dance becomes heated. What becomes of your peach-blossom loveliness then?

Does perspiration get in its work? Are there tell-tale streaks and other blemishing effects?

That is another good test of a face powder.

Test Number Three

And when you go motoring—through the wind. Does your powder stay on? Or does it disappear, taking away with it the charm that you possessed at your dressing table?

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CARMEN

COMPLEXION POWDER



The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 64)

gether in many thousand feet of celluloid. It could lay no claim to being either comedy or drama. Now comes William Fox with "Fantomas" and gives us at least a passing hope that the serial of tomorrow may emerge from obscurity and carve its own particular little niche. From a series of famous detective stories concerning a daring counterfeiter who kidnaps the discoverer of a formula for making chemical gold, and openly defies the police to catch him, there has been built up a logical sequence of events, with excellent direction, beautiful photography and intelligent portrayal of the various roles. Despite all the usual serial thrills, the plot is fairly coherent—and whether you are a serial addict or not, "Fantomas" will hold your interest.

OH, LADY, LADY!—Realart

NOT to be taken seriously, but an hour's entertainment well worth admission price. This once-popular musical comedy has been successfully translated into terms cinematic, and you'll be highly amused in watching the beauteous Bebe Daniels extricate herself from the seemingly hopeless tangle in which she becomes enmeshed while endeavoring to smooth the road to matrimony for her chubby artist friend. Harrison Ford gives his usual clean-cut performance, and Walter Hiers provides much merriment.

THE CHARM SCHOOL—

Paramount-Artcraft

THOUGH not up to the standard set by the stage production of the Alice Duer Miller story, the film version is entertaining, and is helped out materially by laugh-getting titles. Wallace Reid, as the heir to an exclusive school for girls, strolls gamely through the five reels—content as usual to be just Wallace Reid, which is enough for most girls and a few of their escorts. In his support is the dark-eyed Lila Lee as Elise, paralleling her work in "The Prince Chap."

NINETEEN AND PHYLLIS—
First National

RICH man, poor man, lady-love, thief. Charles Ray as the Beau Brummel of Vixville, who on \$18 a week seeks to win the affections of his beloved, finally banishing his wealthy rival by a display of heroism which lands a bold, bad highwayman behind the bars, has proven himself in the past to be worthy of much better material than this. Is this young actor, creator of one of the most distinctive and popular screen types, succumbing to star-itis? There are evidences of it in this poorly directed production, padded as it is with many, many close-ups of Mr. Ray, and with trick titles that have no place outside comedy cartoons.

PRAIRIE TRAILS—Fox

TOM MIX. Two helpless damsels. A bold bad villain with a bold bad band. Tom has a strenuous time taking care of these two girls. If the villain hasn't one of them he has the other, and it takes much leaping from cliffs, sliding down embankments on horseback, and spectacular riding finally to bring the troublesome young ladies to safety. Mix, second to none on the screen as a daredevil horseman, exhibits some new and startling feats, and the five reels are crowded with action. As the press sheet puts it, "there is love against jealousy, bullets against treachery, and hearts against hate." What more can one ask?



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The Shadow Stage

(Concluded)

THE GIRL WITH THE JAZZ HEART—Goldwyn

MADGE KENNEDY in a double role—as a gum-chewing telephone operator plus a blonde wig, and a demure Quaker maid plus a matrimonial-bureau fiancé. Gay scenes of New York night life. This is fair amusement but don't brave winter storms for it. Miss Kennedy cannot enact a gum-chewer, convincingly. She won fame with her own quaint personality—and should be satisfied not to wander far afield.

THE SILVER LINING—Metro

IF you were a helpless young person in an orphan asylum, and a band of crooks came along and adopted you, possibly you'd act the way Jewel Carmen does in this picture—but we'll hope not. Now, the story is good, an interesting study in the psychology of heredity vs. environment, the plot is logically developed though unfortunately brought to an anti-climax, but Miss Carmen needs a strong directorial hand, and much less makeup. Her qualifications for stardom are not apparent in this production.

THE FRISKY MRS. JOHNSON—Paramount-Artcraft

WERE it not for the winsome personality of the vivacious Mrs. Ziegfeld, more popularly known as Billie Burke, there would have been very little entertainment value here. Billie, however, injects her piquant charm into the sadly moth-eaten plot with fair success, though the picture is by no means up to the Burke standard. Clyde Fitch laid the story in Paris and the title writer tries to keep it there, but in some way the director of the film version moves the whole darn thing right over to New Jersey. Ward Crane is a picturesque and capable leading man.

ALL WRONG—Fox

CONCERNING the trials of a rookie in an army camp. While there is nothing particularly original about the work of Clyde Cook, his antics are rather amusing, his chief asset being a wan, worried expression. There's a touch of pathos in his comedy, distinctly Chaplinesque.

DICE OF DESTINY—Hampton-Pathé

IF you like to see H. B. Warner as a gentlemanly crook—and we do, and we think almost everyone does—don't miss this. It is the best vehicle for Mr. Warner's highly polished, if crooked, characterization which this fine actor has had since "One Hour Before Dawn." If anything, it is better than the first production: excellently developed, thoroughly enjoyable. Lillian Rich is a girl for whom it must have been a pleasure to reform.

SQUANDERED LIVES—Stoll Film Corporation

HERE we have a glimpse of dead old England with Tudor furniture in old houses and charming idlers who live on their friends, and all that sort of thing, don't you know. I mean to say, wot? This is an English picture, a jolly adaptation of Cosmo Hamilton's novel, "The Duke's Son." It's simply ripping, really, with an English beauty, named Ivy Duke, who gives a toppling portrayal of a wife. And there's a merry little how-dy-do about cheating at cards, and the priceless old aristocracy is

shown up, and Guy Newall is a corking hero-chap altogether, and then there are one or two beastly rotters who manage to keep you awfully interested until the end.

LOVE—Associated Producers

LOUISE GLAUM tries hard to be good, but it isn't easy when circumstances are against her, when there's a little sister to be fed, and when the easiest way beckons so alluringly. Baby sister must have her pony and live in the country, and big sister must pay; and we are supposed to sit back and sympathize. But we simply couldn't do it—not when there are so many perfectly good jobs that don't entail champagne parties, etc. Louise finally discovers a nice young man who possesses more sympathy and understanding than we have, so all's well that ends well—in the movies, anyway.

BEAUTIFULLY TRIMMED—Universal

THE heroine of this tries to get a young man to invest in spurious stocks and then falls in love with him, to the utter disgust of her associates. She sheds a few celluloid tears which wash clean the way to matrimony, and we have every reason to believe that she was happy. Carmel Myers is the girl they make all the fuss about, and if she is one of your favorites you will probably shed a tear or two, just to keep her company.

BLACKBIRDS—Realart

JUSTINE JOHNSTONE is beautiful. Flo Ziegfeld thought so, for he featured her in his "Follies." Musical comedy thought so—and starred her. Now the films claim Justine, and although her first stellar vehicle doesn't offer her as many opportunities as it might one comes to the same conclusion: she is beautiful. She has not a little potential talent, and, considering that this is only her second screen performance, she gives considerable evidence of it.

THE EMPIRE OF DIAMONDS—Pathe

WITH actual scenes taken in Monte Carlo, Paris, London, and Nice, this Leonce Perret production has all the elements of an educational. It has drama, too—about a maker of spurious diamonds who has to be traced and keeps the plot hopping from continent to continent. Lucy Fox and Robert Elliott play the leads.

THE MISLEADING LADY—Metro

INTRODUCING Bert Lytell as a cave-man, a role that he assumes with even more than usual success. In this adaptation of the stage play, everyone has a wonderful time, thanks to Mr. Lytell's sense of humor and personable qualities. He tames a flirtatious damsel, played by Miss Lucy Cotton. The taming would have been much more convincing if Miss Cotton had not been quite so colorless.

A THOUSAND TO ONE—Associated Producers

THE same old story. Physically strong but morally weak man leaves civilization behind him and finds his true self in the woods. Returning, he wins his wife back. Ethel Grey Terry plays the wife. Hobart Bosworth plays the hero. J. Parker Reid, Jr., supervised. That's all.



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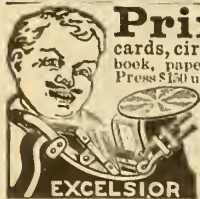
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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 86)

DADDY DEAR.—I don't know why you chose that ridiculous name, but since you ask it, here it is. You are doubtless an unsentimental old bachelor with a sense of humor as false as your front teeth. But then, I mustn't insult you, must I? No. Here are your questions all answered and everything. Richard Barthelmess' latest release is "Way Down East," but he is now working in his first stellar picture at the Griffith studios,—a story by Joseph Hergeheimer.

JANIE.—Thanks for the snapshot. Why didn't you smile? Thanks, also, for thinking me witty, wise, and wonderful. You should see me smile! Viola Dana is just twenty-two. She's a sister of Shirley Mason, and the widow of John Collins, the director. Shirley is Mrs. Bernard Durning—Durning is an actor and a director. Juanita Hansen was born in 1895; Shirley Mason, just five years later.

D. M. M., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Voltaire said, "We shall leave this world as foolish and as wicked as we found it on our arrival." But that doesn't prevent some of us from trying to make it a better place to live in while we're here. Milton Sills' latest picture is "The Faith Healer" for Paramount. His address is 1816 Argyle Street, Hollywood, Cal. He is married and has a little daughter. Mary Pickford has no intention of leaving the screen. As soon as she finishes her present picture she plans to go abroad, there to make several productions, including "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Douglas Fairbanks will do "The Three Musketeers" in France.

C. J. Y., TARRYTOWN.—Ormi Hawley has not been in pictures for over a year now. I don't know when she'll be back. Mary MacLaren is five feet three inches tall. Clyde Fillmore's address is 1715-A Wilcox Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. He is not married, and was born in 1886.

F. D. H., MICHIGAN.—Happy Blue Year? Same to you—only, of course, I wouldn't really wish anything like that on you or anyone. So far as I know, Darrell Foss uses his own name. He was born in Wisconsin in 1893, and educated in Chicago and California. Alice Joyce is Mrs. James Regan, Jr. She lives in New York City. You may reach her care Vitagraph, in Brooklyn. Miss Joyce's latest release is "Her Lord and Master," directed by Edward Jose.

N. T. H.—You say I can't like you any more as I made you give up using pink paper and your ambition to become a movie star. My dear, I like you all the better for that. Bill Duncan's new serial is "Fighting Fate." Duncan doesn't give his age.

IONE.—What do you own? A very wicked pen, at any rate. It took the combined aid of my horn-rimmed specs and my stenographer and the office boy to read what you wrote—and then I wasn't sure I got it right. Thelma Percy is nineteen. She has reddish brown hair and blue eyes, and a sister called Eileen. Thelma was reported to be engaged to William Brady, Jr., but the report was denied. Poor little reports—they don't have a chance to fight for their lives.

L. H. L., PERU, ILL.—Charles Lamb's description of his day's work as a clerk for a company which served breakfast to its employees suits me: "From ten to eleven, eat breakfast for seven; from eleven to noon, think I'd come too soon; from noon till one,

think what's to be done; from one to two, find nothing to do; from two till three, think it'll be a very great bore to stay till four." Wish they served breakfasts here. Bryant Washburn's first independent production is "The Road to London." His company's New York office is 140 West 42nd Street, New York City: Screenplays Productions, Inc.

E. A., BROOKLYN.—Some Manhattan apartments are so small that the tenants even have to use condensed milk. Earle Metcalfe is with Fox. He plays the leading roles in "While New York Sleeps" and "The Face at Your Window." He isn't married.

ULYSSES.—I am, oh, so sorry to have to tell you that Mae Murray is married. She became Mrs. Robert Z. Leonard in 1918. Now starring for Paramount under her husband's direction. Current release, "The Painted Lily." She lives at the Hotel Des Artistes, N. Y. C.

BABS.—You say the movies have done some good, anyway, as you have now learned that one should pronounce "film" in one syllable. Come, come—aren't you carping? Kenneth Harlan is twenty-five; he is with the Talmadge film studios, New York City. I think Harlan is his real name. He was not a commissioned officer during the war.

E. H. T., LOUISVILLE.—I can dance, but not with anybody. Maud George played the modiste in Universa-lion Stroheim's "The Devil's Pass Key." Clyde Fillmore was the American officer; Sam deGrasse, the playwright; Una Trevalyn, the wife. Carol Dempster doesn't tell her age, but if I am to judge, she is about twenty. Mary Thurman isn't married.

JERRY.—Someone once said that there is only one thing more beautiful than to forget, and that is to be forgotten. Now, that's the sort of thing I don't agree with. What's the use of saying such things—not even a free-verse poet could possibly believe them. No man likes to be forgotten. Alice Joyce is thirty, although she doesn't look it. Her picture which is directed by Mrs. Sidney Drew, "Cousin Kate," is being shown now. Watch out for it.

LAZY LUKE, OMAHA.—You're not half as lazy as I am. But it doesn't do me any good to be lazy; I have to work just the same. And if I ever do get a chance to show how lackadaisical I can be, I'll probably just go right on working from force of habit. Harry Carey is forty years old; he has dark grey eyes. Nice chap, Harry.

GERTRUDE L. M.—John Halliday was Constance Talmadge's leading man in "The Love Expert." I am so sorry that you want Mr. Halliday to marry Miss Constance, because I've an idea that a John Pialoglo might object. You see, Mr. Pialoglo married Miss Talmadge in December.

MRS. SMITH.—Al Jennings can be addressed at Capital Film Co., Hollywood, Cal. Surely—come again any time and ask me any more questions that occur to you.

MARION W., NEW YORK CITY.—"Of course, the world is round," said my small nephew the other day. "Don't we say in our prayers, 'World without end, amen?'" Jane Lee is seven; Katherine is ten. Madge Evans was a child star with World. She last did some work for Prizma color pictures. She lives in New York.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

E. J., PITTSBURGH.—I couldn't be unkind to you when you use such delicate lavender stationery. A cross word would ruin it. Lillian Gish left the Griffith company upon the completion of "Way Down East." Address her at the Hotel Savoy, New York City. She uses her real name, she is five feet four inches tall and weighs 105 pounds. Her sister Dorothy recently married James Rennie but Lillian is still single.

ESTHER.—Pearl White says it's her real name; if she had wanted to use a stage name, she wouldn't have chosen such a silly-sounding one. I think it's a nice name, don't you? She was born in 1889; she has light hair and blue eyes, is five feet six inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Don't mention it—I am not referring to Pearl's weight, but to your thanks).

P. H. S., PIEDMONT.—My word—all you girls must be trying to reduce. I never had to answer so many questions about weights. Norma Talmadge tips the scales at 110 pounds. She has brown eyes, is two inches over five feet and was married in November, 1916.

POUCHKEEPSIE GIRL.—I think you have made a mistake. I never quoted that author. I am very particular whom I quote. Ralph Graves opposite Ina Claire in "Polly with a Past." He was merely loaned to Metro for the one picture, by David Griffith. Address him at the Griffith studios, Mamaroneck, N. Y. Ralph doesn't tell his age, but he can't conceal the fact that he's six feet one inch tall, has brown hair and blue eyes and weighs 170. Graves isn't married.

M. E. C., RICHMONDVILLE.—Metrodorus, earliest disciple of Epicurus, said, "The happiness we receive from ourselves is greater than that which we obtain from our surroundings." That is thrice-true with me. Hemmed in by skyscrapers and a red-headed stenographer, I am forced to find solace in myself. The latest information I have as to Bob Reeves is that he was doing serials for the Pacific Producing Company. Address him 223 South Flower Street, Los Angeles, Cal. I haven't any record of a Mrs. Reeves.

JOLLY, TORONTO.—Food prices ought to begin to come down. They're using so little food in so many places. Norma Talmadge was born in Brooklyn, May 2, 1895. Hoot Gibson is with Universal; born in 1892.

D. J. K., NEW YORK.—Ah—ah! I haven't seen "The Queen of Sheba" yet, but I hope to soon. I have, however, seen the stills, which were almost, but not quite, enough for me. Betty Blythe portrays the Queen. She's five feet eight and a half inches high in her Sheba sandals. She's married to Paul Scardon, the director.

E. D. G., WINONA.—You say the motto of most screen stars seems to be "Marry in haste and repent in Reno." I've heard that before; but it really isn't true—about screen stars, any more than it is about butchers or bakers or candle-stick makers. Why pick on the movies all the time? Mary Hay's real name is Mrs. Barthelmess; but if you mean her maiden name, it was Mary Hay Caldwell. She is now appearing in a new Ziegfeld musical comedy, "Sally." She sings and dances. No, Mary isn't her husband's leading woman in the films. "Way Down East" was her most notable screen accomplishment. Is that all? You don't say! (Continued on page 124)



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From Outside

Movie Acting May Seem Mighty Nice Until
You Know What Hard Work It Really Is.
Another Family Circle Talk

By

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

"I'D like to be a movie star," said little Anne Marie. "I'd like to be a movie star—that's what I'd like to be! I wouldn't have to dust the chairs, or iron clothes, or sew, or wash the dinner dishes up—I wouldn't have to go on errands to the corner store, I wouldn't have to sweep, or do a thousand other things I hate to do. I'd keep a maid to manicure my nails, and one to dress my hair! I'd always walk on leopard skins—a throne would be my chair. I'd wear a ruby on my hand and trim my gowns with lace. I'd have gold buckles on my shoes and powder on my face! I'd have—" and then her mother called, and little Anne Marie picked up a broom and left the room, and sighed quite wistfully. And as she went her thoughts were sad for, in her heart, she knew that all her wishes were just dreams—the sort that don't come true!

"I'D like to be a movie star," said Mrs. Clarence Jones. "My life is just made up of work—I'm worn to skin and bones! I'm sick of washing rompers out, and making gingerbread, and getting children off to school—and tucking them in bed! I'm sick of kissing little knees, when they are black-and-blue . . . I wish I were a movie queen—I know just what I'd do! I'd wear a suit of chiffon cloth—there'd be no hands to smear it up with jam; I'd have a car; I'd shop without a fear of being late for suppertime; I'd have eclairs and tea at some hotel, I'd see a show—I'd be alone and free! Perhaps . . . perhaps I'd dye my hair and wear a pointed shoe—and men would look at me, and smile, as Clarence used to do! I'd like—" said Mrs. Clarence Jones, and paused—for, in the hall, she heard the sound of running feet, she heard a cry, a fall. And—"Johnny's tripped his sister up!" she said aloud and went to soothe a little crying girl and mete out punishment.

"I'D like to be a movie star," said Miss Amelia Brown—"I've taught arithmetic and French to every child in town. I've stood their laughter and their jokes—the jokes of seventeen! I've had to keep them after school—I've heard them call me mean. I've never had a chance to read the books I want to read—my dresses are a ghastly joke, my looks have gone to seed. I used to be a pretty girl—I used to curl my hair, and wear a string of coral beads, *but now I just don't care!* And so," she laughed a shaky laugh, "I'd like, just once, to be a movie star; I'd like, just once, to *live* again, to see a spark of admiration flash in eyes upraised to mine—I'd like to have some orchids and lacey valentine. If some one only kissed my hand I know that I would be—" her smile was very near to tears—"a-thrill with ecstasy! I wish—" but then the school bell rang, the recess time was through—and boys and girls romped in from play, as healthy children do. And Miss Amelia Brown picked up a book and raised her head, and—"We will conjugate, in French, the verb 'to love,'" she said.

GRANDMA O'BRIEN dropped her wool—she had been knitting socks. She slowly took her glasses off, and smoothed her snowy locks. And—"Shure, if I was young again, an' pretty, too," she sighed. "I'd be an actress on th' screen—I could be if I tried! I'd dance an' sing from morn 'till night. I'd flirt with all th' men—I'd be th' toast of twenty states, ah—I'd be happy then! I wouldn't know what white hair was, an' wrinkles wouldn't be a thing to worry me fer years—shure, nothing'd worry me! I'd laugh at colds an' rheumatiz, an' stiffened joints, an' age! I wouldn't have t' wear thick specs t' read a printed page. I'd have young boys a-gettin' up t' give me seats in trains an' not because I needed 'em . . . I'd have no aches an'

From Outside

(Concluded)

pains, an' grown-up children watchin' me an' biddin' me to take care o' myself! If I was young I'd keep 'em all awakel I'd be an actress on th' screen—I'd worry 'em; I'd keep 'em watchin' me . . ." The old head drooped, and Grandma was asleep!

MISS FANNIE FILLUM woke at dawn and leaped straight out of bed. "We've got to take a sunrise scene—I must get dressed!" she said. "I'll have no time for scented baths, or breakfast served in



Margaret E. Sangster

state. I won't have time to comb my hair—I'll get it if I'm late!" She jumped into a simple dress, she did not wait to eat—she hurried out to join the rest on almost flying feet. And through the weary day she worked—and when the shadows came, to tell of fast approaching night her back and arms were lame; her feet were tired and her hair was almost out of curl—and, oh, the head beneath the hair, was in a frightful whirl! And as she crawled into her bed, almost too worn to speak, she murmured softly, to herself, "I'd like to sleep a week. This is one awful kind of life—oh, say, I'd like to be a mother, or somebody's wife, or anyone but me!"

THE moral of this parable (if I can call it that), is simple (morals always are!) and just a little flat. For when the others saw the play in which Miss Fannie starred they said—in different forms of speech—"That girl—she has it hard!" Which only goes to prove to you what many folk have tried to prove to many other folk—that, looking from outside, a job may be a wonder job—it may seem mighty swell—but if you've never been inside—you can not always tell!

Shakespeare Said It

MRS. MILDRED HARRIS CHAPLIN agrees not to use husband's name professionally.—*Headline.*

What's in a name when one receives \$200,000 for dropping it?—*N. Y. Sun.*



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How Do They Do It?

(Continued from page 40)

Just what our own individual artists say about themselves, I now set down honestly, in an earnest endeavor to reveal to the public the multiple influences which go to make up that most mysterious of all modern creatures—a "movie" star.

"I'm going to ask you some difficult questions," I said to Miss Burke, as the maid ushered me into the rose-colored dressing room, with its chaise longue and rose draperies. "I want you to tell me how you create effects on the screen and by means of what particular powers."

Miss Burke looked charming, but startled. Then she gave me a sudden, but rather unexpected answer as follows:

"By being natural. Naturalness is the most important asset that an actress can have. It is naturalness," she explained, with fine generosity, "which makes Mary Pickford so charming. Her dear little face is so expressive that it naturally reveals all the emotions of the soul."

Miss Burke smiled as if she had completed the discussion and then began to talk again enthusiastically, offering a number of observations which undoubtedly bear a close relation to her work on the screen.

"I like costume parts and boy parts. In such roles I feel at my ease, without any of the embarrassment which accompanies facing the camera. I prefer parts that are full of youthful freedom—ingenuous, gay. I have never been interested in melodrama."

These statements account, perhaps, for Miss Burke's adherence to a somewhat limited repertoire, both on the screen and on the stage. Her experiences with the masses have been somewhat limited and, though she is fond of people, she confessed to something of a terror for crowds.

"I think," she continued, "that realistic continuity cannot be so well sustained on the screen as on the stage; the player is apt to get 'out of character' during scenery and location shifts, because of stops for lighting and mechanical effects."

STANDING up resplendent in a cloth of silver gown, emblazoned with jewels, Mae Murray posed motionless before the camera, and analyzed meanwhile, the personal powers which she believes important to her success.

"Our personal forces," she explained, "we discover as we progress with our work; though I believe that the most useful are primarily mental. The physical draws a different sort of attention which is, perhaps, merely casual."

"It is just like walking down the street and having people turn around to look at you; not because you are exerting a conscious mental effort to make them do so, but because of some physical influence you exert unconsciously."

"My chief claim to success, however, I base on sincerity—doing everything with all my heart and soul. My sincerity

is intense, concentrated. It includes the fundamentals of religious belief; all that which is best and right.

"While working before the camera, I never think of my audiences. I simply live my parts. As an aid to my work, I have a small string orchestra play while I am posing. The music has an effect on my nature which I reveal in the pictures. Music is, in fact, one of the greatest influences in my life; the best music inspires me to greater work; the lighter music rests me and enlarges my experience."

Miss Murray remarked that she cannot abandon herself completely to the development of a characterization if spectators observe her work, which is true of many players.



Drawn by C. W. Anderson

"Good! Hold that expression a minute, Miss Grace!"

BERT LYTELL invited me to lunch and to analyze with him; and then he straightway forgot the invitation completely. Instead, he walked me over to the stage of the Morosco theater where he was serving as emergency director of a new picture.

Here are some of the scholarly observations he made:

"Success on the screen depends on a combination of qualities; not on any single one. Most important of all are experience and technique. These must be mastered as a musician masters his instrument. The artist must, in fact, play upon himself as if he were the instrument. He must feel deeply, but never let his emotions master him. To do so means to weaken his part. Effective acting depends on the effective representation of the emotion, not on feeling the emotion."

"This psychological conception of art cannot be mastered in a day. It requires years of practice. I believe that much of my knowledge was inherited because most of my family were actors. As an example of great acting on the screen in connection with this study, I mention the

fine work of Lillian Gish in the last act of 'Broken Blossoms.'"

Mr. Lytell stated that when he posed before the camera, he never thought of his audiences; but merely of the character in the play and of what his emotions would or could be under certain conditions.

"Acting for the screen," he continued, "is more difficult than acting for the stage because of the constant noise made by the workmen and the apparatus, a noise of which the public knows absolutely nothing. Nevertheless, artistic fervor makes the real player forgetful of everything."

THE door opened and admitted Mrs. Drew into her own beautiful apartment, a place of rich tapestries, Florentine tables and rare paintings. She walked over to a sort of antique bench and began, at once, to analyze herself and her methods of writing and acting. Her eagerness was exhilarating—as if she had just taken a plunge at her favorite resort—Sea Gate.

"Of course this matter of creating (Continued on page 115)

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(Continued from page 59)

couples motored there for a lark. They had no idea it was possible to be married with so little fuss and red tape, and when a Justice of the Peace smilingly agreed to tie the knot, Constance and Dorothy were more or less surprised at the ease with which they exchanged their famous maiden names for married ones.

To New York, then, the same afternoon, came Mr. and Mrs. Pialoglo and Mr. and Mrs. James Rennie. They planned to keep their marriages a secret; but of course both the Talmadge and the Gish families had to be told, and a few friends—and the first thing they knew, New York knew all about

it, and then, well—the rest of the world. Constance and her husband went to Atlantic City for a brief honeymoon. Dorothy and Mr. Rennie stayed in Manhattan because "Spanish Love," one of the most successful plays along the Rialto, couldn't very well be performed without its popular leading man.

Honeymoons, in fact, are not for popular and hard-working film stars. Constance had to come back to finish work on "The Man from Toronto," her new First National picture. Dorothy attended every performance of "Spanish Love." She first saw her husband behind the footlights as Ruth Chatter-

ton's leading man in "Moonlight and Honey-suckle" and is said to have declared at the time, to her pal Constance, that Mr. Rennie was "the handsomest man she ever saw." At any rate, he became her leading man in films soon after, and so began their romance.

Mr. Pialoglo is and will be known to the public only as Constance Talmadge's husband, but as a tobacco merchant he has amassed a fortune, they say; and Constance could retire any time she cared to. But she says she won't, so there's nothing to worry about. Here's wishing both of them happiness!



OUT of 8047 persons convicted of crime in New York state during 1920, only fourteen were classed as members of the acting profession, according to a report of the Secretary of State. And these few included both sexes and all who claimed that vocation whether properly or not.

"IN what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life?" inquired the teacher of a quiet-looking pupil.

"Dead, sir!" came the unexpected reply.—*Tit Bits*.

AS a member of the United States Civil Service Commission Mrs. Helen H. Gardener now holds the highest federal position ever held by a woman.

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD Robert had been sent to the drug store to have a prescription filled. When the druggist had filled the order he called Robert. "Here are your pills," said the druggist. "Do you want them put up in a nice little box?"

"Why, of course," answered Robert. "Did you expect me to roll 'em home?"

ELEPHANTS are intelligent and teachable creatures. At the Hippodrome in New York City there is one that dances a "shimmy," but there is one trick that no elephant trainer has been able to teach any of his pupils and that is the art of jumping, either upward or forward. An elephant cannot leave the ground with his whole body for even a fraction of a second of his own initiative. He is too big and heavy. A big elephant takes six feet nine inches at a stride, but a seven-foot trench would be as hopeless a barrier as one of seventy feet.

THE ancient wiseacres were hopelessly and dangerously wrong in many of their precepts. Persons of middle age can remember warnings of their elders against the dangers of night air, but now most of us sleep with our windows open to avoid colds and other ills, brought on by stale air. We used to be told that when one wept in a dream it meant future happiness, while dreaming that one laughed meant bad luck. Both dreams really have the same significance, according to a famous nerve specialist. They indicate nervous disorder. Next time you dream that you cried or laughed better tell your doctor about it.

THERE are 26,513 steamships in the world, and only 5,082 sailing vessels.

ERIC the Red, the father of Leif, who discovered America about the year 1,000 A.D., was undoubtedly the first real estate shark. He ought to be made the patron saint of the real estate business. Eric discovered Greenland, settled there and gave this country of snow and eternal glaciers this name, as he explained, "that others might come here and settle."

CUSTOMER: "Is this a pedigreed dog?" Dealer: "Pedigreed, if that dog could talk he wouldn't be seen speaking to either of us."—*Tit Bits*.

MR. BOLL WEEVIL, destroyer of American crops to the extent of many million dollars a year, is now a "heavy" villain in a two-reel film just released by the United States Department of Agriculture. He appears several times individually in the course of this lively production, but the principal part is devoted to the activities of the hero of the sketch. Mr. Calcium Arsenate, who is aided and abetted by the department in his efforts to bring about Mr. Weevil's overthrow. "Cal" descends upon Mr. Weevil from a battery of horse-drawn machines, of which forty are shown in one spectacular scene, taken in early summer. Work is shown in the department's laboratories at Tullulah, La., and in Washington, D. C., where the methods which save cotton planters \$20,000,000 or more annually were devised.

One interesting feature is the laboratory work by which bogus weevil exterminators are detected. Copies of the film may be bought from the department by institutions and organizations interested in boll weevil extermination.

UNTIL recently the breeding place of eels has been a complete mystery to scientists who were probably the only ones that cared where this fish reared its young. Few months ago a Danish scientist, Dr. Johannes Schmidt, trailed the eel to his breeding lair which was found to be far out in the Atlantic. When the eel approaches spawning time, it strikes for the open ocean and spawns in an area south of the Bermudas. The mother eel never returns toward shore, and the young eel, transparent at first, simply floats toward the coasts of the various European countries, where it grows to maturity. The American eel breeds in an area south of where the European eel breeds.

Now we can all sigh with relief.

ACCORDING to the Mohammedan faith some animals are admitted to Heaven—for instance, Balaam's ass which reproved the prophet; Solomon's ant which reproved the sluggard; Jonah's whale which swallowed him; the ram of Israel, offered by Abraham in lieu of his son Isaac; the ass on which Christ entered Jerusalem; the ox of Moses, and Al Borak which conveyed Mohammed to Heaven.

A NEW form of marriage ceremony is practiced by a Georgia Justice of the peace. He concludes as follows: "By the authority vested in me as an officer of the state of Georgia, which is sometimes called the Empire State of the South, by the fields of cotton that lie spread out in snowy whiteness around us; by the howl of the coon dog, and the gourd vine, whose clinging tendrils will shade the entrance to your humble dwelling place, by the red and luscious heart of the watermelon, whose sweetness fills the heart with joy, by the heavens and earth, in the presence of these witnesses, I pronounce you man and wife."—*Bruch and Bar*.

"GOOD WORDS," a paper dedicated to the welfare of the men in prison, and published at the penitentiary at Atlanta, devotes one of its pages to movie news.

PEOPLE are not saving half as much as they should. Everyone should save from the office-boy to the millionaire.—*Table Talk*.

—Although, we must admit the millionaire has a shade the advantage over the office-boy.

WHILE France claims to have invented photography through the genius of Daguerre, the painter, America is proud of the fact that it was one of her sons who photographed the first face.

After years of patient labor, Daguerre succeeded in taking sunlight pictures of scenery on a sensitive plate.

This was in 1839, and a year later Professor John W. Draper, of New York, took a photograph of his sister, Dorothy, the first person to have her likeness reproduced on a prepared background with the help of the sun's rays.

It took an hour to take the photograph, and the picture may still be seen.

"YOUNG man," said the magistrate, severely, "the assault you have committed on your poor wife was most brutal. Do you know of any reason why I should not send you to prison?"

"If you do, your honor," replied the prisoner, "it will break up our honeymoon."—*Tit Bits*.

COLIN CAMPBELL needed a cat to take on location for "Black Roses" and while they were on location the cat ran away. The owner then claimed it was a pedigreed cat and worth \$500.00 and demanded payment for the cat, but Colin, Scotchman as he is, answered the request in a Scotch manner, by saying, "We would pay you for the use of the cat, but it broke its contract by running away."

ACCORDING to a bank report, Friday, January 14, is a holiday in Soviet Russia. They didn't name the other 364 holidays.

DORIS: "Is Mr. Hansen courting you?" Alice: "Not exactly, yet. But he is approaching it step by step. When he first called he sat all the evening with a postcard album in his lap. Next time he sat with my poodle in his lap. Next time he took my little brother in his lap. So, you see, I hope it will soon be my turn!"—*Tit Bits*.

A HUSBAND and wife were always quarrelling and a friend called one evening and found them in the midst of a violent row. After the storm had subsided he ventured mildly to remonstrate with the husband.

"Look here," he said, "you shouldn't quarrel like that. Look at the dog and cat lying there together peacefully. They get on all right together."

"Yes, they may," snorted the husband; "but you just tie them together and see what happens then."

HE (after the quarrel)—Then what did you marry me for?

She—Mother figured it up at the time and said it was for about a million and a half, I think.—*Boston Transcript*.

HE—Now that we are married, dear, I feel qualified to tell you that you have a few little defects.

She—Don't let them worry you, Clarence. It was those little defects that kept me from getting a better man than you are!—*Town Topics*.

Ye Ancient Press Agents

A fantasy with a nubbin of truth.

By AGNES SMITH

LET us play that pleasant little parlor game of "Suppose the movies had been discovered one thousand years ago."

And let us consider how some of the big incandescents of art, literature and acting would have fallen for the lure of the toothsome contract and consented to have their works immortalized on the screen. And let us read some of the press notices that would have been sent out by ye ancient film companies.

Admitting the fascinating supposition, we will give you a few imitations, without the aid of make-up or false hair:

"A deal of tremendous importance is seen in the announcement of the Old Cheese Film Corporation, made through its president Jeffroy Stilton, that this progressive organization has secured the film rights to the celebrated stage success 'Macbeth' by the internationally known dramatist, William Shakespeare. The price paid for the world famous drama was fifty thousand pounds, said to be the highest ever paid for a play.

"In commenting upon the reasons that persuaded him to sell the first of his widely popular dramas for reproduction upon the silver sheet, Mr. Shakespeare said: 'I am convinced that the motion picture is no longer a business; it is an art. Under the expert guidance of President Stilton who is a great artist as well as a keen business man, I am convinced that 'Macbeth' will duplicate its stage success on the screen. Although I did not have the screen in mind when I wrote it, I realize that it is essentially a drama of action and I am sure that it will lend itself admirably to reproduction on the shining canvas."

As yet, the Old Cheese Corporation has chosen no director to transfer "Macbeth" to the whirling celluloid but it is probable that it will serve as a vehicle for Claude Duckling who will desert serial roles to give a wider scope for his ability in tragedy. Mr. Shakespeare has consented to leave his country place at Stratford-on-Avon to personally supervise in person the filming of his celebrated drama.

Here is another:

"Nell Gwynne, winsome of popular star of the speaking stage, has been signed for a period of years to star in motion pictures made by the Merry Monarchs Pictures Corporation. The news that Miss Gwynne will greet her countless admirers on the screen as well as the stage will be welcomed with enthusiasm by her countless admirers who have been won by her beauty and talents.

"Miss Gwynne looks forward to her studio experience with delight and promises to bring her rare verve to her work before the camera. Off the stage, she is a typical out-door girl, fond of tennis, riding, swimming, archery and quoits.

"A lavish publicity and advertising campaign will introduce Miss Gwynne on the screen. Simultaneous with the release of her first picture, a new brand of oranges, named in her honor, will be put on the market so that the exhibitor

will be able to reap the profit of this tie-up exploitation."

Jumping over to France we find:

"Announcement comes from the Sans Coeur Film Company that Charles de Thrille, director of super-deluxe productions, will film 'Madame Bovary,' the deathless novel by the renowned Gustave Flaubert. In 'Madame Bovary,' Monsieur de Thrille has found congenial material for he is noted as a daring and truthful portrayer of dramas dealing with sex and married life. The author's title 'Madame Bovary' will be changed to 'A Woman's Secret' which is expected to have a big box office pull. The change was made at the request of prominent exhibitors who were afraid that 'Madame Bovary' would suggest to their patrons that the story was about a cow.

"The fact that publication of the book was stopped by the government is also expected to make the de Thrille-Flaubert drama a big clean-up. The picture will be released by the Sans Coeur Film Company as a super-extra special de luxe."

Because there were always boots and an easy public, we might imagine something like this:

"It was made known yesterday that a group of prominent capitalists have organized the Guy Fawkes Film Company to present Guy Fawkes, the sensationally known public figure, in a mammoth and spectacular film production. While much of the stock has been subscribed, a few shares will be sold to the public at a nominal figure thus offering the investor a chance to clean up in the golden harvest that is reaped by the movies and also to give the public an intimate interest in the mammoth production."

But why neglect the big league artists:

"The Mafia Features Corporation announces that it has engaged the services of Michael Angelo, the distinguished Italian artist, to supply designs for its interior settings. Mr. Angelo's first work will be the settings for 'La Bella Ragazza,' the forthcoming starring vehicle of the petite little artiste, Maria Mushi. Mr. Angelo promises to duplicate in the studio the type of work that has brought such favorable comment in art circles."

Even the musicians contribute to the infant art:

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Ye Ancient Press Agents

(Concluded)

But go on and write your own press notices. An early Mack Sennett might have discovered Rabelais and Wordsworth might have written pretty subtitles for scenes. Plenty of geniuses died in poverty just because there was no such thing as moving picture rights.

How Do They Do It?

(Continued from page 110)

impression on the screen," she began, "is largely an individual matter. My personal experience has been somewhat unique. I have played only myself, myself only. It has been the same with my writing; I take my plots from my very own everyday life. The characters in my pictures are just like those I would meet in my own home.

"Sidney and I were always together—the Siamese twins," a shop girl once dubbed us. We would talk over matters that had to do with people and things and then we would live them over again in our plays, happily and, above all, humorously. To tell you the truth, I collected scraps of other peoples' conversations, their habits, foibles and mannerisms, and then I placed them all right on top of poor Sidney's defenseless head.

"I must confess, however, that I supplemented my own natural interpretative intuitions with certain histrionic devices. I won't call them 'tricks'—though I recall hearing Sidney tell how Joseph Jefferson pointed out to him the advantage of accentuating certain individualistic tendencies of voice and body."

"A MILLION men are envious o. me now," I said to Miss Talmadge as she shook my hand.

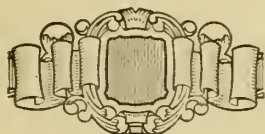
"A million thanks," she said casually, as if compliments were of very slight consequence to her.

She looked like such a wisp of a girl that I felt like a Spanish inquisitor for asking her difficult analytical questions. But I began ruthlessly, nevertheless, and the results were very interesting.

"What makes you so successful on the screen?" I asked.

"My success has absolutely nothing to do with me," came the quick response. "I never think of myself in connection with the screen. To me, the story of the play is the thing of overwhelming significance. A great story moves along nobly. It carries along with it the characters and the audience. It carries me along also, for when I act the story, I am merely one of those characters. When I read a story which is really great, I build up in my imagination the particular character which moves me the most deeply. I learn to know that character as a living and breathing individual. As a result, when I portray that character on the screen, my instincts, or rather the instincts belonging to that character, guide my movements, my expressions and my sympathies. For this reason, every picture is a complete new character and I am merely the small thing which plays it.

"Make-up and clothes, I consider important aids, for they help me sustain the imaginative illusion. The thing I desire most is good plays; plays that dare to end unhappily, which are human, truthful, colorful and memorable."



Posed by Corinne Griffith, Film Star

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The Easy Road

(Continued from page 44)



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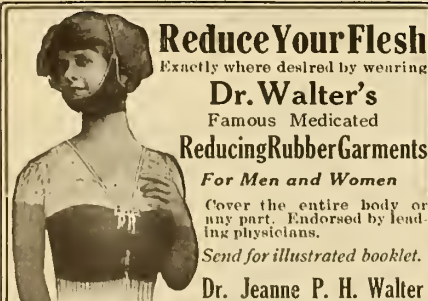


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"There, there, darling!" soothed Katherine, in her old, half-maternal fashion, as the young wife clung to her, sobbing. "Now tell me all about it! You remember I told you to come to me when you needed help to set Leonard to work again!"

"He doesn't work at all! He runs around with a crazy, idle crowd! He has begun to drink and to gamble! He hasn't worked in weeks! And today I found him writing an ode to Minnie Baldwin's pet chow! He isn't strong and clean and ambitious, as he was when I married him. He's a different person!" The words came out in a tumultuous rush.

"Yes, he is the person you have made him," came Katherine Dare's answer. "And now you don't like the result of your own methods!"

"What do you mean?" gasped Isabel, astonishment drying her tears.

"Just what I say. It is your fault. You took a clean, strong, ambitious, out-of-doors man, full of physical and mental vigor, with a keen zest for work, and with the necessity for work! You blinded his senses with love and stifled his ambition with luxuries that he never earned. You made him into a house-cat, content to feed from a lady's hand. You coaxed and caressed and cajoled him into the life of Easy Street. And Leonard Fayne is not a man who does things by halves. Your genius has become a thoroughly naturalized citizen of the Land of Idleness. His ideals are cheapened, his ambitions dead. You did it!"

Amazement and dismay and grief were in the gaze that met Katherine's stern eyes, but there was no anger. Tell a woman that a loved one is at fault and she flames into quick anger and defense of her idol. Tell her that the fault is hers and she weeps contritely and loves you for defending him.

"What can I do?" Isabel asked meekly.

"If you are brave enough and love him well enough, you can take away the thing that has ruined him. You can come abroad with me for a year and leave him to struggle back to his own feet again."

"You mean leave him with nothing? Close our home? Take away—"

She stopped, her face crimson. Katherine nodded. "It is hard to say of a full grown man 'take away his sole means of support' isn't it? It makes you realize what you have brought him to. Well, leave his studio to him, and your joint checking account. Leonard Fayne is a man, still. I'd be willing to wager my life that he won't spend your money."

"But what will he do?"

"What he did before he saw you—work, hard and honestly. His genius will flower



The Easy Road

NARRATED, by permission from the Paramount-Artcraft production adapted by Beulah Marie Dix from "Easy Street," a story by Blair Hall. Directed by Tom Forman, with the following cast:

Leonard Fayne....Thomas Meighan
Isabel Grayce.....Gladys George
Katherine Dare.....Grace Goodall
Hemingway.....Arthur Carew
Ella Klotz.....Lila Lee
Minnie Baldwin.....Lura Anson
Laura.....Viora Daniels

again. Inspiration will come tapping at his door and he'll hear her above the wolf-howls. Believe me, little friend, I speak the truth."

Under the flower-like face and the childish manner of Isabel lay the strength of soul and the depth of feeling that had won the love of Leonard Fayne, the sailor-novelist. She lifted clear, steady eyes to Katherine's anxious gaze now.

"I will be ready to sail with you tomorrow," she said.

Three o'clock the following day saw Isabel on the deck of an ocean liner, watching with wet eyes the sky-line of the city dwindle and disappear. And at the same hour Leonard woke,

yawned, looked around the too-luxurious bedroom, and raised a listless hand to the button at his bedside. The ring brought a man servant with a breakfast tray and a square white envelope. He read the few lines, and the wonder in his expression gave place to dismay and then to rage.

"So she's gone!" he breathed, "with Katherine Dare! If she ever comes back, it will be to the man she married, not to a self-satisfied idler! She goes, and flings me a purse! Draw on her bankers? Not if I know it!"

His vigorous push of the button brought the man hurrying back, anxiously. "Your coffee isn't hot enough, sir? I'll bring—"

"Bring nothing!" snapped Leonard. "Pack a trunk for me. I'm leaving. Send it to my studio in town."

At the studio he telephoned the agent. The lease still had sixteen months to run and the rent had been paid in advance.

"Then I'll stay here," he decided, with a shrug. "They wouldn't refund anything. I can pay Isabel, when I get to earning again."

"When I get to earning again!" The words came back and slapped his face with a sting of wounded pride. How long had it been since he earned his own living? What had the life of Easy Street done to him?

He crossed the room and stood looking up at a statuette of Isabel, a dainty, dancing figure, in fluttering draperies. Katherine Dare had given it to him, on the day he moved to this studio. "For inspiration" her note had said.

"Isabel," he said, addressing the white, fragile thing which seemed to sway toward him and listen in the half light of the early dusk, "you made a fool of me! You can't inspire me now. Nothing can! What's the use?"

The energy engendered by his spurt of anger had burned out. He nodded a mocking goodbye to the fairy figure on the mantel and went out—to play with the friends of Easy Street.

The Easy Road

(Continued)

As the husband of Isabel, with a wide-open home and money in his pockets, he had been a desirable playmate. But now, with the house closed, with Isabel gone, with strange, half-verified rumors creeping about, the houses on Easy Street closed their doors and drew down the blinds at his approach. He drifted into solitude, brooding, the utter desolateness that comes with the loss of self-respect. Half-heartedly he tried at times to work, but his mind was dead. He ran swiftly through the stages of shabbiness, poor food, petty economies, down to actual want. Yet through it all he clung to one golden thread of his old manhood. Katherine Dare had estimated him rightly. Isabel's bank balance remained intact.

There came a night when he sat until midnight before the mantelpiece where the statuette laughed down at him. He was hungry, his shoes were ragged, his clothing threadbare. Fire and light and a shelter he had, for months to come, but nothing else. He would not sell or pawn the furnishings which belonged to his wife.

"Yes, my wife!" he said, aloud, answering some thought. His eyes had strayed to another image on the mantelpiece, an ugly little Chinese God given to him by Heminway, one of the friends of Easy Street. "You've gone abroad, Heminway, I hear, and you always wanted her. But she's *my wife* and I know her! You might as well give it up!"

Somewhere a bell tolled twelve and his mood changed. "Why not set her free?" he asked himself, suddenly. With the words he rose, snapped off the lights, lifted his face and kissed the small, dancing feet of the statuette. A moment later the door slammed behind him. A few moments more and his ragged shoes were shuffling down a side street, toward the river that ran out there to the open sea.

It was cold on the pier, and dark. A chill mist that was almost a fog hung over the water that lapped the weather-worn piles. He knelt and peered down, and the spray reached up to brush his cheek. There was the faintest tang of salt and of seaweed in it. For an instant he felt the good, clean wind in his face, the rolling deck beneath his feet, the thrill of adventure and conquest in his soul. Then his head dropped, he drew his hand sharply across his eyes, closed them, and leaned forward, swaying a little, back and forth, to gather impetus.

Spat-spat! Spat-spat! Splash!

Something had brushed past him with queer, flat footfalls, and dashed headlong into the black water. As he sprang to his feet he saw a dark, bobbing object rise, and a white arm came up to clutch desperately at the darkness and vanish again.

When it rose again, Leonard was over, swimming with easy strokes, clutching a mop of streaming hair, stilling the clinging arms with a sharp blow, towing that slight figure to the pier, dragging it up to stand, cowering and shivering beside him.

"Why didn't you let me go?" it sobbed. "I'm going blind! Whadda I want to live for? What business you got buttin' in?"

"No one has a right to take the life that God gave," said Leonard quietly, and heard his own words with a thrill, as if they were spoken by another. He took the girl's hand and led her rapidly up the street, their shoes making faint, splashing sounds along the deserted walk.

Inside the studio he snapped on the lights, led her to the radiator where the steam gave a comforting warmth. She was twenty years old, perhaps, shabby, undernourished,



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The Easy Road

(Concluded)

with the scared, peering look of the half blind. He spoke with gentle authority.

"Go in the bedroom there and strip off your wet things. Take a hot bath and get into bed. I'll sleep out here. And don't worry. I'll look after you now."

"Will you, honest? Can you afford it?" The voice was awed, incredulous.

"Afford it, yes!" he spoke almost roughly. "I'm a man and I can work."

Like a little child, she obeyed him. When the door of the bedroom closed Leonard turned to his desk. With a little, grim gesture and a half mocking smile he jerked the cover from his typewriter. A shower of dust flew up from it, making him cough as he inserted a sheet of paper, and began to write. When dawn came the machine was still clicking steadily.

It clicked through all the days and many of the nights in the week that followed. The weeks grew into months. And when the months had become a year, the name of Leonard Fayne was on everyone's lips. He had "come back" with a marvelous novel, a work of genius—"The Out Trail."

Isabel, too, came back—from her self-imposed exile in Europe. Gentler of voice, more subdued of manner, graver of face, but the same Isabel. The morning they landed she turned to Katherine Dare eagerly.

"I can look him up at once, can't I?"

"As soon as you like," laughed Katherine, "but we have a caller. It's Lawrence Heminway. Run down to the parlors like a good child. We can't have him up here."

Reluctantly, Isabel obeyed. Katherine turned to her unpacking again. "I think things are going to be all right," she sighed. "The child is so happy—and he has won his right to her now."

It was only fifteen minutes until Isabel returned—a white-faced, trembling Isabel!

"I—I've got to give him up!" she sobbed.

"I wasn't his inspiration at all. He's got another woman in his studio. Lawrence Heminway was there and saw her clothes, and her little work basket and everything! I'll give him a divorce, and—"

"And marry Lawrence Heminway, as he wants you too, I suppose," Katherine interrupted calmly. "Now, my dear, before you plan to give your husband away like a pound of tea, suppose you find out for yourself just how things are."

"You think Leonard does want me?"

"I think I know men, if I am an old maid, or maybe because I'm one! I tell you to run along and call on Leonard, my dear."

It was very quiet in the studio when Isabel tapped on the door. She waited breathless, beautiful, the color in her cheeks coming and going in quick little waves, as a chair scraped and light footsteps crossed the floor. Then the door opened and a young girl stood there—a plain, dark-haired, sensible-looking girl, with clear, frank eyes, that were reddened with tears, just now.

"Come in," she invited, and then, as Isabel stepped in and she saw her more closely,

"Oh, it's you, ma'am! It's you! Oh, now maybe he won't be so mad with me!"

"How do you know me?" Isabel asked, gently, "and who is going to be angry with you, and why?"

"I know you're his wife, the statuette lady! And he's kept you setting up there always, and worshipped you. You're his inspiration, you know. And just now I broke you—the statuette, I mean—and I was so scared."

"Are you sure he wants me?" asked Isabel impulsively. "What about you?"

The frank eyes widened. "Wants you? Why, dear lady, he has prayed to that image there every night since I knew him. 'Come back, come back, when I deserve you!' he says. I'm just a poor girl that he saved from drowning and from blindness. If I was his sister he couldn't do more for me, nor different! That's God's truth, lady!"

There was truth and candor in the plain, good face of the girl, in the clear voice, in the level gaze. All Isabel's doubts and fears slipped away. Eyes and voice and smile filled with glad confidence.

"When will he be back?" Any minute? Will you let me slip on your apron, and will you—"

"I'll run out to market, ma'am, and I won't be back for quite a while!" laughed the girl, with quick understanding.

She went, and Isabel, enveloped in the big apron, waited breathlessly in the kitchen, her back toward the open door. He would come, he would think she was Ella, then she would turn around and—

Footsteps interrupted her thoughts. A key in the door, men's voices. The dear, familiar tones of Leonard, and—yes, the voice of Heminway. She waited through a half-whispered conversation until Heminway's eager tones said clearly "Your book is a success, but you're still a long way from Easy Street. Give her an easy divorce and I'll put you there with one stroke of my pen."

There was a second's pause before Leonard said, quietly, but with a deadly earnestness: "On your way, now, as our English friends say. If I chuck you out that window you won't strike Easy Street!"

"I suppose you think she's coming back to you," snarled Heminway, moving toward the door.

"She happens to be back, already!" said a voice from the kitchen door.

The two men turned, with startled exclamations. In Heminway's voice was baffled rage and dismay and disgust. In Leonard's, amazement and hope and joy—unutterable. Isabel pointed a slim, stern finger toward the door.

"Run along, Heminway. I'm cooking dinner, and you're not invited."

The door banged. The tramp of Heminway's feet died down the corridor outside. In the big, silent room the man and the woman clung to each other, kissed and sobbed and kissed again.

Films by Telegraph

THE next thing will be films by wire. Edouard Belin, one of the leading electrical experts of France, has declared it possible to transmit motion pictures by telegraph. The apparatus for the purpose would be similar, he says, to that by which he transmits regular photographs, save that the grooves would have to be

much smaller than those needed for transmitting still pictures. They would have to be about one-twentieth of a millimetre in size. Belin further declared that since a film is only a succession of still photographs, all that is necessary when the size of the frame had been regulated, would be to shoot a succession of pictures over the apparatus.

"Over There"

Are American producers threatened with losing European patronage?

WHEN they consider Europe, some American film folks still stridently play Mr. Cohan's tune—metaphorically speaking—but it no longer goes so well. Cinemic Europe is coming back. Nobody disputes the fact that American photoplays lead the world, but four or five countries have thrown their hats into the ring, and are out with challenges for battles at any distance. An impartial observer of international picture products will have no great difficulty in discerning our superior lighting, our infinitely superior scenic equipment, and our generally superior acting and direction. Possibly the mill run of their stories is better than ours. And certainly the European home-mades are alarmingly crowding American photoplays out of the cross-Atlantic market.

Since a very fine producing revenue has been derived from exports this is of serious interest to American producers, and since the revenues of producers generally stand in a direct relation to the quality of their screen plays the whole situation in its final action affects the only party for whom PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE feels a personal and vital interest—the consumer, the "fan."

We are still making, in this country, about 800 features a year, where we can legitimately use not much more than half that many. England, now vigorously manufacturing, has reduced its American importations one fourth. France is not able to pay our prices. Italy finds so little of interest in our general programme releases that only two stars—the universal Pearl White and the very Latin Nazimova—are starred by name. And Italy is, again, a beehive of camera industry.

A veritable avalanche of German and Scandinavian film impends.

The answer is not merely less production; it is finer and more careful production. Upon a market destitute of all commodities almost anything can be dumped; such was the European film market during and for many months after the war. But a market with many competitive sources of supply is independent and sometimes arrogant, even though it may not always exhibit the best taste.

It is of vital importance that America's prestige in Europe be not lost. For one reason, because the motion picture is our own, in a way of speaking; it is our single artistic conquest imposed upon the old world. For a more practical reason, because to do the things they ought to do and must do in the next few years American film manufacturers need a world-trade, not merely a local fetch-and-carry.

One thing remains certain; no country is refusing America's genuine super-productions—our finest and greatest pictures. To keep the shadow of the stars and stripes in the film theatres of every land the Americans must cease the scramble for quantity—quantity—quantity! We need the finest in technique, authorship, interpretation. We need the calm, deliberate processes of resolved man who do and keep on doing great things.

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Film-Flamming the Public

(Continued from page 60)

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ST. PAUL, MINN.

questioned in cable dispatches from Paris. The French cinema industry has conducted a vigorous investigation of his schemes. The practical film men who attended his dinner regarded him as a visionary and still do. Not so the men of high financial standing who helped launch the Franco-American and became directors of the company. None of the latter, however, have any experience in motion picture production. Among these were G. J. Fleischman of the Fleischman Construction Company, MacDougal Hawkes, an attorney, H. W. Miller of Keech and Company, bankers and brokers and others. They believed in Himmel who shortly after the dinner at the Ritz returned to Europe. He has now come back to the United States. He and his associates proposed to sell at least one half of the \$100,000,000 stock issue in the United States. You may yet be given an opportunity to climb in on this venture. PHOTOPLAY learns from excellent sources that Himmel has disposed of considerable stock in France.

* * * *

Cheer up, you small investors in motion picture stocks. You little suckers have been setting a good example. The big suckers have been watching you, and intelligent animals that they are, they are following your precepts.

But when it comes to a real competition between suckers, big and little, there is only one thing the matter with it. The big suckers have an inborn aversion for holding the bag when the crash comes. They have sharper vision than the little suckers, and when they see trouble ahead, they boost the stock and unload. The big smash sees them with their money in their pockets and the little suckers with the stock certificates and no money.

The story of Master Pictures, Inc., of Los Angeles, is more somber. This concern borrowed and employed the good old-fashioned trappings of the silk-hatted, scripture spouting lightning-rod agent of thirty years ago in appealing to persons of limited means to invest in its \$2,000,000 stock issue. Master Pictures, Inc., was one of these "holier than thou" schemes, devoted to the uplift of the film industry and the placing of motion picture art on a higher pedestal. "Morality First" was the slogan, and it caught. Earnest church members, working men and women who desired to help in a worthy movement invested as much of their savings as they could, believing the professions of W. J. Conner, president of the company and confident that the Corporation Securities Act of California corresponding in a measure to the "Blue Sky Law" of Illinois, Minnesota and Ohio, would protect them amply.

Conner planned gigantic projects in motion pictures comparable with the programme of the Pan Motor Company which came to grief more than a year ago, after selling some \$6,000,000 worth of stock to the public. Master Pictures made more noise in the movie community of Southern California than any other film producing company of that region, which is saying a good deal, and out of all this tumult was born one screen drama, "Roman Candles," which proved not to be a master picture at all. A fitting title.

Early in December, Conner was arrested on the charge of violating the California Corporation Securities Act. He was accused of collecting \$24,832 of stockholders' money and accounting for only \$1,237. At the time of Conner's arrest another complaint was

issued against him charging him with issuing a worthless check for \$125.

Under the terms of the permit to sell Master Picture stock, agents and officers of the company were ordered by the California Commissioner of Corporations to turn all proceeds of stock sales to the National Bank and Trust Company of Pasadena until \$100,000 had been deposited. It was alleged that Conner turned in only \$1,237. Salesmen and agents were allowed only 20 per cent. commission, but in these days of tight money conditions, a salesman of motion picture stock would starve to death working on that basis.

These days are hard on all business. The soundest corporations are retrenching. The air is full of rumors about old and supposedly firmly established companies shaken to their foundation. What chance for such flimsy structures as these amateur motion picture companies? Not much. Already several have begun to topple. The Frohman Amusement Corporation, which made more noise in the motion picture world six months ago than a barnyard full of laying hens, has gone into the hands of a receiver following a sudden suspension of its production programme about the middle of December.

To those who have watched the career of the Frohman Company and its president, William L. Sherrill, during the past six or seven years, this news did not come with any stunning surprise. Mr. Sherrill has been a most picturesque and rather likable figure in motion picture production, but he has always been hampered by lack of capital, and to many that knew the affairs of his business, it has been a mystery how he managed to accomplish what he did considering his slender resources. In view of this fact, his announcement last summer of his contract with Lillian Gish caused a great deal of astonishment in film circles.

* * * *

Under a three year contract, according to Mr. Sherrill's own statement, Miss Gish was to receive \$3,500 per week for the first year; \$4,500 per week, the second year; and \$7,000 a week the third year, and Miss Gish was on the payroll 52 weeks a year. In addition to her staggering salary, Miss Gish was to participate in the net profits of her pictures. In all she was to receive more than \$700,000 for her three years work in the production of fifteen pictures. And all this when the star system is, at least temporarily, being abandoned.

To finance his star, Sherrill ran big stock-selling advertisements in papers throughout the country and carried on an aggressive stock selling campaign by mail. But he started too late. War time prosperity was already on the ebb, and last September he announced that he had given up his effort to float himself by sale of stock to the public. The money was not flowing into his coffers as rapidly as he had expected. He had to take in through his mail campaign at least \$5,000 a week, and he was hardly receiving more than one-fifth of that sum. A blind man could have seen trouble ahead. Sherrill then proposed to form a small syndicate which would put up enough money, approximately \$200,000, to finance the first two pictures of his 1921 production program, starring Lillian Gish and Ruth Clifford. He stated that the money was pledged and that he had abandoned his stock-peddling venture. Two months later Miss Clifford sued him for breach of contract which was answered by the customary countersuit. Then the Gish production stopped. Then Jesse J. Gold-

Film-Flamming the Public

(Concluded)

berg, general manager of the Frohman Company, announced his resignation, and finally came the receivership proceedings.

The liabilities of the Frohman Amusement Corporation are stated to be \$67,075, and its assets \$240,200, and the bill of complaint asserts that the company has already spent \$54,000 on the unfinished Gish masterpiece which it is unable to complete for lack of

funds. In the meantime, what of the Frohman stockholders? They were led to believe that they would reap big profits. Nobody knows better than the producer of motion pictures what a gamble picture making is. But there was no hint of financial risk in Sherrill's sales circulars and letters.

Verily, the way of the motion picture producer is hard.

Clothes for Special Occasions

(Continued from page 66)

in a field by themselves. I know one girl who boasts that she can get ready in half an hour for a coast-to-coast trip. She showed me once how this is accomplished. A suit case holds her lingerie, a dinner gown, an extra tailored frock and a soft hat that is none the worse for crushing. A more elaborate hat goes into a bag as soon as she is settled on the train and the soft one worn when a hat is wanted during the trip. A tiny electric iron tucked into her traveling bag does away with the necessity of too much lingerie or too many stockings. This traveling bag also holds shoes, toilet articles, etc. She is smartly dressed for all occasions and carries a minimum of luggage—with no trunk to be inlaid at critical times.

Inconspicuous clothes, quiet and of good cut, are essential for the woman who travels. The train is no place for one's old afternoon frocks. Travel by boat, on the other hand, calls for many more clothes than when one makes a journey by train. A pretty, non-crushable dinner frock is a necessity aboard ship, and the steamer trunk should contain one smart evening frock and plenty of good looking sports clothes—the materials for the latter depending on the season and the places to be visited. A warm coat is essential for a boat trip and the sort of close-fitting hat or cap that will not be disturbed by a stiff breeze.

Clothes for week-end trips and for short visits in the country depend entirely on the places one visits and the sort of entertainment expected. If your hostess goes in for sports you will want tramping and tennis clothes and the right sort of shoes for golf, tramping or tennis in addition to some of the sports clothes that are designed for beauty rather than utility. A sensible woman of my acquaintance keeps what she calls a "week-end kit." This kit contains two sets of pretty lingerie, her best night dress, her most elaborate kimono, boudoir cap and slippers. With these essentials always ready, it is comparatively easy to select the rest of the clothes that the contemplated visit requires.

However, it is sadly true that one may have the correct clothes for every imaginable social event and still not be well dressed. Last month we talked about the importance of line in dressing well and the need for studying one's figure in order to know how to enhance our good points and minimize the bad ones. Next in importance to line I should place color, for the sense of color is one of the most important factors in "dressing one's type." There are two ways of learning this: You may study the laws and principles of color combinations and so arrive at a knowledge of what best suits you, or you may by association become so familiar with them that you can tell at a glance what the general effect of any color combination will be.

Once you get the laws and principles of color grouping in your head, you will find it one of the most fascinating features of planning your wardrobe. The first step is a study of the color scale. The three primary colors are red, blue and yellow, but artists are inclined to extend this list to seven—the rainbow colors, that are purple, violet, indigo, blue, green, orange and red. On the scale, red extends two ways—into blue and yellow. Therefore, we get salmon, flesh, orange, russet and henna, all members of the red family. Blue also runs through a wide gamut of color, so it is not at all sufficient to say that you can wear red or blue. There will be certain tones of each that best suit you, and you must ascertain for yourself what they are.

* * * *

Museums, exhibitions of paintings, fashion shows, in fact, any large gathering of people or display of works of art will give you lesson after lesson in the study of color. Nature uses her vivid colorings with a careful hand, and it is well to imitate her and use only sparing dashes of orange, scarlet or brilliant green. Some one—in emphasizing this point—once said that butterflies are brilliant but the elephant is taupe, which tells the story.

Blue, usually navy blue, is a stock color—we all wear it. The reason is that blue is an easy color to wear, it is restful and unobtrusive. Blue is always fashionable, because it has a tendency to enhance the good points of both the complexion and figure. There is a French saying that black should never be worn by a woman after she is thirty until she is fifty. White, like blue, is almost universally worn, although ivory white is more becoming to the woman of mature years than the blue-white that younger wearers may revel in.

If you remember to match the shade of your eyes you will never go far wrong, and the right shade of blue will invariably heighten the brilliancy of blue eyes. Incidentally, blue face-veils are universally becoming, and white is the most trying color in veils.

The effect of a color in daylight and under artificial light is totally different. So, if you are buying materials for an evening gown you should examine them under artificial light, while those for day wear should be inspected under that light to get the right effect. It is scarcely necessary to say that brilliant hues should largely be used for autumn and winter wear—reserving pastel tones for the summer. Red, yellow and orange are "warm" colors and if worn in the summer should only appear at the seaside or on a breezy golf course.

Which reminds me, that next month we shall take a long look ahead and gossip about the latest fashions that are being created for our wear during the spring and summer months that are approaching so rapidly.



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Plays and Players

(Concluded from page 91)

JOSEPH CONRAD, a promising English author, has been engaged to write screen stories for Paramount. Mr. Conrad, who once wrote a story called "Victory" and another called "The Nigger of the Narcissus," will now have an opportunity to supply Gloria Swanson, Elsie Ferguson, and other stars with film material. Other slightly celebrated gentlemen who have been coaxed from their fastnesses in Britain and elsewhere, to immortalize themselves definitely in celluloid, for Mr. Lasky and Mr. Zukor, are

Sir James Barrie;
 Arnold Bennett;
 Edward Knobloch;
 Sir Gilbert Parker, and a few others. But to us, the acquisition of Mr. Conrad is the *coup d'état*. The great Pole has always maintained a picturesqueness aloofness; and the fact that he may come to this country, here to study film methods in the Hollywood studios, seems incongruous, but interesting.

H. O. DAVIS always said that the perfect motion picture would be the motion picture without a single sub-title. He made a captionless photoplay once, but before the public was permitted to see and judge it, titles had been added. It was thought, then, that such a picture would never "get by." Davis always maintained that, given a fair chance, it *could*.

It is an interesting question. Anita Loos established a school of heavily captioned pictures. She told her screen stories, not by pictures, but by her inimitable sub-titles. Strictly speaking, her pictures have never been *motion pictures*. They have been illustrated captions. But now—

Charles Ray has made a motion picture—a screen version of James Whitcomb Riley's beloved poem, "The Old Swimmer's Hole." And with its completion, Ray has realized a long-cherished ambition: to make a motion picture tell its own story, without the aid of printed text.

We haven't seen it yet. We don't know whether it is a successful venture or not. But it is, at least, a new step; and a fascinating one. It may mean a small-sized revolution in picture-making. What do you think?

"**SALVATION NELL**," Mrs. Fiske's stage success, is to be translated to celluloid by Whitman Bennett, for First National. Pauline Starke is the fortunate young actress selected to portray the famous role.

BEBE DANIELS spent the holidays in the old home town. It's Dallas, Texas, and she hadn't been back there since becoming a full-fledged star. Maybe the home-folks weren't glad to see Bebe. And not a one of them thought she was up-stage!

HOBART BOSWORTH was married recently in San Diego, Cal. The lady is Mrs. Cecile Percival, formerly of the research department at the Thomas Ince studios, and more recently secretary to Mr. Bosworth.

JOHN EMERSON and Anita Loos went to California to arrange for the production of their new picture, "Wife Insurance," of which the writers will be the "stars." Basil Sydney, who is Doris Keane's husband, and played opposite her in "Romance," will have the leading role, having come from England to play it. Mae Collins, an Emerson-Loos discovery from the "legit," is the leading lady.

DOROTHY GISH always said that when she married, she would never stop for all the fuss and feathers of a church wedding, but would walk right up to the minister and say yes—there being a young man by her side, you understand. And although Dorothy said at the same time that she was never going to get married, she became Mrs. Rennie in December—and didn't wait for a formal wedding, either.

Constance Talmadge refused Mr. John Pialoglo for two years before she finally said yes—or so the story goes. She and Mr. Pialoglo were married first at the double ceremony in Greenwich, Ct., while Miss Gish and Mr. Rennie stood by. Then Mr. and Mrs. Pialoglo acted as matron-of-honor and best man while Dorothy Gish became Mrs. James Rennie. We hope they'll be happy. There doesn't seem to be any doubt about it—leave it to Dorothy and Constance to prove to the doubters that an actress may have a happy home and a brilliant career at the same time.

WE made a solemn resolve sometime ago never again to record the entrance of another Ziegfeld Follies beauty into the films.

But then, we hadn't seen Miss Jacqueline Logan.

She was one of the loveliest of the young ladies who paraded nightly before enraptured Manhattan audiences in Mr. Ziegfeld's renowned entertainments. And then Allan Dwan came to New York. He attended a performance of the Midnight Frolic, saw Miss Logan, and immediately declared he had made a new screen discovery. Miss Logan went to the west coast, had a screen test made, passed, and stepped into the leading feminine role of "The Perfect Crime," Mr. Dwan's new picture. She's as clever as she is beautiful, they say; and that's going some.

WILL Mae Marsh return to the Griffith fold?

A last-minute report that has not been confirmed by Miss Marsh, says that she will again act under D. W.'s direction—for the first time since the great days of "Intolerance."

She was one of the most celebrated screen actresses under the Griffith guidance. Then she left, to become a star. Her stellar pictures did not do her justice; and whether or not her new pictures since her come-back from private life will be any better, remains to be seen.

In the meantime, the rumor. It is said that if Mae Marsh returns to Griffith, it will be as a star at the head of an individual working organization such as Dorothy Gish and Dick Barthelmess already have. Wait and see.

CORINNE GRIFFITH is letting her husband boss her around these days. Her husband is Webster Campbell; and whatever he tells Corinne to do, she loses no time in carrying out. That is—from nine till five, which are the hours Mrs. Campbell is "Miss Griffith" to Webster, and he is "Mr. Campbell" to Corinne. Mr. Campbell is directing Mrs. Campbell at the Vitagraph studios in Brooklyn—and it's the first time he has ever handled the megaphone on his wife's production. He has been her leading man at various times, but he says now he is going to take up directing in earnest. They are a most devoted couple, these Campbells; and the beautiful Corinne is prouder of her husband's success than she is of her own.

The Coast

(Continued from page 99)

uncanny manner; an instrument unable to register color, dependent upon a perfect arrangement of lighting and, as yet, without the power to treat stereoscopically anything that it sees.

For three whole days I watched Mr. Cecil deMille, masterly and muscular, sitting on a high stool in an agony of thought looking like a member of the Legion of Frontiersmen on active service. All around him were his operators, also looking like members of the Legion of Frontiersmen. The ceilingless room in which he sat was filled with beautiful furniture from the palace probably of a Japanese monarch, the hangings, the rugs, the curtains were priceless and a little boy with a charming baby face, unnoticed by the worried parents of the picture who were in the throes of domestic troubles, was mischievously endeavoring to catch a tiny goldfish from a huge crystal bowl.

Miss Gloria Swanson in full evening dress, although full is hardly the right word, was enjoying a little nap in a safe corner. Mr. Elliott Dexter in a faultless dinner jacket was gazing into the future in another safe corner surrounded by unopened magazines. The child's actual mother, torn between maternal love and a sense of business, was watching her infant prodigy with a bottle of iced milk in her hand. High up on ladders at various points of vantage searchlight operators were seated chewing gum with the patience of that master-chewer, the cow.

Standing at a discreet distance from the scene of action a rather stout young man with artistic hair and a disarranged tie was playing Puccini on a violin, in order, no doubt, to stir the goldfish into a state of ecstasy and to quiet the nerves of the young artist with the golden curls. A distinguished American dramatist reeking of homespun and latakia was watching and studying, with his feet among strange coils which looked like dead snakes. The whole set and all these silent people were surrounded with canvas screens covered with abrupt notices on which were written the words "Keep Off."

"Ready . . . Shoot." I ducked involuntarily, fearing the worst and having had some slight experience of soft-nosed bullets away back in 1914. Instantly a glare of light fell upon the scene, the boy dipped his hand into the water and with an expression of eagerness and mischief endeavored to grasp an elusive fish and hold it up in triumph. At another word of command, out went the lights which stung the eyeballs, the mechanical click of the camera ceased and once more Cecil deMille returned to his agony of thought with one hot hand pressed to his Shakespearian brow. Then silence, if it could be called silence with a prize fight going on a hundred yards to the left and a western shooting match a hundred yards to the right.

During this brief mission to the Coast I wandered from studio to studio trying to understand and assimilate everything that was being done. I saw that the taking of pictures was not by any means as easy, for instance, as the production of plays, and that it required much greater concentration and was surrounded by hundreds of far more difficult problems. In the theater there is no camera to distort and mislead. There is only one great eye behind which is the whole receptive brain of an audience moved instantly to the same laughter, the same tears, the same sympathy and photographing the same points at the same moment, an instrument which works itself and is not dependent upon lighting, distance, or any of the other technical difficulties



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The Coast

(Concluded)

which must be overcome by the director and the camera men in their endeavors to translate a story to the screen.

It was extraordinary to walk through an empty studio one morning and pass through it the next to watch an army of carpenters erect a suite of rooms, including a bathroom perfect in all its details, the solidity of which made one gasp. I saw Mr. Wilfred Buckland in a series of rooms which looked like those of a busy and successful architect designing sets which ranged from the Tudor period to that of modern New Rochelle. I lunched at cafeterias in the main street of Hollywood and sat in close and amazing juxtaposition to Charlie Chaplin in his make-up, and I studied with keen amusement the long line of motor cars which daily ranged themselves up outside the studios with their various noses pointed to the long low line of buildings bathed in the gorgeous sunlight of California. It was easy to tell which of these cars belonged to Miss Gloria Swanson and which to the head carpenter. It need hardly be said that Mr. Cecil deMille's car was a cross between an aeroplane, a Zepelin and one of those racing implements which tears around tracks leaving a cloud of surprised dust behind it.

A snippet of conversation that I heard one day may be interesting to report. A carpenter was speaking to one of the roughriders who chewed gum and worked a spotlight. "Is God here yet?" "Yeh, he's comin' in now." Nearly jumping out of my skin I followed the direction of the latter's eyes and saw who?—who else than Brigadier-General Cecil deMille!

Finally I had the audacity to bury myself away in my small bedroom in the only hotel in which I could get, and while trying not to be too interested in the movements of a very bulbous colored lady whose life seemed to be devoted to the hanging of very intimate garments on a clothes line, to write the scenario of a screen story.

I emerged after two days' work with the

result of my efforts, and with shaking knees reported at Mr. William deMille's office and there, presently, under the searching brown eyes and slightly cynical smile of the man who had become my friend, I read this thing. There followed a lengthy discussion, several alterations and mutual enthusiasm. After which, with vastly more respect for the movies than I had ever felt before, I returned to New York to wait and see.

After many days "Midsummer Madness" was thrown upon the screen of a projection room in the New York office of the Famous Players and here, with Mr. Lasky and a small party of friends, I had the infinite satisfaction of seeing my story, which had been called "His Friend and His Wife," come to life under the magic touch of the man who had made my knees tremble away back in March and who had, it seemed to me, put his camera not in the middle of the sets but at the keyhole of their various doors and stolen the story of a domestic crisis unknown to the actors of it; who had, in a word, created a photoplay rather than a motion picture, doing away in one fell swoop with that star system which has done so much to twist stories out of their proper relation to art and similitude and prove that after all, the old technique of play-writing and novel writing can be very valuably applied to the new technique of the screen.

And the question that one asks oneself in all seriousness in thinking about the formation of pictures, as well as the creation of plays is, "Is there any such thing as technique anyhow so long as one can move an audience to tears and laughter and be sincere?" Whether this is so or not and whether it is interesting to say so or not I am now to be numbered on that daily growing list of authors who are to be placed among picture fans, and who regard the screen with respect, with the keenest interest and with a considerable amount of awe because of its gigantic public.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from Page 107)

H. M., PHILADELPHIA.—The Loving Brothers are rallying 'round me this month. Philadelphia is suddenly curious about the movies. I am glad you finally wrote to me and hope you'll write often. Constance Talmadge was the *Mountain Girl* in Griffiths "Intolerance," made while Constance was with Triangle-Fine Arts. She appeared in several Fine Arts pictures before she became a star for Select. Now her pictures are released by First National.

H. A. S., BALTIMORE.—I notice that many young men of my acquaintance cherish a delusion that they look like the Prince of Wales. It seems to be the thing nowadays. Antonio Moreno is acting in features now. He is lost to serials forever, I believe. His first long picture in a long time will be coming along soon. Tony isn't married. George Walsh is divorced from Seena Owen. Seena is in "Lavender and Old Lace" from Myrtle Reed's story.

ANONYMOUS THIRD.—So you like the Mystic Rose, Delight Evans' stories, Ashton Dearholt, and Me. You are very versatile. Anita Loos is still writing scenarios

for Constance Talmadge. She and John Emerson are married; and they recently wrote an original story called "American Love," which will be produced soon without a star. In other words, the star will be the story. Joseph Schenck will release it through First National.

M. H., CANEY, KANSAS.—You think Cullen Landis is the handsomest man on the screen. So does his wife. Herbert Rawlinson opposite Anita Stewart in "The Tornado" for Mayer-First National. Herb's charming better-half, Roberta Arnold, is scoring quite a success opposite Frank Craven in the new comedy, "The First Year," at the Little Theater in New York City. They have no children.

ALICE, MISSOURI.—The worst thing that could happen to a star would be to bump her head and see a lot of other stars. Harold Miller was *Sir Gerald* in "Her Five Foot Highness." Mary MacLaren is with International now, in "The Wild Goose," a Gouvenour Morris story. Albert Vosburgh in "Her Father's Son."

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

head of a dramatic school but she signed up with a film company to make pictures instead. She was the queen of the movies once upon a time. We'll all be glad to see her again, won't we? Florence Turner is now a member of Metro's stock company on the west coast. Address her care that company. Mary Fuller is still in retirement and I have heard no rumor that she is coming back.

I. J. Mc., UTAH.—You have nothing but praise for me? That's the way with all you people. Praise is a wonderful thing, but sort of intangible, sometimes. The fudge and the lemon pies of this existence are not for me, I find. Oh well, I won't get fat, that's certain. Marc McDermott was Theda Bara's leading man in "Kathleen Mavourneen."

M. B., CARLISLE, ARK.—An elopement, strictly speaking, means running away from someone. I am sure no one was trying to stop Zasu Pitts from getting married, so we can hardly call it that. Elopement sounds more picturesque, that's all. She's Mrs. Tom Gallery now. The Big Four includes Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks and David Wark Griffith. Miss Pickford has released two pictures through United Artists, the correct name for the Big Four. They were "Pollyanna" and "Suds." Her new one is entitled "The Love Light." Fairbanks has released "His Majesty the American," "When the Clouds Roll By," "The Mollycoddle" and "The Mark of Zorro." Natalie Talmadge is twenty. She sometimes acts with her sisters. All three Talmadges have returned from Europe.

AGNES, NEW YORK CITY.—Well, that star plays tragedy, comedy—and golf. I must say I think he plays golf best. William Boyd played *Carpenter* in "The City of Masks," in which Robert Warwick had the lead. Warwick is now on the stage in "The Dauntless Three," a new play. Vincent Coleman isn't married so far as I know.

CLARA S.—So your young man is very promising. Well, that's all right; but see that he keeps his promises. Rodney LaRocque isn't married. Right now he is acting in Alice Brady's play, "Anna Ascends," in New York City. Some of his pictures have been "Easy to Get," with Marguerite Clark; "The Stolen Kiss," with Constance Binney, and "Greater than Love."

GLADYS, BALTIMORE.—My dear girl—I don't judge my friends by their expensive stationery. As a matter of fact, most of my friends don't write on expensive stationery. I liked your letter because it indicated that you have a good heart and common sense. Two fine things in a woman, Gladys. Don't lose your heart and keep your common sense, say I. King Baggot has a leading part in Allan Dwan's new production, "The Forbidden Thing," in which Jim Kirkwood, Helen Jerome Eddy and Marcia Manon also appear. Baggot is married. Marguerite Clark has no children. She returns to the screen in a Gardner Hunting-Naulty production, "Scrambled Wives," which Roland Young and Juliette Day did on the stage.

CLEOPATRA.—Your drawing is really very clever, Cleo. It looked more like a Ziegfeld Follies beauty than the well-known Queen of the Nile, but then Cleo probably would have suffered in comparison, so it's all right. Blanche Sweet is abroad right now, but when she comes back we'll interview her.

Tom Santschi is Swiss-American. The other interviews will be forthcoming. Watch out for them.

T. L. R., PARAGOULD, ARK.—I think I have set a new record for patience, Job notwithstanding. The young man who played *Jimmy* with Bessie Love in "Pegeen" is Charles Spere. Gladys Leslie has come back to films; she will play with Lionel Barrymore in two pictures. She was formerly with Vitagraph.

GUSSIE, NEW ALBANY.—Jack Warren Kerrigan, the local boy who made good from your town, is not married. His pictures are released through Hodkinson. I haven't his personal address. Forrest Stanley with Alice Lake in "The Mistif Wife."

W. P. P., DALLAS.—Conrad Nagel is his real name. He was born in Des Moines, Iowa, was on the stage as Alice Brady's leading man in "Forever After," and in the title role of "The Man Who Came Back." His wife is Ruth Helms, a non-professional from Chicago. The Nagels have a little baby girl, born in November. Nagel's latest part is in William de Mille's "Midsummer Madness," the fiction version of which appeared in January PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. You didn't bother me at all.

C. AGNES R., SAGINAW.—Oh, yes, I am a quiet dresser. That is, until I lose my collar-button under the bed and have all the traditional troubles with my tie. The prize winners in the Twelve Best Pictures Contest were W. N. Orton, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. Monahan, Muskegon, Mich.; Bettie Barry, Boston, Mass.

ISAAC.—I have been pursuing a literary career for years, but as yet have not caught up with it. You never can tell though. Here's the long, long cast of "Male and Female": Crichton, Thomas Meighan; Lord Loam, Theodore Roberts; Hon. Ernest Wolley, Raymond Hatton; Lord Brockelhurst, Robert Cain; Lady Mary Lasenby, Gloria Swanson; Tweeny, Lila Lee; The King's Favorite, Bebe Daniels; Lady Eileen Dun Craigie, Rhy Darby; Agatha Lasenby, Mildred Reardon; Lady Brockelhurst, Mayme Kelso; Traherne, Edward Burns; McGuire, Henry Woodard; Thomas, Sydney Dean; Buttons, Wesley Barry; Susan, Julia Faye; Fisher, Edna Mae Cooper; Mrs. Perkins, Lillian Leighton; Pilot, Guy Oliver; Captain, Clarence Burton.

FRANKIE, NEW YORK CITY.—We have not had an overwhelmingly large number of questions about that actor; in fact, he has done very little and would not warrant a story. Are you quite sure you are not his press-agent?

VERA.—So you are crazy to see what that star's wife looks like. You would probably be crazier still if you knew. Constance Talmadge is not engaged to Irving Berlin nor anyone else. She's married to John Pialoglo.

K. M. F., NEWBURYPORT, MASS.—The first umbrella seen in this country came to Baltimore from England in 1770. People laughed at 'em then just as they later laughed at locomotives and airplanes and motion pictures. Ralph Bushman with Goldwin in "It's a Great Life." He is about nineteen, and has blonde hair. George Stewart is about the same age. Harrison Ford has been married. Ford is in the east now working opposite the Talmadges.



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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

MRS. J. A. D., NEBRASKA.—Your protest would have carried much more weight if you had signed your full name to it. Anonymous communications hand me just about as much kick as a bottle of Bevo. So your husband lost his hat while watching a picture. That's all right—just so he doesn't lose his head. Come again.

MYSTIC.—Oh, go on! There's nothing mystic about you—not if you write with purple ink. That's too obvious to be very occult. June Elvidge played *Claire Meredith* in "The Law of the Yukon."

ROSE, B. S.—You say, "Like repels, unlike attracts." Well, that doesn't mean that you must marry a man who doesn't agree with you about anything. Sometimes a little harmony works pretty well. Marguerite Clayton as *Ruth Storrow* in Fox serial "Bride 13."

MARY H., CHICAGO.—Elliott Dexter, whom you thought you were raving about in "Her Elephant Man" and "Molly and I" appeared in neither of these Fox pictures with Shirley Mason. Albert Roscoe was the leading man in both. Mr. Dexter plays opposite Gloria Swanson in "Something to Think About," and has the featured rôle in "The Witching Hour," Paramount's version of it, not yet released.

VERA.—Congratulations on your birthday and on receiving a subscription to PHOTOPLAY as a present. In fact, I think you are more to be congratulated on the subscription than on adding another year to your age. Speaking of birthdays: Tsuru Aoki has celebrated 28; Roscoe Arbuckle, 33; Lionel Barrymore, 37, and Beverly Bayne, 25.

ETHEL.—Ah—a pearl of questions: "Must all girls in pictures have perfect teeth?" I don't know, but most of them have. Gloria Swanson and Bebe Daniels appeared together in only one picture, Cecil de Mille's "Why Change Your Wife?" Bebe isn't married; she's nineteen.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—If you were really sixteen you would not advertise the fact. A true sub-deb always wants to be thought older than she really is. Don't give yourself away to anyone but the old Answer Man. He can keep a secret. Diana Allen, former Ziegfeld Follies girl, is now a leading woman in pictures. She's in "Heliotrope" and "The Fighting Schoolmaster."

ANNETTE.—You ask what it would look like if all the New Yorkers born April first were piled in a heap in Madison Square. Very foolish, I fancy—almost as foolish as your question. Besides, it wouldn't do a thing to traffic in that vicinity. Mabel Normand is still with Goldwyn—at least, she hasn't announced any other affiliation. Her latest release is "What Happened to Rosa."

BILLIE, MOULTREE, GEORGIA.—"Everything is peaches"—sometimes I think the old songs are the best. Especially when you send me such charming greetings, with the ring of sincerity in them. The ring is there, if nothing else. Write to me and ask me many questions, Billie.

V. L. C., ST. LOUIS.—Gertrude Olmstead is with Universal. She was the winner of a beauty contest and came from Illinois. Write to her at Universal City, Cal. I hope you get a photograph of the winning features which made Miss Olmstead a moving picture actress.

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Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

ROBERT—If your grandmother doesn't like to have you write to me about the movies, she would be doubly shocked if she knew that you asked for the cast of "My Lady's Garter" and not "Evangeline." I aim to please: *Bruce Calhoun*, Wyndham Standing; *Helen Hamilton*, Sylvia Breamer; *Henry Van Dery*, Holmes E. Herbert; *Meredith*, Warner Richmond; *Dexter*, Paul Clerget; *Brokaw Hamilton*, Warren Cook; *Mrs. Hamilton*, Louise Derigny; *Keats Gaunt*, Charles Craig.

K. J. FROM SWEDEN—Thank you for a very delightful letter. I am glad to extend here your felicitations to all Swedish readers of PHOTOPLAY. Yes, I have met Winifred Westover and she is a very charming young lady. You have reason to be proud of her, and of Miss Nilsson. Here are the addresses: *Gail Kane*, 500 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.; *Betty Blythe*, Fox western studio; *Gladys Hulette*, 128 Mount Jay Place, New Rochelle, N. Y.; *Louis Bennison*, Lambs Club; *Crane Wilbur*, care N. T. Granlund, 1493 Broadway, N. Y. C. *Hazel Daly* is married to *Harry Beaumont*, the director, and does not act in pictures very often any more. I wish you would write to me again.

JULIE—Is it conceit or self-confidence you mean? Too many confuse the two. Without self-confidence you get nowhere; with conceit you arrive at the same place. Judgment and balance, are the largest factors in success. *Monte Blue* is now a featured player, which means that any production in which he appears has "with *Monte Blue*" below it in the billing. It is said he is to be elevated to stardom, in which case it will be, "*Monte Blue In*"—*Mr. Blue* is about thirty.

G. H., HAMPTON—*Pearl White* has retired from serials but not from the screen. She is now a full-fledged emotional actress—I know she is because I saw her in Fox's "The Thief" and she wears a wonderful negligee and has a husband and everything. If you haven't seen her since "Exploits of Elaine" you'd better look her up right away. She's even more charming than she was then—which is going some, eh *Mystic Rose*?

MRS. A. B., AUSTRALIA—Some wise writer once said that in experience men are as like as donkeys; it is only their dreams that are different. I believe that *Milton Sills* is American. *Mahlon Hamilton* in Pathe's "Half a Chance." *Hobart Bosworth*, *Thomas H. Ince's* studios, Culver City, Cal. *Bosworth* is married to *Cecile Percival*. His latest Associated Producers production is "A Thousand to One." *Bosworth* is always that in his strenuous celluloid battles and of course he always wins. Write often.

T. M. S., DETROIT—Women, you say, have greater capacity for forgiveness than men. That may be; at any rate I'll admit women make up more often. (I hope you will forgive me for this.) *Nazimova* is still with *Metro* at this writing; I don't know what her future contract plans are. *Shirley Mason* is still with *Fox* and still happily married. *Viola Dana*, western *Metro*, as I have told you all so many, many times.

MARJORIE IRENE—You have been misinformed—*Marshall Neilan* is not married to *Marjorie Daw*. *Mrs. Marshall Neilan* was before her marriage *Gertrude Bambrick*; she is not appearing professionally now. The *Neilans* have a fine little son. *Marjorie* isn't married or engaged that I know of. Nice child, *Miss Daw*.

ROSEMARY—You can't touch water, if you have an iron constitution and *Herbie* makes it rusty. Water, water!! *Rosemary*. I am afraid you were misnamed. Don't write any of your funny jokes to *Buck Jones* care western *Fox* or you'll wait in vain for that coveted photograph.

MRS. B. L., RICHMOND, VA.—I am sorry that I can give you no more complete information as to *Stella Gabbott* than that she was last with the *Apex Photoplays*. Has anybody here seen *Stellar*?

M. B., PLEONA, MONTANA—A good way to get rich is not to earn more, but to spend less. That's my method. *Ruth Roland* in "Ruth of the Rockies," a Pathe serial. *Darrel Foss* with *May Allison* in "Held in Trust." *Bebe Daniels* in "Oh Lady, Lady." *Mildred Davis* is *Harold Lloyd's* new leading woman.

Miss S.—Books are my best companions. They are always faithful, but never monotonous; humorous when that is your humor, sad when your mood is sorrowful. I'd advise you to form some friendships among them. *Gareth Hughes* was *Viola Dana's* leading man in "A Chorus Girl's Romance." *Hughes* is now creating "Sentimental Tommy" in the Paramount production of the *James Barrie* story. He isn't married—*Hughes*, I mean. I think *Barrie* isn't either—at any rate I have heard that he lives alone in a quiet street of London with only an old servant and many books. That's the way I like to think of the writer of "Peter Pan," anyway.

A. T. S., BOSTON—You lack a very valuable attribute—good humor. The world would be so much brighter if everyone would whistle instead of whine—and I'm no *Pollyanna*, either. Don't be so caustic. What's a blonde star more or less to you? Let the little actress have her fling: she'll soon find out whether or not she is entitled to it. Besides, you don't have to go to see her, you know. *Eddie Polo* was born in Los Angeles in 1881, of Hungarian parents. He was educated in Vienna and has a brother and four sisters in the profession. *Polo* is married and his daughter *Malvena* is playing in pictures now. He's five feet eight inches tall and weighs 170 pounds.

MRS. A. A. M., KANSAS CITY—How nice to believe that your husband fell at your feet the minute he saw you. I only hope he didn't fall over them. Let you think me ungallant, I hasten to answer every question you asked me. *Louise Glaum* played opposite *Bill Hart* in "Hell's Hinges." *Alice Brady* is twenty-five; she is *Mrs. James Crane* in private life. *Dr. Frank Crane* is her father-in-law. *Dorothy Dalton* is twenty-seven. The *Thomas Meighans* have no children. *Olive Thomas* never played opposite *Jack Pickford* on the screen or stage. *Maurice Costello* is in a picture called "Determination." Haven't *Nazimova's* age. She's *Mrs. Charles Bryant* in private life.

ANITA—The way it is nowadays, nothing can be raised in an apartment house except the rent. I had to give my dog and cat away, and I am now very lonesome. Fortunately I have no children or I would have to give them away too. *Francis X. Bushman* is thirty-five; *Beverly Bayne Bushman*, twenty-six. *Neva Gerber's* personal address is 217 North Western Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. *Francis MacDonald*, *Glidden Hotel*, Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood.

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Production of the story by
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Grant

Wm. S. Hart in "O'Malley
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Mr. Hart's own production
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Mounted Police

Mae Murray in
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A flashing story of New
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A Robert Z. Leonard
Production

Dorothy Dalton in
"The Teaser"
An absorbing story of
Alaskan dance halls

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Louis Joseph Vance's
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JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

VOL. XIX

No. 5

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"Vamps of All Times"

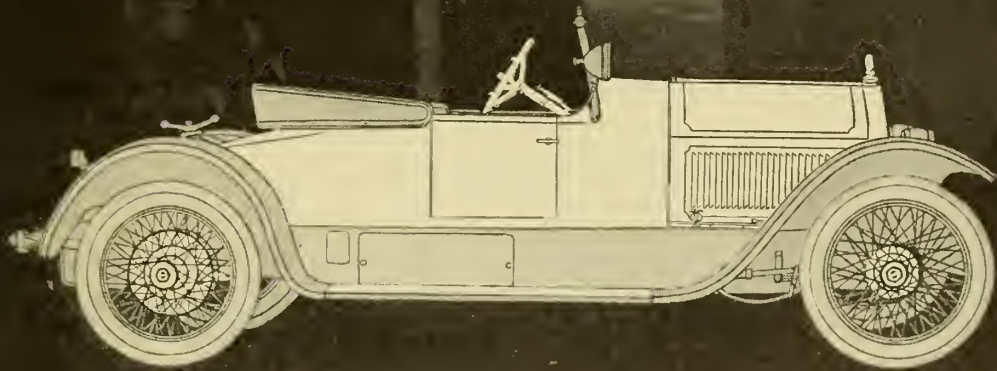
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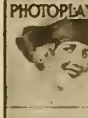
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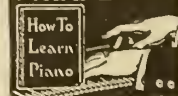
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Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison, of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really can and simply haven't found it out? Well, come to think of it, most anybody can tell a story. Why can't most anybody write a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mustaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. Today he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality today.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts, and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or runnings spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of Tomorrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer? Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet, if, by some lucky chance they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

BUT two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows.

LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN!

"Every obstacle that menaces success can be mastered through this simple but thorough system."—MRS. OLIVE MICHAUX, CHARLESTON, PA.

"I can only say that I am amazed that it is possible to set forth the principles of short story and photo play writing in such a clear, concise manner."—GORDON MATTHEWS, MONTREAL, CAN.

"I received your Irving System some time ago. It is the most remarkable thing I have ever seen. Mr. Irving certainly has made story and play writing amazingly simple and easy."—ALFRED HORTO, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

"Of all the compositions I have read on this subject, I find yours the most helpful to aspiring authors."—HAZEL SIMPSON, N. Y. LOR. LITERARY EDITOR, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

"With this volume before him, the veriest novice should be able to build stories or photoplays that will find a ready market. The best treatise of its kind I have encountered in 24 years of newspaper and literary work."—H. PIERCE WELLS, MANAGER, EDITOR, THE ENGLAND PRESS.

"When I first saw your ad I was working in a shop for \$30 a week. Always having worked with my hands, I doubted my ability to make money with my brain. So it was with much skepticism that I sent for your Easy Method of Writing. When the System arrived, I carefully studied it evenings after work. Within a month I had completed two plays, one of which sold for \$500, the other for \$450. I unhesitatingly say that I owe it all to the Irving System."—HELEN KINNON, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.



Miss Helens Chadwick, famous Goldwyn Film Star, says: "Any man or woman who will learn this New Method of Writing ought to sell stories and plays with ease."

hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't I learn to write?" Who says you can't?

LISTEN! A wonderful FREE hook has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about the Irving System—A Startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called "The Wonder Book for Writers," shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't dream they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own imagination may provide an endless gold mine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you ARE a writer. How to develop your

"story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to WIN!

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The other famous treatments for the commoner troubles of the skin, as well as the above, are given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

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BLACKHEADS are a confession that you are using the wrong method of cleansing for your type of skin. Try the treatment given above and see how easily you can keep your skin free from this disfiguring trouble.

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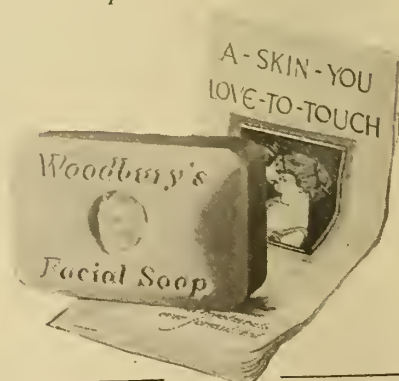
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If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 504 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

How to reduce enlarged pores

Enlarged pores make the skin coarse in texture. To reduce them, try the special Woodbury treatment for this trouble, given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.





Lumiere

A HAPPY illustration of the theory that the photoplay is an art of youth is Alice Calhoun, who achieved stardom with her eighteenth birthday. Armed with talent and determination, she came straight to the screen from school.



YOU may not recognize in this old-world young lady Miss May McAvoy, for May prefers as a rule to appear as herself; a vivacious and very young brunette whom the usually cold motion picture camera treats with consideration.



Freulich

A FIRST-SEASON flapper is Gladys Walton, who established herself in a recent picture as a stellar debutante second to none. She is equally at home in serious roles or frivolous, but seems to have found her forte in comedy-drama.



CHARLES RAY has lately been essaying a series of original characterizations for his own company, but his audiences seem to like him best when he is most completely and naturally himself. This is a new portrait.



GLADYS GEORGE has provided inspiration for the heroisms of Thomas Meighan and others. Gladys and her job like each other so well that she recently agreed to continue as a Paramount leading woman for five more years.



Apeda

HOUSTON, Texas, claims Lucy Cotton as its favorite Native Daughter. Musical comedy was the first rung in Lucy's ladder of ambition, and now she is devoting herself to films, playing with George Arliss in "The Devil."



Campbell

IT isn't very often that fame comes overnight—except in fairy tales; but it really happened to Estelle Taylor. Beauty and decided ability in Estelle's case hardly counted so much as being ready when the big opportunity came.



Evans

GLORIA SWANSON makes her first appearance since the arrival of Gloria the Second in a screen story written especially for her by Elinor Glyn. In it, for the first time, Miss Swanson assumes long-deserved individual honors.

The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine

PHOTOPLAY

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No. 5

The Soul of Achievement

"I WONDER where he got the idea?"

You have heard this when people thrilled at a great, human photoplay. You have heard it as men have stood before a great piece of architecture. You have heard it as women contemplated some universally useful household invention. You have heard it asked after the strategy which won a great battle.

The old saw, "Genius is perspiration," is only half true. Nothing worth while is accomplished without hard, painstaking work, but the psychics have yet to account for that illuminating flash of the mind in which everything worth while, from Edison's incandescent lamp to Kipling's "Recessional," has been conceived. Is it some whisper from the Infinite—or is it the sudden crystallization of earnest desire into the fact of accomplishment? But today we only acclaim *What Is*; we will let the psychics wonder, *Why?*

The Soul of Achievement is Inspiration.

Edgar Allan Poe once wrote a mechanically glittering essay in which he proved that there is no such thing as Inspiration; that all that is worth while came into being through orderly, almost mathematical processes of thought. That argument is the only stone in his magnificent, melancholy and purely inspirational tower of achievement which today seems treacherous and crumbling.

The best we can make of Inspiration is the comforting thought that *Something*—call it God if you will—helps those who help themselves. Not every man can do everything. It would be a lop-sided world if this were so. But to every man is given the power to do something a little better than his fellows—if he will fight disappointment, surmount obstacles, and keep everlastingly at it. The Wonderful Whisper will come to him some day. It must come.

Every photoplay that is worth while, in its authorship, its acting or its direction, bears proof that this is true.



What They Think About Marriage!

Decorations by Ralph Barton

RECENTLY Madame Elinor Glyn, the world-famous English authoress and authority on love and marriage, put forth in an article written for PHOTOPLAY the theory that motion picture stars—being artists—should not marry, since “Marriage is good—and Art is good—but they do not appear to assimilate to perfection!”

She further wrote in support of her idea: “Whether right or wrong from a strictly conventional point of view, artists do not think highly of matrimony—at least Art, if they *are* artists, comes first with them, and Paris, which is the center of Art, contends that domestic bliss is not good for art, the contention being that ties prevent experience, and limit the acquirement of its expression. Just as in horse-racing you would not hobble the horses’ feet, the aim being for them to win the races.

“If the truth could be known, I wonder how many poor male movie stars’ lives are cramped, and their art stultified by foolish, meaningless, nagging, jealous little ordinary wives at home and how many lovely actresses are bothered to death by boring, exacting husbands, who really have no sympathy or understanding for the lives their partners are following. It would seem to me to be more sensible to give the whole mind to the work in hand to attain success, and then when the few short years of the movie star’s reign are over they could marry and settle down in peace and security, having acquired a large fortune and with an even chance for continued happiness.

“At least that would seem to be a common sense angle from which to look at the question.”

Later she also said in discussing this subject, “All French artists’ aim is to produce the highest art. Now, of course, if the aim is avowedly different—to secure a good husband or wife, we will say, or a place in society, or something like that, then they would agree that to put art aside, was all right and marriage was the thing. But to gain experience of life—and by that they would mean leisure to study literature and history, and the minds of men and women, not only of the present day but of the past—as well as experiences in emotion—marriage and its obligations could not be considered the best medium, your aim being Art.

“Here in America it is easier because of the facility of divorce and so the possibility of a fairly frequent change of partners, but with the time taken up so much with the legal business entailed in becoming free again, there cannot be so much to study Art in. I always think that it is wisest to concentrate upon one thing at a time. If you are an artist, be one—and the best you can be. If you are a good wife and

mother—be that and ennoble these states; but it is difficult to combine a mixture in a calling which is essentially opposed to domesticity, and is filled with temptations to change.”

Many great writers have agreed with Madame Glyn, including Voltaire, Balzac, and Oscar Wilde. Maude Adams never married. Certainly Shakespeare’s success was accomplished in spite of his matrimonial venture.

On the other hand, many do not agree.

Turning to the motion pictures themselves for opinions upon the interesting opinion advanced by Madame Glyn, the following answers were given:

Cecil B. de Mille: If genius is too great for marriage, it is poor genius.

Gloria Swanson: Motherhood is supposed to be an essential in the development of a great actress. So the great masters of the dramatic art are quoted as having said at one time or another. If motherhood without marriage were permissible, an artist might dispense with marriage. Since it is not, marriage is the only alternative.

What Do

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE assumes no responsibility for the opinions expressed on these pages. It was curious to discover what the artists of the screen really think about marriage—and love—in relation to art.

Now that their ideas have been set forth, we want to know what our readers think. Just what do you think about marriage, in relation to art? Do you agree with Madame Glyn that the artist should not marry; that marriage stultifies art? Or do you believe,

In which the most notable artists of the screen give their views on the interesting question raised by Madame Elinor Glyn in the March issue: "Marriage is good, and art is good—but do they assimilate to perfection?"

George Fitzmaurice:

Every experience is helpful to the artist. Marriage is the greatest experience of all.

It should broaden and humanize the true artist, whether he is painter, poet, motion picture actor, or producer.

But often, it doesn't. It corrodes. When an actress marries a business man, she is sometimes unhappy. Why? Because an actress, if she is a real artist, cannot forget her work when she leaves her studio, or her theater. Her business-man husband can close his day's work when he closes his office. *There is a situation!*

Art absorbs.

But I can imagine nothing more satisfying than marriage with an understanding artist. I am not just theorizing—I have tried it. I believe in it.

I have just been to Paris. There it is different—very different. The actress is so much the public personage—always in the public eye, a glittering, fanciful figure—that I don't see how she can have any home life at all. There, they seem to think that marriage, as an institution, is vastly over-rated.

Voilà!

Will Rogers:

Fallin' in love and gettin' married hasn't got a darn thing to do with your business—or your art, if that's the way they're brandin' it now,—so far as I can see. An' I say, if your fallin' in love and stayin' in love with one woman and havin' kiddies is goin' to interfere much with your art, give up your art and sell shoes, or rope cows.

When I got ready to come out here, a lot of people did a whole lot o' talkin' 'bout the movie queens and how siren-ful they were, an' how they'd rope an' tie me before I knew what I was about. They even did some talkin' like that to Mrs. Rogers.

But I say, "Imagine a guy that has been workin' round the Follies as long as I have gettin' stampeded by the movies!" Human nature isn't so different, and I say marryin' is the nearest thing to heaven there is. An' if heaven don't improve your art, you'd better quit.

Frances Marion:

One must be very cynical to be very effective about marriage.

If you're happily married you have absolutely nothing brilliant or scathing or witty or wonderful to say.

You Think?

with many of the artists quoted here, that marriage enables an artist to express the emotions even more fully? Read what the artists have to say; consider Elinor Glyn's theory. Then decide what you think..

For the best letter on the subject, PHOTOPLAY will pay \$50; for the second best, \$25; and for the third best, \$10. Your answers must not exceed 300 words, and must reach the Marriage Contest Editor, Photoplay Magazine, 25 West 45th St., New York City, by May 1, 1921. The winning letters will be published.



I am very prosaically married. That is, I have been married to Fred Thompson for a year and a half now and we work together and play together, have a happy home, and get along splendidly.

So what have I to say about marriage?

Pearl White:

It is a physical impossibility for any woman to pursue two careers at once—that is why I disapprove of marriage for professionals.

When two professionals marry—they are apt to be engrossed in a sameness of interest which eventually must bore them in each other. If they work in the same studio they see each other under circumstances which very often are trying—when things go wrong and they become irritable—when the studio day has been especially long and nerve-racking—when any number of disagreeable, petty things happen and they are feeling low in spirit, and of course feeling that marriage should bring with it an understanding of things in general, they do not hesitate to show their displeasure or tiredness to each other and as a consequence are drawn into quarrels which probably would not have occurred under other circumstances.

A case of a professional married to an outsider has just as many drawbacks. Motion picture players work hard. The glare of the lights is quite enough to give one a headache and added to this is the wear on one's nerves from the big dramatic scenes and on one's vitality from the endless waiting around which is found in every studio. The end of a studio day finds an actress pretty well tired out and not inclined to being the fresh, care-free wife interested in either the problems her husband might want to confide in her or the amusements he would want her to share.

The business of being a wife is a mighty serious one and upon undertaking it a woman should give to it all the thought and energy she would devote to any other career. And you can't do two things at once.

Marshall Neilan:

To say stars should marry is just as impossible as to say they should not. Motion picture people are human.

Very often they crave the fireside and the simple life. If they stand the test and are happy in their union, why should anyone attempt to deny them this union—and there are quite a few happy unions of this kind in this business today.

If they find they are not suited for this life—as Madame Glyn says, there is always the divorce court, a safe and easy remedy.

There is now more ado about a motion picture divorce than such an action in any other profession, which increases the apparent number beyond reason. Society divorces used to be the thing, but they are out of date.

Thomas

Meighan: It all depends upon whom you marry!

Norma

Talmadge: "Marriage is good, and art is good"—and they do assimilate to perfection if the artist marries someone who is in harmony with her work. It is entirely possible for an actress to have a happy home life and a career at the same time—providing her husband is sympathetic and tries sincerely to aid his wife in her

profession. It is easiest, of course, when the actress marries a man who is himself interested in the same profession. But in either case it may be successful if you are heart and soul in both home-making and acting. I know—because I have tried it; and it has been successful.

Constance Talmadge:

Of course artists should marry. That is, if the right man—or woman—comes along. Many an actress, I suppose, has had to choose, sooner or later, between a career and a husband when the man she loved was not willing to allow her to continue her career after marriage. If I met that kind of man, I wouldn't marry him, because I wouldn't for worlds give up my work. As it happens, I met a man who was and is perfectly willing that I combine acting and matrimony.

I should say—choose your husband!

Sir Gilbert Parker:

I want to ask a question. It is this—how many great artists of history have not been married? And by artists I include all artists—great painters, great sculptors, great musicians, great literary men.

There was a famous singer, whose name I will not mention. She was complaining about her voice. Someone said, "Why don't you marry? Your voice will be better!" She did,—and she married a man engaged in one of the arts. She never sang better in her life than after she was married.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward once said to me, "Even a half successful marriage is better than no marriage at all!" I believe that profoundly.

The happy marriages among artists of all kinds are as numerous as in the ordinary professions of life. It may be that some people want the effects of marriage without marriage. That is one way of looking at it. But there is no earthly reason why a member of any one of the arts should not marry and his art benefit for that marriage if he or she has chosen wisely.

Mae

Murray:

I do not agree with Elinor Glyn that artists should not marry. An artist must sleep, eat and breathe, like other humans. There-

fore it is necessary for an artist to be happy, like other humans, and the right kind of marriage is the greatest happiness—far greater than any achievement in art.

Companionship is older than art; it is the art of true happiness.

Many of our truly great artists are married; more of them are married than unmarried.

One hears so many times that to be a great artist one must be free to live and experience all things. Marriage does not prevent one from living. It awakens you, makes you keen to all emotions; you observe people around you more sympathetically and understand them better. Marriage thus aids the artists' imagination in portraying characters upon the stage or screen. By marriage I do not mean merely a ritual read by a minister over two people. True marriage is one between a man and a woman who marry because they love—a marriage governed by love and understanding.

William

S. Hart:

Man was made for woman, woman for man. No profession has the right to interfere in any way with this supreme law of creation. That is the prerogative only of God. A profession that must forswear marriage should be discontinued.

Anita

Stewart:

Marriage is the culmination of all emotion, of all experience of life. It is, I believe, essential to the unfoldment of an actress' art.

But it is necessary that each partner to the marriage should endeavor to do away with all the deadening effects that the relation sometimes has.

Antonio

Moreno:

All I can say—Heaven help the woman who marries an artist!

I do not believe in marriage for artists—for movie stars, for anybody unless they feel they cannot live one single in-

stant longer unless they marry that loved one. Then I suppose they cannot help themselves.

However, I say, too—be one or the other. Actors don't make good husbands—as a rule. Husbands don't make good actors—sometimes.

Madame Glyn knows exactly what she talks about. But then, I am Spanish—not American. We think differently. Elinor Glyn is expressing the European view point, which I understand, but many Americans will not.

Justine

Johnstone:

A happy marriage is the wisest and the best thing for any actress who hopes to be successful. With the help of a man who loves her a woman can give all that is best in her to her profession. She strives for his praise. Friends and relatives give you sympathy, but a husband—ah, that is different! There is nothing that so develops a woman's latent abilities as true love; and marriage is the happy culmination of such love!

My own husband, Walter Wanger, and myself are ideally happy. With him I discuss everything (*Continued on page 110*)

What Some Artists Think About Marriage

"If genius is too great for marriage it is poor genius."

"Domesticity is apt to take so much of the mind, heart and vitality that it will rob art of the glory that it should have to reach greatness."

"Marriage is the nearest thing to heaven there is. And if heaven doesn't improve your art, you'd better quit!"

"Marriage as an experience is a great idea. All artists ought to try anything once."

"The right kind of marriage is the greatest happiness—far greater than any achievement in art."

"Marriage is the culmination of all emotion—it is essential to the unfoldment of art."

"The business of being a wife is a serious one and upon undertaking it a woman should give to it all the thought and energy she would devote to any other career. And you can't do two things at once."

"A profession that must forswear marriage should be discontinued."

"It all depends upon whom you marry!"



Especially posed for
Photoplay by
Donald Biddle Keyes

She is the fortunate young
actress selected to suc-
ceed Maude Adams in
Barrie's "What Every
Woman Knows."

Portrait of a Lady

An impression in black and white of a certain
celluloid aristocrat.

By

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

IT is always more difficult to classify women than men.

Probably because women find more need for pretense in a man's world.

A man, perhaps, puts them into the right category as regards himself—and he is frequently right even though experimentation prove him wrong. A man looks at a woman and pigeon-holes her instantly as a possible friend, sweetheart, or as wife. And yet, to another woman, she is either friend or enemy.

When you find a woman other women trust and men pro-

pose to before they try to kiss, you've found a jewel as rare as a black diamond.

Lois Wilson—though she is in many ways as prosaic as her name—is like that.

A man would more readily desire to spend a lifetime with her than a week. Women would like her.

After studying her, I would recommend her as a wife to any man in the world.

Sitting across the pleasant little tea table, with its bright silver and snowy linen, I felt suddenly relaxed, comfortable,



Especially posed for Photoplay by Donald Biddle Keyes

Lois Wilson is the oldest of four sisters. Her constant companion is a wise and adored mother. Here they are, ornamenting a section of verandah in their Hollywood home.

optimistic. I had been exceedingly tired and very low when I went to meet her. The combined effects of California midwinter heat and a shoe that pinched my toe had rendered me as peevish as a Pekinese. I regarded the world in general and motion picture actresses in particular with about as little enthusiasm.

Life was a 2.75% affair.

"If," said I to myself as I waited, "this female tries to be witty, or brilliant, or entertaining I shall probably pour hot tea down her neck. And if she tells me the story of all the pictures she's ever appeared in or quotes from

her fan mail, I shall without doubt slay her in a horrible manner."

When we left the tea room, I was actually skittish—and if you've ever had a shoe that pinched you on a hot day, you know that is a triumph of mind over matter not lightly overlooked.

Lois Wilson didn't cheer me up—I was beyond that. First, she rested me. The Potter's hand may have slipped occasionally but he brought his average up every time he made a *restful* woman. Second, she restored my faith in human nature by talking about almost everything but herself. And thirdly, she put herself in my very highest category for women, by expressing her sincere admiration for and ardent desire to help a nice young wife who was fighting a courageous but apparently losing battle for her husband.

She recognizes that she has no claim to great beauty. Thank heaven! If you lived in Hollywood, you would be so sick of pretty girls that a young woman with character in her face would thrill you to the bottom of your soul. She has a sweet face, with really lovely, expressive, friendly brown eyes, and a smooth, white skin that is very pleasing. She is easy to look at without being a constant strain on your admiration.

To me, she is more like the actresses of the old stage school—the great stars of repertoire days—than any picture actress I have ever met. None of them, as I remember it, looked much like actresses. They spent more of their time acting on the stage and less off than appears to be the habit of many of our cinema lights. Generally, you could recognize a motion picture actress if you saw her embalmed in the Pyramids. Yet I sat in the same pew with Maude Adams one Sunday after having seen her in "Peter Pan" the night before—and she looked like a school teacher I had in the third grade instead of the sublime, exquisite, unforgettable Peter Pan.

Lois Wilson is not a type. I imagine she could play *Lady Macbeth* one night and *Rosalind* the next without dislocating her brain cells permanently.

She looked, as she sat there in her pretty blue dress and small close-fitting hat, her face guiltless of make-up in a town where most girls would as soon go out without their shimmies as their makeup, a new and much adored black fur cape over her shoulders, like a respectable young business man's wife who would probably play a good game of bridge.

"My dear, it will be years before you know what a good performance you gave," said her mother after she had witnessed a preview of "Midsummer Madness," the William de Mille picture in which Miss Wilson recently scored a triumph that put her in the front rank of emotional screen artists.

"And she was quite right," said William de Mille, who repeated it to me. "It will be years before she knows life deeply enough to know how much of it she portrayed. With her it is a sheer case of dramatic soul and ability."

If you saw "Midsummer Madness" you cannot fail to remember Lois Wilson as the erring wife, nor fail to retain mental visions of the powerful, intense moments of her yielding in the (Continued on page 101)



James N. Doolittle

A special study of a scene from William deMille's production of "What Every Woman Knows," in which Lois Wilson and Conrad Nagel have the leading roles.

Here Comes the Kid!

THE KID—a big eyed, wistful youngster of five or thereabouts.

His Father—not really his father, only a tramp—a funny little man with a black brush on his upper lip, feet that are all wrong, a cane, and a derby.

And Charlie Chaplin's century plants bloom again!

The great comedian's first screen appearance for many months occurs in this six-reel First National feature—perhaps the most widely heralded, expensive, and mysterious of all productions. It is an original story by Chaplin himself, and in it, as a lovable tramp, he shares honors with his five-year-old dramatic discovery, little Jackie Coogan, who, incidentally, shows more poise and camera-presence than many adults of the screen.



THE characters in the story are the Man, the Woman, the Tramp, the Kid, and the Policeman. The Woman leaves her child, hoping it will be adopted by wealthy people. Instead it is found and cared for by the Tramp. Together they roam, the Kid breaking windows and the Tramp happening along to mend them. There are many adventures, among them an allegorical episode in Heaven, which is the excuse for much clever satire. All through "The Kid" there are touches of pathos as well as characteristic Chaplin comedy. The Kid is finally restored to his mother, now a celebrated opera-singer, and the Tramp is asked to become the Kid's real father. In these pictures you see the Kid and oh, you know the other chap!

A SEAT on the PLATFORM

A revelation of faith. Another of the splendid original stories entered in PHOTOPLAY'S \$14,000 fiction contest.

By GREYE LA SPINA

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore.

"ARE you sure we haven't forgotten anything, Seba?" worried Eliza Simpson, stirring gently in her seat that she might settle herself with least possible damage to the new dress which one hand smoothed softly across her old knees with caressing touch.

Had not the gray silk been donated by the Ladies' Aid Society of the Reverend Seba's church, Eliza's slight figure would have been clad in the thrice-turned brown that had served so long for Sundays and "good" that she hated to remember the year it was bought.

Seba's gentle, faded blue eyes, set deeply in a nest of what children call "kind" wrinkles, darted in his quickly nervous manner from the overhead rack to the floor.

The gold-handled umbrella (loaned by Mrs. George Wilson from her husband's store) stuck out incongruously from under his shabby overcoat, carefully inked along its frayed and graying seams that it might not too loudly proclaim hard wear. Eliza's black broadcloth wrap certainly shamed its worn companion; it, like the umbrella, was loaned. Brand new were suitcase and valise, borrowed from George Wilson's shop; they gave added glory to the auspicious occasion of Seba's long-heralded visit to Wesley College for his class reunion.

Seba's eyes came to rest upon the hand-bag to which his wife was clinging with the tenacity of recent proprietorship. (It was the first absolutely new bag she had had since marrying him, all others having been donated as too shabby for their original owners.)

Eliza's gray eyes followed his with something very tender in their depths. She could read his thoughts as he glanced from the prosperous umbrella and handsome bags to the purse on her lap. At the loving pain in those blue eyes she caught her breath.

With the slow gentleness so restful to her husband's soul, her silk-gloved hand patted his arm. She loved Seba for harboring the regret she had glimpsed in his eyes. A flood of warm feeling swept over her, tingeing her wrinkled cheeks with soft pink behind the fine-meshed veil that held incorrigibly curling white hair in place.

"Why, no, Lizzie, I don't think we've overlooked anything," Seba's gentle voice reported. It trembled ever so little; her touch had thrilled its loving message to his heart.

"You're sure you've got the tickets safe?" she persisted.

He patted his left side instinctively to feel the stiff edges of the magical cardboards. Eliza drew a long, quivering breath of relief. Year after year, cent by cent, she and Seba had dropped their scrimped pennies into the box labeled "Class Reunion." That soul-searing parsimony was over at last, thank God.

Seba pushed the tickets under the upholstery of the seat ahead, his eyes meeting hers with an involuntary smile. It was as though he had said to her: "Well, Lizzie, here we are at last! On our way to live out our dream!"

"Seba, I'm so glad!" she breathed, a little fiercely to keep back the tears that would spring out at thought of the long years of faithful service, years during which he had scrimped and saved for this one thing.

She wondered if it was going to be worth all the strained economies and sacrifices they had suffered to make it possible, then shook herself mentally with asperity. If Seba was happy—and an almost boyish exuberance had marked him since early morning—she could ask nothing further. Yet—if she could have managed a new overcoat? Was it unworthy the wife of a man like Seba to desire material things so yearningly? Half ashamed, she reproached herself.

"Still, someone has to think of worldly things, and Seba isn't capable of thinking of anything but heavenly things," she thought with a kind of proud humility.

"Tickets!"

The conductor stared at the two pasteboards with a disgusted grunt.

"No good for this train," he announced.

"What?"

As if galvanized, Seba snatched them away.

"No good, I tell you," repeated the man, civilly enough, but with the impatience born of this questioning of his authority.

"They can't be wrong," insisted the old clergyman nervously.

"Judge Seabury got them for me himself. They read 'From Sellersville to Birmingham', don't they?"

Resonant confidence rang in Seba's voice as he pointed out the saving words.

"And I tell you again, they're no good on this train. This is a special train and the extra fare is a dollar sixty-five on each ticket."

Eliza leaned forward, calculating mentally. Twice a dollar sixty-five made three dollars and thirty cents. She opened her purse fumblingly and proffered a five dollar bill to the conductor.

"Here!"

"But, Eliza—" expostulated Seba. (Every cent of expense had been carefully calculated. They would have to give up one day of their stay.)

"You'd oughter have took the local instead of the express," the conductor commented scathingly, as he counted out the change. "People oughter look at the timetables. Not doing it makes us conductors a lot of trouble."

His loud voice attracted everybody's attention, under which Seba and Eliza sat shamedly with bowed heads.

"My dear! Judge Seabury himself suggested this train. I can't understand at all," murmured Seba.

"We shouldn't have left it to him," Eliza said absently.

Surprisingly she was counting over the change to make sure it was right.

"Pshaw! We'll have to cut short our visit," fretted Seba, the rose-colored glasses of happiness dimmed a little. He had planned on one quiet day for taking Eliza all over the college town. "But," cheering up, "maybe we can get a cheaper room. As long as it is on the Campus, what difference will it make?"

He settled back luxuriously, his gentle old mouth curved into its habitual kindly smile.

A boy came into the car selling magazines and candies. Seba called him, and with a naughty boy air bought a ten-cent box of peppermints for Eliza, who murmured (in duty bound) against this reckless extravagance.

"I guess ten cents more or less isn't going to break us, Lizzie."

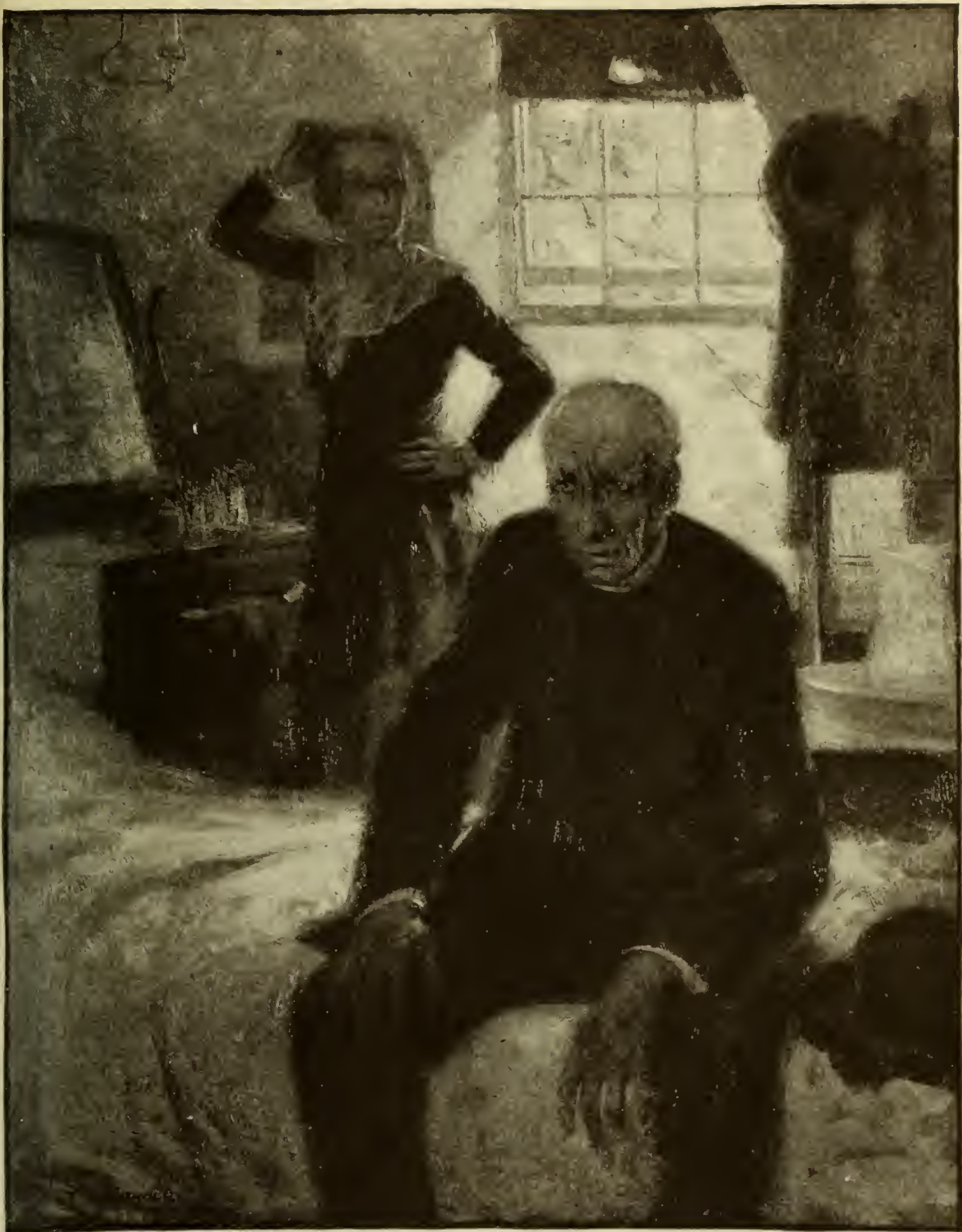
"But—"

"You like them, don't you, my dear?"

"Of course, Seba. Only—"

"Oh, Lizzie, don't stop me in a little thing like this, when you know how much I want to do and can't."

Two pairs of eyes, young with the eternal love within their misty depths, met and smiled at each other. After all, Seba was right; what was ten cents more or less? Eliza nibbled daintily at a peppermint. Seba ate one also. It made him thirsty. When the man in the seat ahead brought his girl companion a paper cup of icewater, Seba rose. Eliza's eyes followed him as he came back with the paper cup in his



Seba tried to smile but the attempt was a poor one. He suddenly felt himself an old man, a weak and broken failure. Poor Eliza — what a mess he had made of her life! And how fine and sweet she had been through it all!

hand. Then suddenly with a note of horror in her tones: "Oh, Seba!"

Her voice rang out loudly. She slipped off the seat, trembling nervously in every limb.

The young man in the seat ahead had pushed his valise out too far into the aisle. Seba had caught his foot against it and had been flung, sprawling, on the floor, where for a terrible moment he lay without stirring, the cup of water jerked out of his hand.

The owner of the valise gave an exclamation and sprang to the old man's aid. He helped the momentarily dazed clergyman into his seat and leaned solicitously over him.

Eliza bent down with silent misgivings to brush at the thickly ground-in dust. It was Seba's new suit, a cheap one they had saved long to buy. As she feared, the trousers' knees showed more than dust. The fall had ground a small hole in one knee, a hole she eyed with a dismay so deep that it was plainly visible in her troubled gray eyes when she raised them to the young man's face.

"Gee, I'm sorry! Just like my stupidity! I do hope you aren't badly hurt?" anxiously.

Seba reassured him. Then the old man's eyes met his wife's suddenly. As hers fell involuntarily under the weight of her awful secret, his followed, to rest upon that wretched hole. A stiffening of his old form was the only recognition he gave of the catastrophe. Reverend Seba Simpson was a thoroughbred.

The byplay of glances had not escaped the young man who looked hastily from the cheap suit to the indisputably expensive bags at the old man's feet. The gold-handled umbrella caught his eyes. He proffered his card.

"I'd like to do something besides apologize for my carelessness," he suggested diplomatically. "Possibly I can serve you in some way?"

Seba lifted incredulous eyes from the card.

"Is it possible that you are John James Maxwell's son? He and I were room-mates at Wesley College."

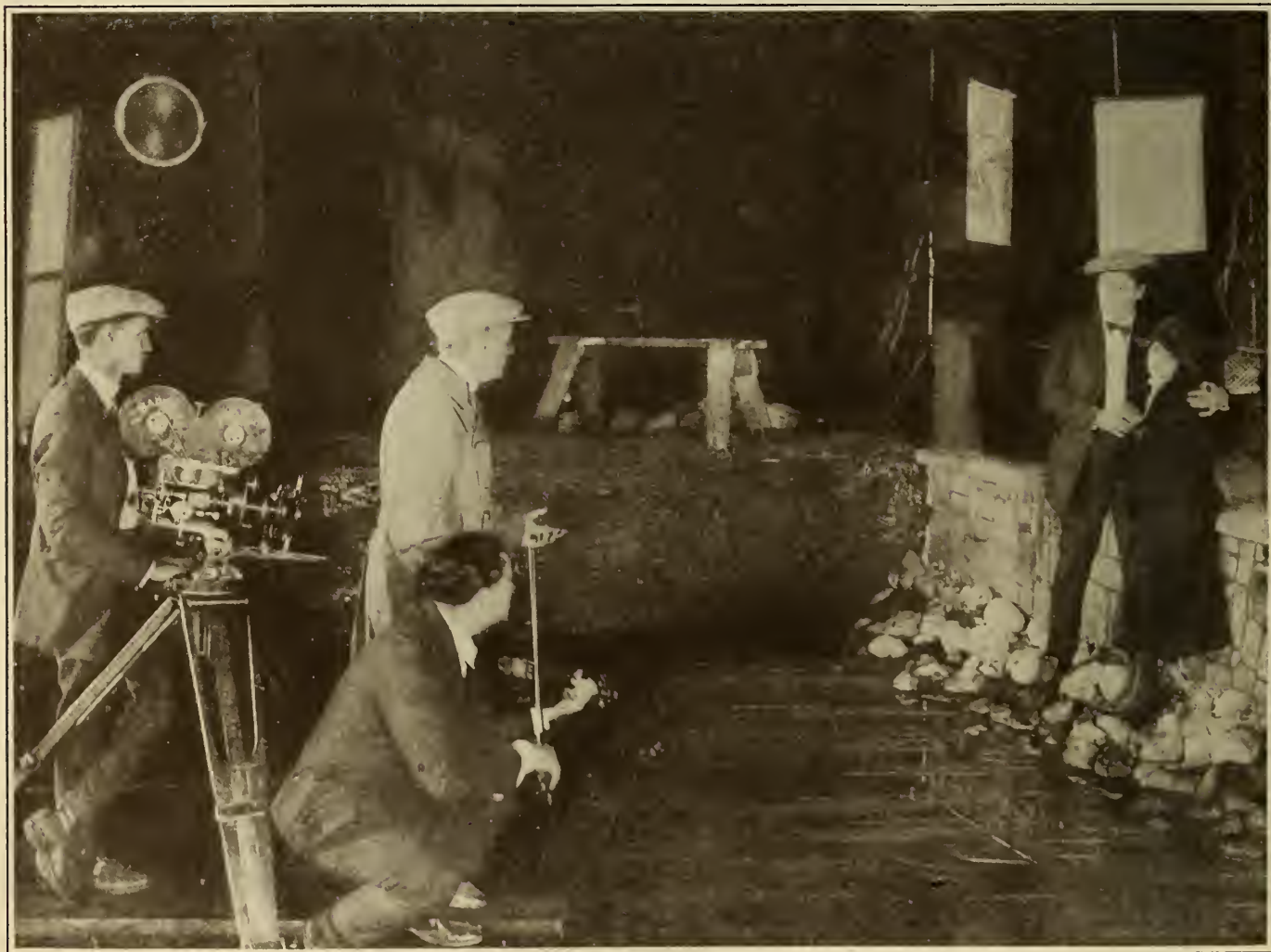
"Why, you must be 'Eminent' Simpson! I—I beg your pardon, sir, Reverend Seba Simpson. Father has told us hundreds of times—Meg, isn't this a wonderful coincidence? This is father's college chum, 'Eminent' Simpson."

At this unconventional presentation, Seba's face took on unwonted color; he glanced a bit shamefacedly at his wife, but Eliza was smiling back happily. The glow of color faded all at once from Seba's cheeks; he remembered that John James' financial operations had won him the title of "Coal-king." While he—

John James Maxwell, most backward man in the graduating class, barely skinning through the finals for graduation with his classmates, was now one of the most prominent and influential men in the United States. Seba Simpson, whose name signified in the ancient Hebrew that nickname his classmates had given him from the first—"Eminent"—what had he achieved?

A country pastorate, no richer or better than the first call he had answered after his graduation from the divinity course; a miserable pittance in a small country church, nothing more. Why, he had been unable to afford a headstone at the grave of the only child he and Eliza had ever had! What did his life amount to? Nothing, quite nothing. He admitted it dispassionately. He was a failure, a complete failure.

(Continued on page 102)

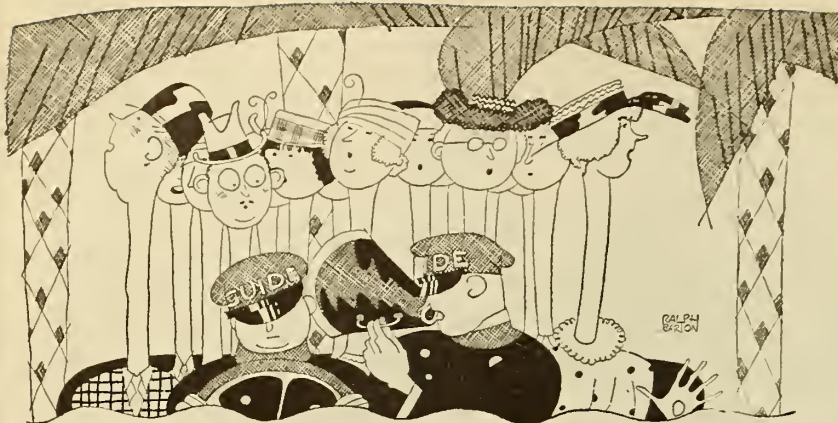


WHEN you saw those dramatic water-front scenes in "The Easy Road," in which Tom Meighan as the improvident author rescues Lila Lee, you never imagined they were "shot" like this, did you? There is a huge tank at the Lasky studios where just such scenes are made; and a corner of it was utilized, as you see here, for Mr. Meighan and Miss Lee to act in, with an entire street laid out on the studio stage just behind it. You saw the street on the screen, but you didn't see the raft with director Tom Forman, the cameraman, and the emotion-inducing violinist who worked so hard to put it over for you.



Mr. Arliss to the Screen

THESE gentlemen have just been raising the devil. What we mean to say is, they have given the mechanical marvel between them a rest from recording the scenes for the screen presentation of "The Devil"—all three being employed by Pathe. Mr. George Arliss—yes, at the right—plays his famous role for the first time before the camera. One of the most distinguished actors of his time, Arliss has finally capitulated to pictures, and his initial effort is directed by James Young. Soon, according to report, we are to see Arliss in "Disraeli" and "Paganini."



Sight-Seeing the Movies

"LADIES and gentlemen, we are now entering Hollywood, the native lair of the motion picture. We don't say you have to take your shoes off when stepping on this holy ground, but we do advise you to grease up the vertebrae in the good old neck, because any minute you may see Mary Pickford standing on some corner, or Bebe Daniels doing a Spanish dance on the sidewalk, or Katherine MacDonald smoking a cigarette."

As a matter of fact, we were ambling up Hollywood Boulevard. "We" consisted of fifteen curious sight-seers from the World Without and me—me having snuck in unnoticed while the driver was cranking up the good old sight-seeing bus. We had been promised a look, how, when, why, where, and who—make the movies.

The chappie with the megaphone, whom I suspected of being Irish with a dash of Hebrew, sat loftily beside the driver and regarded us with the knowing but not unfriendly eye of one on the inside looking out.

Now I only write about the movies. I don't claim to know anything about 'em. But I had been given a bit of inside information that the duck dumped down behind the megaphone aboard the good old ship "Seeing Hollywood" was an unpurgated Burke's Peerage and Vital Statistics of the Silent Drama. I wondered what sort of idea our good friends the tourists were carrying away from the Cradle of the Industry.

"On your right, ladies and gentlemen," he began cordially, "You see the William S. Hart studio. Bill is the only one of the Big Four who's kept out of the papers this year. But then Bill never married. Lives with a nice bachelor sister. Yep, that's the sacred shrine where Bill shoots those ripping dramas of guns, girls and gallops, as you might say."

"Gracious," said the little old lady from Iowa on my right, whose eyebrows had registered surprise until they nearly got tangled in her hair, "That old barn?"

"Where would you expect Bill Hart to make pictures, madame, in a drawing room?" inquired the megaphone impersonally. "On the extreme right you see the tower of David, Solomon's Temple and the Throne Room of that wise Lord of Asia, all erected by William Fox, the largest single motion picture producer in the world. He's the Thomas H. Edison that invented Theda Bara. These sets—they call 'em that, ma'am, because they haven't got any backs—are being used to film the production 'The Queen of Sheba.' I've a betting hunch that all the dear good people that get their ideas about things from attending church socials, are in for a bit of a surprise when they see what



"Just a new
variety of
chrysanthemum."



"What Harold has done while Charlie has been getting his spark plugs adjusted would constitute a crime-wave in some places."

Mr. Solomon really did.

"If you will turn to the right you will see the home of

Christie Comedies, belonging to Al Christie, famed as the original designer of the one-piece bathing suit. He also wrote that touching little ballad about 'Don't Go Near the Water,' as well as collaborating on that immortal lisper's Waterloo, 'She sells sea shells on the sea shore.'

"Now on the right is the Lasky studio—among other things the home, sweet home of the Cecil B. de Mille sex dramas. If they run those films for the history class a hundred years from now the young bloods will sure envy 'Dad', eh? We don't get to see Mr. de Mille's mansion because he built it on top of a whole hill, but it's some pip, old dears, some pip. He's got a nice wife and a couple of kids, too. Nearly all the movies are married or something like that.

"That little building at the corner is the original Lasky studio—first time on any stage. Now they're the largest motion picture producing organization on the face of the globe. See that bunch of girls rallying 'round there? Maybe you delude yourselves into thinking that is a bunch

A personally-conducted tour of the Hollywood film colony.

By
ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Drawings by
Ralph Barton

of extra people waiting to get paid or hired. But that just happens to be the door Wally Reid comes out of when he quits nights. Sometimes they have to send for a cop to lead 'em away so Wally can stagger out and go home to his nice red-headed wife.

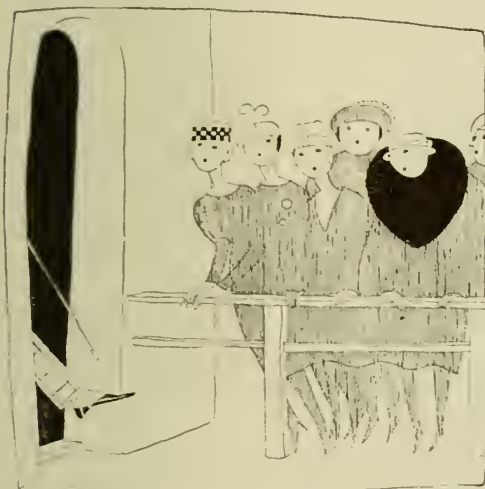
"See that girl wheeling the baby buggy? That's Gloria Swanson giving her new daughter a little Hollywood ozone."

"Now the place on the left that looks like an English country house gone astray is the Charlie Chaplin studio—at least it used to be, before Charlie hit his funny bone so

"That's Gloria Swanson giving her new daughter a little Hollywood ozone."



"That's the door Wally Reid comes out of when he quits nights."



capitalist. But we must show the tourist a good time, I suppose.) "Priscilla finally toddled off to the altar with Wheeler Oakman after turning down every man in Hollywood, but the Prince of Wales, and he didn't see her when he was here. They do say her mater used to keep a pretty tight rein. No kids yet. I heard a rumor, but people'll say anything about a movie star."

"On the left, the home of Charles Ray. They keep an English butler, their own dentist and barber—and they've got a bathroom that looks like a Greek soda fountain. Just like royalty. Mrs. Ray used to be an extra girl, but it's so long ago I guess she's forgot it."

"That's May Allison's place right across. If you like 'em blonde and you want to get home to (Continued on page 109)"

hard it put him out of action. I hear he's going back to work again soon.

"Now we're going to toddle right into the exclusive and expensive suburb of Beverly Hills. This is one of those places that always makes me wonder what they do about their washing—because in all the years I've been travelling through I've never seen any of the elite shirties hanging on the line."

"On the left, the home of Madame Nazimova and her husband. I beg pardon, lady? No, I don't know his name, but I'm sure he's got one. He lives there, too. Madame keeps forty-two servants, a Chinese orchestra and a Hindoo juggler. She always relaxes in pajamas. By Jove, I believe that's her now peeking round the end of the pergola. Nope-nope, I guess it's just a new variety of chrysanthemum."

"On the right, the palatial home of Pauline Frederick, third wife of Willard Mack. Polly is my favorite. She's the most regular girl in the merry movies. She gets \$7500 every Saturday night, too. I seen her salary check myself."

"The pink plaster palace belongs to Priscilla Dean," (I gasped. I happened to know that it belonged to an extremely conservative retired



"Some good people are in for a bit of a surprise when they see 'The Queen of Sheba'"



The Mode

Photography by
Old Masters



Lovely Mary MacLaren is the personification of the spirit of spring, especially when she wears this sports costume in white whippoor-will brocade and pussy-willow—Mallinson's. Her hat has an upturned brim, you see.

Even if it had not Rubye de Remer's blonde beauty to carry it off, this wrap of Mallinson's chinchilla satin—printed blouse and plain skirt—would be a welcome addition to any woman's spring wardrobe.



pronounced as it is for the makers and buyers of fashionable raiment. None of the people who buy hats and wraps and gowns in Paris were home to eat their Christmas dinners, not much! They were in Paris watching endless parades of summer clothes in the smart establishments and keeping an alert ear to the ground to learn what Patou has to say about the spring silhouette and what materials LeLong or the Callot sisters are using. A mad world? Perhaps, but an interesting one.

While I am writing this the February festivities are still at their height and the world has not yet retired for its Lenten meditations, but already the fashions that will reign during the spring and summer of this year have been definitely decided—both in this country and in Paris. Already we know what will be the fashionable cut for the jacket of a spring suit, what colors will lead in favor for suits and one-piece frocks, what the new tones of color are and what fabrics will be used in tub frocks for the summer resorts. So, if you are a provident girl, the kind that gets her sewing out of the way before the sultry days arrive, you may go blithely ahead and make up your summer wardrobe, knowing it will be the *dernier cri* of fashion when July and August arrive. For that reason, I am going to devote my talk with you this month to the outstanding features of the styles created for the coming seasons.

THINK OF IT! In these hurrying times it seems that we slip into our winter things, turn about, and—presto!—it is spring and time to plan the summer wardrobe. We have just learned at what angle our new velvet hat is most effective, and then the spring models come along to elbow it out of the way. The fact that it's still winter has "nothing to do with the case." The first of January sees all the winter hats rudely consigned to the back shelves and bargain tables to make room for straws and flowers and tulle.

Yet this turning about of the seasons for us is not half so

for Spring

Advice that will make
your spring shopping
surprisingly easy.

By
NORMA TALMADGE

*Photoplay's
Fashion Editor*



The cape-wrap has achieved a new line in the spring models by reason of sweeping breadth that, combined with its fullness, makes an instant appeal to the eye. This, of Mallinson's chinchilla satin, is worn by Lucy Cotton.



The picturesque Nita Naldi in another type of cape: that with a narrow lower line with extreme width at the elbow section. It is of Mallinson's Jacquard Roshanar crepe—a combination of chic.

ONE of the most important features of your wardrobe and mine is the tailored suit—the one we wear to shop in and travel in, and wear to luncheon or to business. We may not all have a supply of new cotton frocks, or special evening dresses for hot weather wear, but we all depend for a big percentage of our trim appearance on the suit that calls for a trim blouse to complete it. One of the sensible changes that has taken place in the fashion world in the last few sea- (Continued on page 106)



WEST IS EAST

A Few Impressions
By DELIGHT EVANS

A Fixed Idea
Is Like a Bubble.
You Never Know
When it's Going to Burst.
And you May Not Think
That this has Anything to Do
With Films, and
The Folks who
Play in 'Em.
Well, just Let me Tell You
That the Screen is
The Biggest Bubble of All.
It was That Way
With Me—about
Louise Fazenda
You Know yourself
How Louise Looks
On the Screen
Like
Ring Lardner
Writes.
Woman's Crowning Glory,
To the Fazenda of the
Films, is
Something to be Twisted
Into a Grotesque Knot
And Tied with
A Piece of
Bedraggled
Baby-Ribbon.
Her Smile is
A Grimace Gone Wrong.
She's Funny—
And that's all,
Just the Same, I
Wanted to See her; so
When she Came to Town
I Called her Up.
Her Mother
Told Me
To Come and Call.
I Rang the Bell, and
There Stood
A Little Girl, and
She Smiled—Shyly, and
Waited for me to Say,
"I Came to See
Louise Fazenda."
"Oh yes," said the Girl,
"Come Right In."
I Did, and
Sat There, and
She Dropped Down
Into a Chair, and
Curled one Slim Foot
Under her, the Way
A Very Young Girl
Can Do—Sometimes—
And Waited for Me
To Say Something.
Finally she
Got Tired,
And Began to Talk
In a Barrymore Voice
About the New Play by Shaw
She Saw the Night Before;
And did I Think
Shaw Could Ever be Filmed?
And a Lot More Like That; and
Then I Asked,
"When will
She be Coming Back?" and
The Girl asked,

"Who?" and I Said,
"Why—Miss Fazenda!"
And she Said
"This is Me"—and So
We Got Acquainted.
She has a Profile
That a Regular Writer
Would Rave About. And
Hair that Curls a Little
Around her Ears; and
Pretty Blue Eyes, that
Twinkled when she Said,
"I Had to Make a
Personal Appearance in
Kansas City. I Happened
To See a Sign that Read,
'School of
Motion Picture Acting'.
I Went In for Fun, and Said
I Wanted to Take a Lesson—



Witzel

This is Louise Fazenda
as she really looks.

Told 'em
I'd See if I Liked it, and maybe
Take More.
I Stood in a Row
With a Lot of Other Girls and we all
Had to Make Faces For
Fear, and Love, and Hate—and
The Teacher Picked on Me, and
Said I didn't Do it Right and that
I'd better Watch the other girls.
When it was All Over
I Told him
I Wouldn't be Able
To Take Any More Lessons.
And he Said,
'Well, that's All Right—
I Didn't Think you'd Ever
Make a Movie Actress, anyhow!'"
Louise is Going to Make

New Comedies, with Teddy,
The Dog, and Pepper, the Cat—
"Pepper has a
Large Family Now, and she isn't
As Fond of Work
As she Used to Be."
Louise
Has a Wonderful
Disposition—the Only Time
She's Ever Temperamental is
When Someone Suggests
Ordering Pie for Dinner.
And when her Pictures are Shown,
I'll be There, in the Audience,
And I'll Laugh and Laugh, and
Tell Myself
That the Girl on the Screen
Can't Possibly be
The Same Louise
I Saw That Day.

I Suppose you'd Like to Know
What he Looks Like—
The Man Who Married
Connie Talmadge. Well,
He's Rather Young,
He Has An Awfully Nice Voice.
And he looks Something like
An Illustration
Of
"What the Well-Dressed Man
Will Wear."
I Think he's Embarrassed
Because Everybody Wants to see
His Picture in the Papers.
James Rennie was Used to it
Before he ever Married
Dorothy Gish. And
They're Happy, too—and did you know
Dorothy had a Real Crush
On Mr. Rennie, before
She ever Really Met him?
Cheer Up, Girls—
It Sometimes Happens.

I Saw Frances Marion—
She's Prettier than Ever—
Even if she is a Director Now.
Her Husband was with her.
He isn't one of those Men
You Can Very Well Call
Her Husband
And Let it Go at That.
His Name is
Fred Thompson—not
Mr. Frances Marion; and
Don't You Forget It!
He's Going to Be
Marion Davies' Leading Man
In the New Picture that
Miss Marion—
I Beg her Pardon—
Mrs. Thompson—
Is Directing.
And I'll Bet he'll be Good.
Someday
I Want to Do
A Regular Story
About him—he's
An Athletic Champion and
A Lot of Interesting Things.
But he Simply Will Not
Have his Picture Taken!



Decorations by
Ralph Barton

"The cinema ought to be an art, but . . . it has become an industry. The business men who direct it are . . . beginning to suspect that if it founders as an art, it will founder . . . as an industry."

The Spiritual Future of America and the Movies

By

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

EUROPEANS who have never been to America have no idea of the important part that the motion picture can play in the life of a nation. The film is only an accident in European life, a mere side-show. Even in the larger cities you will find at the most but three or four bare, cramped, uncomfortable picture-houses, where the most devoted followers of the movies go once or twice a week, when they change the programme; the rest of the population but rarely sets foot in one of them. Most of the small cities have no cinema at all, for in a city of less than twenty thousand population it would not pay expenses.

The French films shown in these theaters are generally of mediocre quality, for the picture industry is not yet adequately organized in that land so terribly ravaged by the war. The capital invested is trivial, and the only actors are from the legitimate stage. They never succeed in forgetting their stage technique, and consequently seem unnatural on the screen. I

must say, however, that latterly they have made progress, a fact which has agreeably surprised me.

Italian films are also shown, and they are generally better than the French, because more money is spent on their production and because Italy has two or three good actors who have made a special study of the screen. But these films are too often spoiled by bad taste, false sentimentality and unrestrained gesturing, qualities that make them extremely tiresome in the long run.

But the chief attractions are American films.

I confess that before my trip to America I had some wrong notions about American films. In my first interviews after arriving I expressed my astonishment that the American film, so highly appreciated abroad, is wholly disdained by the intellectual elite of its native country. Indeed, every time I spoke of a film in the artistic or social circles of New York, criticizing it from an artistic point of view, people seemed to be non-

plussed—as if I had talked about chromos at an exhibition of Rembrandts or Titians—and often they seemed to be wondering if I were not trying to make fun of them. Society women and millionaire patrons of art informed me that they never went to the movies, which were frequented only by servants, workmen and the middle classes, and which they regarded as catering only to the most elementary artistic and emotional understanding.

I could not understand this, for at that time I had seen very few American films. But on reaching California I had more leisure, and I made it a sort of professional duty to go to the movies every day, and sometimes twice a day. Thus in less than two months I saw about a hundred films, or approximately the normal production of three months in the studios, and thus I may be entitled to pass a fairly well-grounded opinion of the average American motion picture. In fact, my opinion is based on films rather above the average, for I carefully chose those which were recommended to me as the best, and I avoided those which, judging from the title or the posters, were plainly too stupid or too frightful.

And now I begin to understand the astonishment of my New York friends. Out of the hundred films I saw—and I am talking only of five and six reel films, features, *pieces de resistance* (for the little films, the two-reel comedies and farces, are awful)—out of these hundred films there were four or five truly good ones, based on a big idea or an original thought, following a logical, human and interesting plot—in short well built, with exposition, complication, climax and denouement. It must be noted that all these films were taken from stage plays, novels or short stories. They were: "Everywoman," a somewhat cold allegory, but an honest and unusual work; "Eyes of Youth," which contains a beautiful conception, at once original and searching, but apparently not unfolded as adequately as might be, and at some points lacking in grace, good taste and feeling; then "Eye for Eye," (called in Europe, "l'Occident") wonderfully acted by Nazimova; and finally "Seven Oaks," ("Jes' Call Me Jim"), which would be almost a masterpiece if a few slips of taste were eliminated. Perhaps I ought to add "Pollyanna," which, though incoherent and flutery, and at times childish to the point of silliness, is saved by the delightful and brilliant Mary Pickford. Observe that I do not say there are no other good films—I speak only of those I have seen. It is likely, however, that the same ratio—four or five percent—would hold for those that I have not seen.

Besides these films of truly great merit, I saw three or four others not so good, but still capable of being witnessed without boredom. "His House in Order," taken from a play by Pinero, somewhat old-fashioned and thin, but constructed in workmanlike fashion; "The Woman in Room 13," a little clumsy, but containing a genuine dramatic situation—rather laboriously worked out, but very well acted by Pauline Frederick; "The Confession," which bungles an admirable theme (a theme more

than once treated on the stage, by the way), and which, after the first two reels of restrained action, full of humanness and strong feeling and promising a noble and lofty tragedy, degenerates into a horrible mess that no doubt was cooked up by all the *minus habentes* of Cinema-land, who think they alone

know the public taste, since it is to their interest to keep that taste at the lowest point as long as they can.

I ought to add two films of great fame: "Broken Blossoms," which from the point of view of photography, lighting, staging and the acting of most of the cast is a real masterpiece. But the scenario, the story of a little girl beaten to death by her father and loved by a Chinaman, is so stupid, so flat and so empty that you would think it must have been written by a totally illiterate nurse-girl. As for the "Miracle Man," the greatest success. I am told, in the history of the art, the receipts from which already exceed three million dollars—and it is still far from the end of its run—I don't trust myself to speak of it. I confess that I am baffled. The film is neither badly acted nor badly mounted—few American films are—but even in this respect it is far from superior to a large number of films which are called failures. It is inordinately long, it is dull, heavy, clumsy, monotonous, boring as the sermon of a country parson, without invention, without grace, without beauty. It unwinds the coarse and ridiculous story of three crooks who, wishing to exploit the credulity of the



EDITOR'S NOTE: Maurice Maeterlinck: an unusual portrait for which he posed while in America. Maeterlinck is one of the really great names in modern literature. He is internationally celebrated as a poet, dramatist, and philosopher. Of all his works perhaps, in this country, "The Blue Bird" is most widely and popularly known; but he is equally famous for his play, "Pelleas and Melisande" and his prose work, "The Life of the Bee." Maeterlinck evinced a great interest in the motion picture, and came to America to study film methods. While here he made many of the observations incorporated into this article—observations with which you may not agree, but which are assuredly of more than ordinary interest.

public, attach themselves to an old deaf-mute who is thought to have some supernatural power. The deaf-mute cures a pretended invalid, an accomplice, and because he succeeds at the same time in curing a really sick child and a young paralytic, the three rascals are converted to a belief in his supernatural gifts, and they convert everybody in the vicinity. Taken from a certain point of view and otherwise handled, the story might have been made interesting as a study of the will, or of the miraculous, or of the power of the subconscious in nervous diseases. As it is, with its numerous forced situations, manifestly absurd and silly, it fails to stand up. It gets nowhere and means nothing.

Why, then, its great public favor? Is it because it appeals to religious sentiments, because it insists on the necessity and the benefits of Faith—without saying what sort of faith, and making that faith appear superstitious, illusory and extremely dubitable? Probably; and in this connection it throws an interesting and highly creditable light on the American mentality—its religious enthusiasm, its aspiration to something higher than the material life. But it is regrettable that such noble, fine and praiseworthy sentiments and desires, which are more intense and more widely held in this country than in any other, should have to be satisfied with such cheap, incoherent and tawdry realisations.

This demand for ideals, for a "message," as the phrase here is, this ardent pursuit of new truth, or new light, this aspiration

toward the heights—which is plainly so powerful and which the producers of pictures try awkwardly to satisfy—is, I repeat, truly admirable. It would be expected that a so vast and so popular public would demand above all amusements of a light and entertaining kind, voluptuous or licentious pictures, satires against the power of wealth, luxurious historical scenes, social propaganda, etc. But the American public will have nothing of the sort. Every film that has attempted to fill such a demand has been silently but pitilessly scorned. This public wants, above all, virtue, idealism, justice, morality, and it particularly wants to feel the presence of God. It is a fine thing, reassuring for the present and hopeful for the future, and it is therefore the more deplorable that thus far the producers have so seldom succeeded in presenting these things in a setting of good sense, with a little art, a little reality, a little good taste and a little beauty.

For outside the films I have just cited, a human note was utterly lacking. It was the *mare tenebrarum*, the sea of darkness, of inexcusable and unlimited stupidity. There were spectacles scarcely worthy of apes, going to such a point of imbecility, of silliness, of coarseness, of incoherence, and especially of revolting ugliness, that one wonders shamefully why he has come into this gorgeous place where such things are exhibited. One wonders, too, that human beings endowed with brains and with the most elementary feeling or taste will waste months of work, mobilize hundreds of actors and employees, and spend from a hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars to produce each one of these inanities. And there is yet a more serious question: how can millions of other human beings (statistics say that 18,000,000 people go to the movies every day), equally equipped with brains and sensibilities, waste in their turn their leisure hours (those most sacred hours of the day, for they count most in the development and education of man), how can they bear to waste those hours contemplating those same inanities, and how can they even prefer them to the vastly more interesting sights that any glimpse of street or landscape or sky might afford?

There is the secret of the disdain expressed by the intellectual elite; there is what we could not understand in Europe, where we get only the best American films, after a thorough sifting, and after being pruned of their tedious lengthiness, which the producers say is necessary in America.

A surprising fact is that this silliness and madness is nearly always cleverly staged. The photography, technically speaking, is generally admirable, the landscapes wonderfully selected, the interiors true to life and furnished in excellent taste; and above all, with rare exceptions, the acting is remarkably good. The American actor, largely because he has not been trained in a conservatory nor deformed by stage work, is better than the French or Italian actor. He is more life-like, more restrained, more profound and more sincere. His gestures and facial expressions are seldom exaggerated or false or conventional. He is unacquainted with the stock formulas for fright, joy, surprise, anger and indignation—

the stage tricks so common among his European fellows, except the truly great ones. But these qualities are all wasted, thrown away in the vacuum of a scenario without head or tail, without even the modicum of interest possessed by a human incident related by a man of ordinary intelligence.

For the great defect of the American film, which will be its death if no remedy is forthcoming, is the incredible weakness of the scenario. After many years of heedlessness, the producers are at last beginning to be worried about the danger that threatens their business. They realize that the public, stuffed with stories that grow more and more ridiculous, will finally give up. But what is to be done? The consumption of scenarios is staggering. The screen is a kind of insatiable monster that devours a score of stories every week, and there is no literature in the world that can furnish weekly a score of good stories. The stock of old novels and short stories is almost used up and moreover the best of the novels, being primarily psychological and literary, are lacking in action and therefore hardly lend themselves to photographic translation. The stage, a better source of material, is quite barren in America. It is clumsy, rudimentary, and decidedly inferior to the foreign stage. As to the European stage—aside from the English, which has already yielded all it possessed—it treats, in general, only sexual questions, particularly adultery, which the American public wants none of. In the face of this scarcity and with the praiseworthy object of raising the level of the scenario a little, some of the big establishments decided to appeal to writers of more or less reputation and ask them to write for

the screen—occasionally if not exclusively. Some of them accepted and went bravely to work. They realized that this manner of communicating their ideas was truly a new form of art—the strangest, the most powerful and perhaps the most fruitful known, since its mysterious and inexhaustible aids are light and life.

It was at least an interesting experiment. I have no idea of disclosing here things that were told me in confidence, nor shall I enter into personalities. Moreover, I am not speaking of my own experience, but of what I saw and heard going on about me. Well, I saw several of these scenarios. They made no pretense of revolutionizing the art of the screen. They brought no new revelation—for revelations in art as in religion are less frequent and less facile than is commonly supposed. But it can be said with certainty that precisely because they were written specially for projection, by writers who had given study to the peculiar technique of conveying thoughts and feeling through pictures, these scenarios were palpably superior to those taken from even the best novels; and at all hazards they were as good as the four or five good films adapted from the stage which I mentioned above and which had achieved a popular success that surprised the producers.

The directors of the big establishments and their technical advisers—good businessmen, and to tell the truth better businessmen than artists—looked at these scenarios and agreed that they were indeed meritorious—but rather risky. However, before a decision



"It would be worth while to found a sort of museum or Pantheon for the preservation of truly fine films."

(Continued on page 108)

One Year Later

A famous bride
packs her
honeymoon
in moth balls
and returns
to the screen.

Below—scene from
"Scrambled Wives,"
the First National
photoplay in which
Miss Clark makes
her reappearance on
the screen.

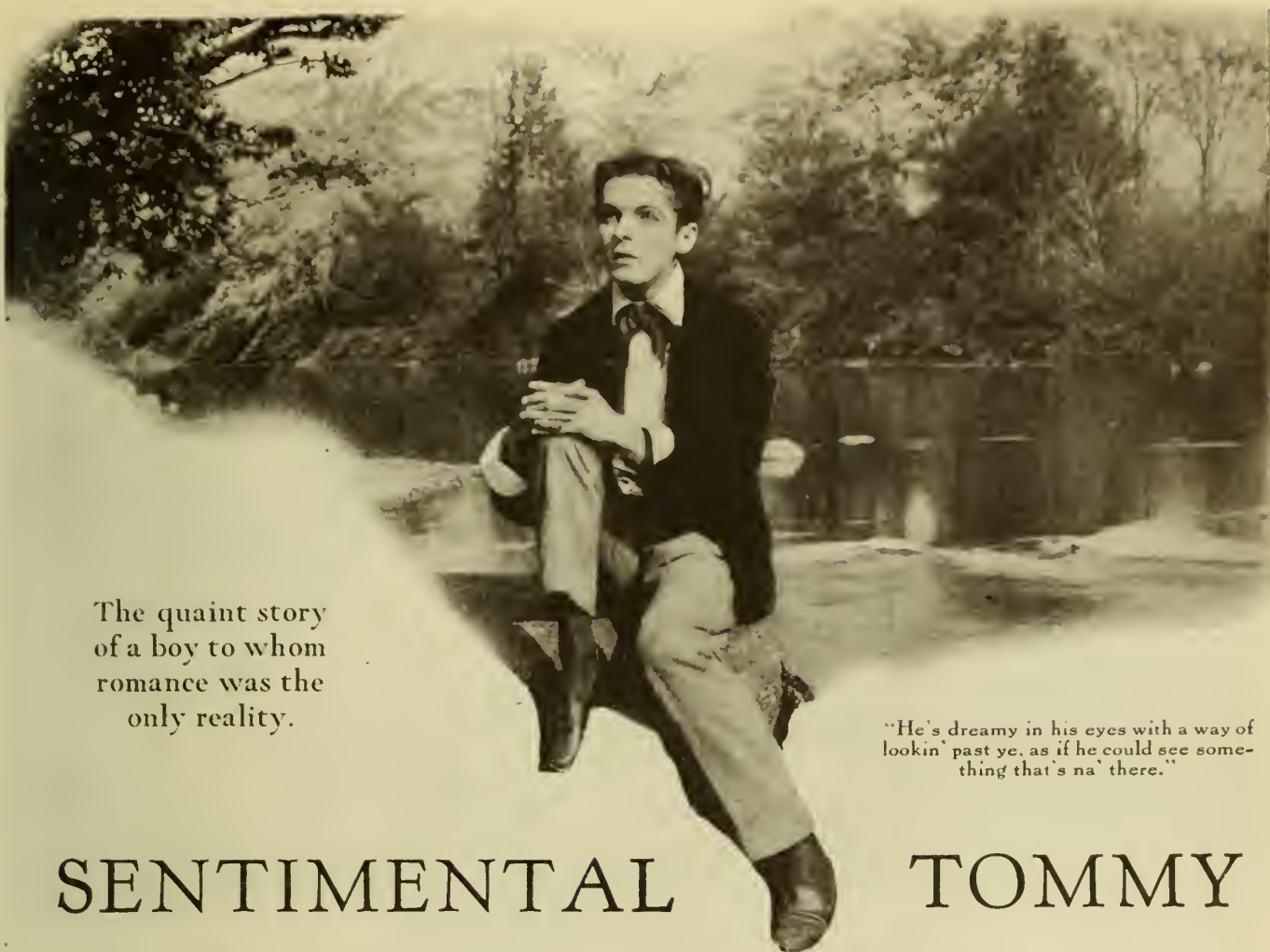


Ape's

Marguerite Clark—a new portrait.
Many little chinchillas gladly gave
up their lives that Marguerite might
wrap herself in this coat.



IT was one whole year, you know.
One whole year too long—everyone agreed
on that point.
Of course she was happily married. Of
course her husband didn't particularly want her
to come back to pictures. She was supposed to
keep right on being one of the smart young matrons
in New Orleans society, mistress of one of the most
charming homes in the southern city. But before
she was ever Mrs. H. Palmerson Williams, she was
Marguerite Clark. And she really had no intention
of staying away altogether. When she could get
a good story, she'd come back.
And so she has—in "Scrambled Wives," which,
having been a successful comedy on the stage, is
reasonably expected to be a success on the screen.
Especially with Marguerite Clark to play in it.
And she's the same eternally youthful, piquant
little person she always was, as you may see for
yourself if you look around on this page.



The quaint story
of a boy to whom
romance was the
only reality.

"He's dreamy in his eyes with a way of
lookin' past ye, as if he could see some-
thing that's na' there."

SENTIMENTAL TOMMY

By

LULIETTE BRYANT

TO the stranger's eye the inhabitants of Thrums were as dour and unimaginative as the village itself—a huddle of unpainted cottages, edging a narrow street which climbed from the smithy in the hollow to Double Dykes, an old, walled-in farm at the top of the pitch. But the heart of Thrums could open, when need arose, and it had opened now to the two bairns of Jear Myles, just brought from London-town by Aaron Latta—the broken wreck of a man whom Jean had jilted when she rode away so fine and grand with the masterful Londoner, a dozen years ago.

They had buried poor Jean Myles—her married name was Sandys, but what was that to Thrums?—in the bleak little cemetery on the hill, with all due and decent reverence. And now the thoughts of the village, especially of the womenfolk, centered on the orphaned children.

"Losh! To think of Jean Myles writin' all these years to Esther Auld of her grand mansion and her carriages and her servants and her bairns dressed in velvets. I'm thinkin' she fooled us a' fine! An' all the time she was starvin' and slavin' to keep body and soul t'gether, but she wouldna' let on to onybody."

"Ye ken how she said when she rode away after her weddin', If ever I come back, it'll be in a carriage and pair"? Weel, she's keepit her word, poor lassie!"

"I'm thinkin' we blamed Jean too much. Aaron Latta did shame and disgrace himself and her that night at the Cuttle Well. Not one o' us would 'a' had 'im, after that. And Jean was a proud un!"

"She was. But she needna have gone so far as to flout off wi' the man that shamed Aaron. Aweel, she made her bed—and died in't. And them 'at's gone canna be brocht back. But Thrums 'll do what's richt by her bairns, if Aaron Latta 'll no be too dour wi' visitors."

"He's lived alone ower muckle, has Aaron. He'll be more like a man now, with the two of them beside him. The lassie is

bonny to look at—Elspeth she's called. But the lad's not ower good lookin'. He's dreamy in his eyes with a way of lookin' past ye as if he could see something that's na there."

And while the women talked, the two little strangers, hand in hand, came out from Aaron Latta's cottage and started on the first, brave adventure of their new life. To glance at them casually one would have thought they were simply two children, dressed in black, rather shy and awkward, setting out for a walk through a dirty little village. But a close observer would have noted that their faces were flushed, their breathing a little quickened, as with excitement, and their eyes round and shining with anticipation. All their lives had been spent in the meanest portion of London, in want and misery and dirt. All their lives had their mother told them of Thrums—wonderful, bewitching Thrums, where the lamps were lit by a magician called Leerie-leerie-licht-the-lamps; where the merest children were allowed to set spinning wheels a-whirling; where the stairs were so fine that the houses wore them outside for show; where you dropped a pail at the end of a rope down a well and sometimes it came up full of water and sometimes full of fairies!

And now their eyes would see the glory!

They had gone but a little way when the first shadow fell on Elspeth's face. "Tommy," she quavered, catching his hand closer, "where are the beauty stairs as is wore outside for show?"

Tommy's eyes rested only a moment on the narrow, unpainted stairs that climbed untidily up the sides of the drab buildings.

"They're beauties!" he said, firmly. "We ain't used to such grand sights, that's all!"

"I—I thought it would be bonnier," half sobbed Elspeth. "Wait till you see the square, and the town-house, and the Auld Licht Church," counselled Tommy, hurrying her along. His own eyes were blank with disappointment as they hurried down the shabby street where women in short gowns came to their doors and men sat down on their barrows to gaze at Jean Myles' bairns, but his lips were set in an unflinching smile.



"You don't love me," she said. "It was one of your imaginative flights. You don't want to be married. You were play-acting as always. Well, you are free! . . . Don't look so tragic."

They found the town-house and the church—one cannot fail to find the landmarks of so small a village. But Elspeth almost sobbed openly at sight of their smallness, their total lack of the beauty which had fired her imagination. But the lad, holding her tightly by the hand, stood silent for a moment, gazing, while the bitter chagrin and disappointment of his own eyes turned slowly to a far-off, tranquil gaze which seemed to look far, far beyond the mean little buildings, at something shining and splendid.

"Elspeth," he almost whispered, "do you na ken? We're in *Thrumis*! Here our mother stood when she was a wee bit lassie; there's the town-house she saw, all fine and shining in new paint; that clock on the front is gold, with jewels flashing from its hands. And there's the Auld Licht Church, with a steeple that touches the sky, and stained glass windows, and a gold bell with a silver tongue to ring the chimes. And inside's the grand pew with a velvet cushion, where our mother knelt in her white dress and said her wee prayer. And all around us are the houses she loved, all fine and shining with their stairs going up so straight and proud—do ye na see, Elspeth?"

And the girl, her round, adoring eyes on her brother's face, breathed a long, happy sigh.

"Ay, I ken," she whispered. "It's—it's bonnier than I dreamed of, Tommy! Let's go to find the Cuttle Well now."

So they turned and went back through the narrow, dirty street, two brave little souls, beginning again the game that had furnished all the brightness their young lives had ever known—the game of make-believe.

Half-way up the hill they came suddenly upon some boys playing marbles. Tommy drew a quick, ecstatic breath, as he whisked Elspeth to a spot where they might watch without being noticed.

"Capey-dykey!" he breathed. "They're playin' it. It's never played but in *Thrumis*!" Whether he would have deserted his little sister to try the mysteries of this game will never be known, for all at once the boys left off playing and

began to dance up and down, crying out with loud, jeering laughter.

"Ho, ho! The painted lady's brat! The painted lady's brat! What's a father? What's a father?"

A little girl had come down the street, from the hill above. She was taller than Elspeth or Tommy—thirteen years old, Tommy decided, after one quick, comparing look. She was a bonny lassie, too, he thought, with her cheeks scarlet and her eyes flashing rage at her tormentors. She had a mop of long, dark hair, and one of the boys ran up to her now, jerking at it viciously, while the others sent a shower of stones falling around her. She refused, disdainfully, to hurry her movements, and the boy at her side received a well-directed blow which sent him reeling to a safe distance. Elspeth began to cry from sympathy and fright, and Tommy called out sharply:

"What's the matter o' ye all? Why torment a lassie?"

They whirled and looked at him, forgetting the girl in the new diversion of sizing up a strange boy.

"She's only the painted lady's brat!" one volunteered. "Her mother's a reg'lar bad un. So the girl's a bad un! She asked us once 'what's a father?' That's a question for a lassie to ask! Oh, oh!" And again they took up the cry "What's a father! What's a father!"

Suddenly the girl darted straight at the largest of the boys and began belaboring him violently. "You lie!" she screamed. "My mother is *sweet*! And I'm not a bad one. And I'm not afraid of the whole of you!"

Over Tommy's face had come the strange, far-seeing look again. Gone was the shabby street, the jeering lads, the girl with the ready fists and the mop of flying hair. There before him lay a smooth, wide field of green where a blue-eyed, golden-haired princess wrung her hands in distress while a villain in black armor dragged her away by her streaming curls of gold. And there was he, Tommy, in shining armor, galloping up on a snow white steed, with strong lance gleaming in the sun, flinging himself off his horse—

"Wait!" he muttered, huskily. "Stand right here!"

Still wearing the exalted look, Tommy rushed into the fray. Once there, he used his sturdy little fists to such good advantage that all but the boldest of the lads drew back in startled astonishment. Not for nothing had Tommy lived on the streets of London. A dreamer he was, but in this instance, at least, one who could make his dreams come true.

"One—two—three!" he counted, using the famous knock-out blows which established his fame in Thrums from that time on. Corp, biggest of them all, went down, to rise, boy-like, Tommy's greatest admirer.

"You're a queer little deevil, but you can fight!" was Corp's tribute and the two shook hands before Tommy strutted on up the hill, a girl on either hand now. From the corner of his eye he was quick to note that while Elspeth worshipped and adored, the new girl kept her little pointed chin in air and hummed a tune of unconcern.

"My name is Grizel," she said presently, "and my mama is sweet and nice, only once in awhile when she is sick and doesn't know just what she does. We live in the old house at Double Dykes and everybody is afraid to come there, so of course you will be," the scornful glance with its touch of wistfulness took in both boy and girl. "We don't want company, anyhow," she went on hastily, as if to forestall refusal. "If they come we lock the doors because we like being alone. But you may teach me to fight if you would like to."

"Where?" gasped Tommy, astounded.

"In the glen back of Double Dykes. There's a little wood there where we shan't be seen. Will you?"

She was on Tommy's right, looking at him with bright, mocking eyes as if ready to scorn his refusal. On his left, a little hand plucked piteously at his sleeve, in anxious protest.

"I—canna leave my little sister, whiles I go teachin' strange lassies to fight," he faltered. Then as the laughter in Grizel's eyes deepened, his color flamed. "I do na *want* to leave Elspeth!" he declared fiercely. "I—I *like* having her with me!"

"Bring her," said Grizel, indifferently. "You don't think I care about your being alone, do you?"

And suddenly Tommy knew—and desperately fought the knowing—that he *wanted* this new lassie to want him to come alone! Confused, he fell back on the male weapons of bluster and bravado. He would teach her to fight, because she needed to know how to defend herself. It was his duty. And he would bring his little sister because he wished to! And all the time the girl's eyes mocked him and her laughter flouted him.

"Ye're an English lassie!" he accused sullenly.

"I am. Do you think I would wish to be Scotch? We only came here to live because we had travelled everywhere else in the world and my mama was tired."

"And for why did you travel all over the world?" asked Tommy.

"My mama was looking for someone," she said, sadly, forgetting to mock for a moment. Then she remembered, and with a forced little laugh ran off up the hill, calling back over her

shoulder, "If you're not afraid, come to the glen in the morning. And don't fail to bring Elspeth!"

"She's ower bold, I'm thinkin'," was Elspeth's judgment. "I'm thinkin' ye call her bonny and ye'd *like* to teach her to fight!" Thus did Elspeth prove her dawning womanhood. Tommy gave a good imitation of a snort of contempt.

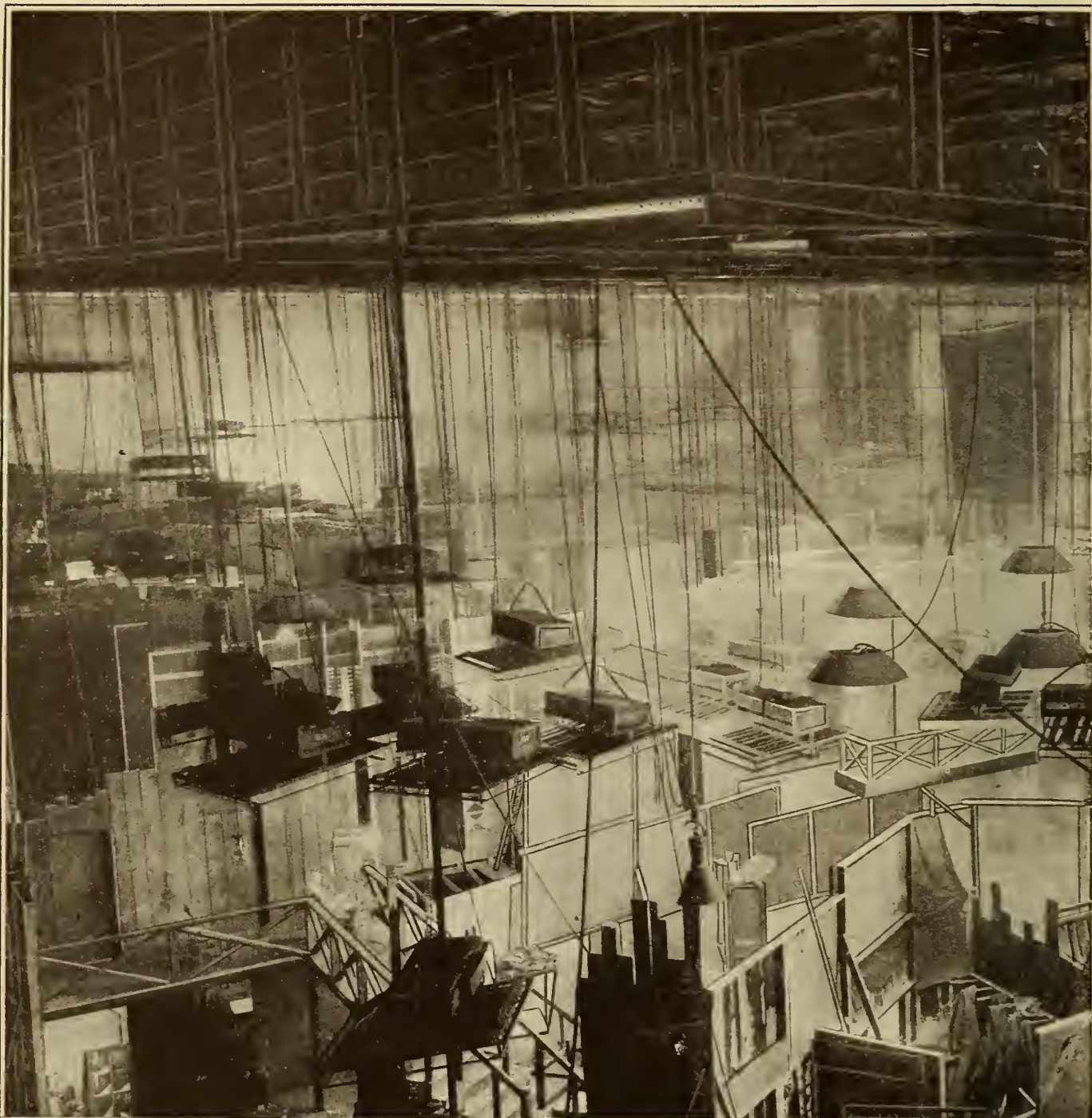
"She's na bonny, with her hair all flyin' over her face and her eyes like the eyes of wild things in the dark. I'll teach her to use her fists, because it's my duty, and ye'll come along with me to do it."

So began the conflict which was to rage for long years in the heart of Tommy. On the one hand his little sister, loved with all the tenderness of his heart and soul; on the other, the teasing, mocking Grizel with the strange undercurrent of wistfulness breaking out through her scornful airs to stir him in a way he could neither understand nor prevent.

He taught her to fight, and better than that, he taught her to play. No one could imagine such games as Tommy invented! From the cupboard in Aaron Latta's kitchen he brought an old suit of bright plaid kilts, with moth-eaten stockings to match and a Tam with a gay feather. Could the bent and silent Aaron *ever* have worn them? And from the trunks and bags at Double Dykes Grizel brought frayed silken shawls, trailing sashes of gorgeous hues, tattered finery of all kinds to adorn herself and Elspeth. (Continued on page 96)



"Can't you cut it out—the bad blood, doctor? I won't mind the hurt. I do so want to be a good girl—and I can't with bad blood in me, can I?"

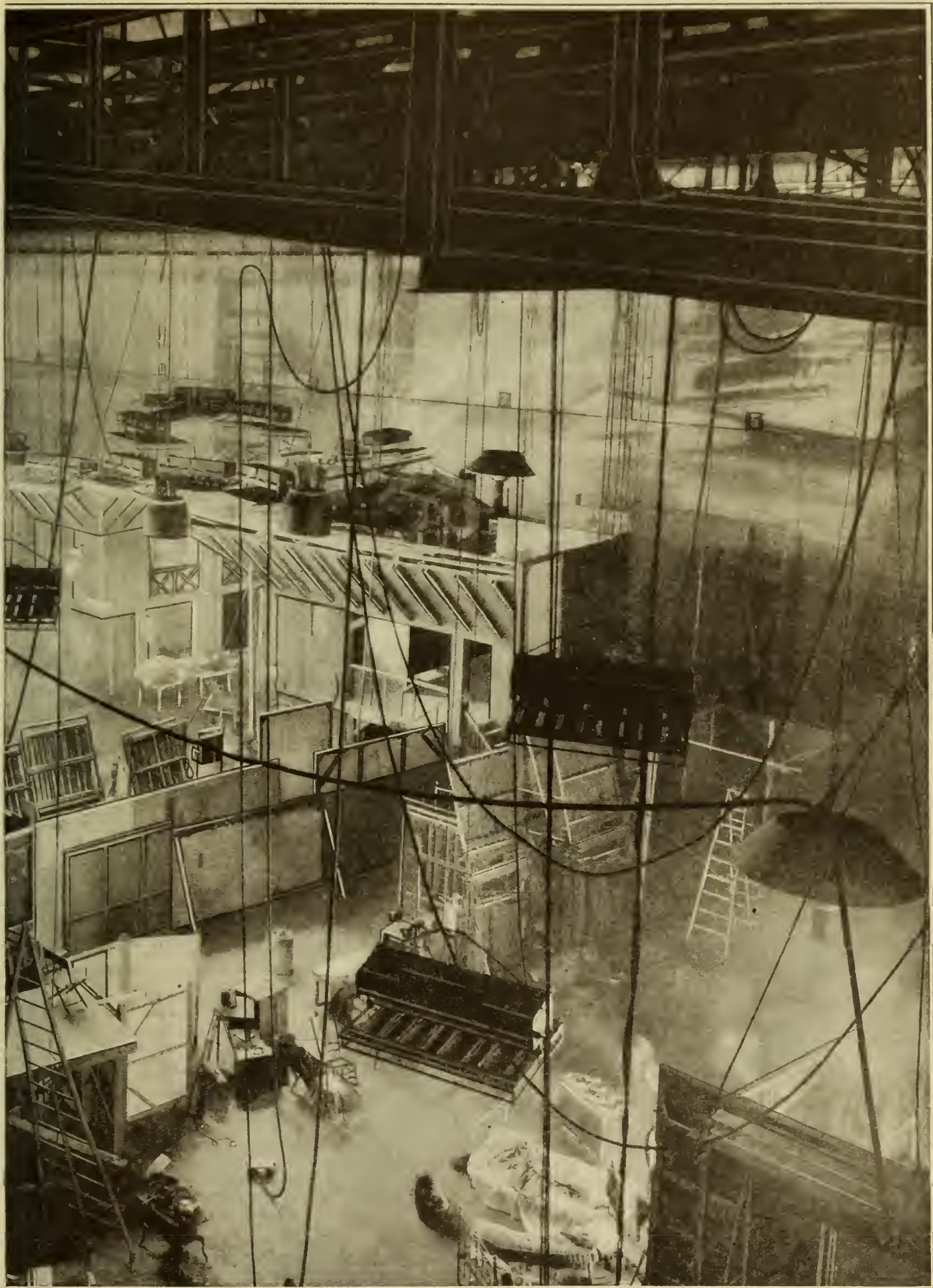


The Crater of Emotion

THIS is the great stage of the new Famous Players Lasky Studio on Long Island, shot for Photoplay Magazine during the lunch hour of one of its busiest days.

You are looking into the crater of a veritable volcano of emotion. How many human problems are being enacted here, almost within inches of each other! How many climates are touching temperatures through their canvas frontiers! How many varied stations in life are swarming democratically under these fire-flowing black cables! Here is a chill December twilight in Alaska—there, blazing noon on the burning Marquesas—yonder a peaceful back porch, sleeping through a rural afternoon—in the foreground the abandoned squalor of a morning in the slums. Overhead in the great gridiron, human flies crawl back and forth, swinging a million candles at the end of each thick, insulated line; below, their groundling brothers plug in and plug out their Klieges and Cooper-Hewitts, spraying the exact chemical requirement of light just where it is needed at just the right moment. How different from the years when everything depended on sunlight—when the whimsical weather allowed the sun to shine—and the illumination of a shaded candle came pouring like a bright summer morning down through the ceiling! You'll notice that we haven't called this an arena of "silent drama"; you should have heard it when lunch hour was over, ten minutes after this picture was taken!





CLOSE-UPS

Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

Stimulating Good Music. Since many of the picture theaters have introduced classical music as part of the program, a surprising change has developed in the taste for better music. Time was not long ago when the tired business man would have fought like a naughty child before allowing his wife to drag him to a symphony concert. Now he sits through the Beethoven Fifth silently reverent and applauds from sheer enjoyment at the end. Instead of the music having helped the picture it is the good film which has created the desire to hear finer music.

The audiences at the symphony concerts are composed of one third who feel they must attend the concerts because it is part of the social duties; one third for the musical education they gain; and a small third because they truly enjoy classical music and get that indefinite something from hearing it which helps one forget the commonplace of life and lifts one for the moment into the realms of better and higher emotions. In the picture theaters the spontaneous burst of applause at the end of a selection proves unanimous and thorough enjoyment for the music and all it means to the listener. When a large audience, after laughing for fifteen minutes at an animated cartoon, quickly changes its attention to a Salvic interlude and follows it with the compliment of silence, it is a sure sign of appreciation. Many patrons of picture theaters can now speak intelligently when they hear classical selections rendered indifferently and to hear the workman in the balcony tell you "that guy's a murderin' that piece"—when the piece was a Wagnerian Overture—is encouraging for the growth of the popularity of classical music in America.

The Geography Class.

A teacher sent down from Atlanta to certain rural districts in Georgia found dense ignorance. The parents were more uninformed than the children, and the latter, in fact, owed any knowledge of the outside world to an occasional picture show, presenting decrepit but none the less real scenes of other peoples and other climes.

The pedagogue, as a first enlightenment, sought to stir his young people's curiosity by telling them of foreign countries, and about the rest of their own nation. He did this by taking up each section, and describing its specialties and products—by telling *what* strange and distant lands had contributed to the rest of the world perhaps, even, sending many of their distinctive products into this particular wilder-

ness. Thus, he vividly described the gold of California—the metallic gold which was the romance and tragedy of '49; and the new gold, which is fruit and oil and produce.

The school committee came.

The teacher lined up his brightest, and put them creditably through their memory paces. "Now, for what"—he asked, presently—"is California noted?"

"Makin' movies!" came as one shout from the screen-loving class.

The Hamlets Are Coming. But one cannot, as in the case of the Campbells of Scotch lyric fame, follow that statement with the old song's "Hurrah! Hurrah!" Hamlet is too difficult a matter, and the actors too uncertain. To be or not to be Hamlet, that is the question, and the answer in actual representation is usually a negative.

There have been very few men in dramatic history who sufficiently comprehend the strange melancholy of Shakespeare's profoundest character to give a really great impersonation. Of this small but precious company an American, Edwin Booth, is probably foremost. Since the death of Booth no really consummate performance has been seen upon the native boards. But as "Hamlet" is the Mecca of the serious stage actor, toward which he moves at some portion of his career, it is only natural that the screen, newly ambitious to invade every corner of the dramatic field, should in turn produce its own galaxies of Danish royalty, parading or haunting a vaster Elsinore than was ever built behind a proscenium.

No less than three "Hamlets" are said to impend, or stand in planning for the future. The first two are, or are about to be, made. One will come from the tremendously active German film field, and will present a woman in the title role—Asta Neilsen. This, of course, will not be the first time a woman has essayed the Prince of Denmark. The second production will come from the house of Rodolphi, in Italy. The third is very much in the future, but it is most interesting of all, for the production is a Famous-Lasky possibility, with John Barrymore as the centerpiece. Not as a matter of local patriotism, but judging artistically on past performance, we believe that John Barrymore combines those assets of voice and intellect, figure and youth, experience and temperament, which will make him the pre-eminent Hamlet of our day, and one of the greatest of all time. He is to do Hamlet on the stage next year, and the film version will probably be a co-incidental release.

OLD LIVES FOR NEW

Florence Vidor demonstrates that the New Woman may do justice to both a home and a career.

Florence Vidor—the actress—who first won fame as the girl in the death-cart in "A Tale of Two Cities." It was Photoplay, by the way, which first called public attention to her ability.



By

JOAN JORDAN

Florence Vidor, since the day of little Suzanne's birth over two years ago, has been the victim of a constant pull between her home and her career—not always consciously perhaps, but just as certainly. She had not accepted even for consideration the new and successfully demonstrated theory that a woman may do actual justice to both a home and a career. To her, a woman was either a homemaker—or something else.

Failure, that would have taken the decision out of her hands, would at times have been welcome. Instead, success literally dragged her on.

"My intelligence told me absolutely that I must go on with this work that is inside me—this thing that first led me to the screen and has made me love my work. My intelligence told me that I was happier at home, more gentle, loving, helpful, when I left the routine work of physical care of house and family to someone trained for that. Yet my heart, which is entirely bound up in my home and my husband and my baby, enforced

by my education and inherited instinct, told me a woman's place was in the home and the home only, never separated from her baby or her husband," she once said.

Florence Vidor came from an old southern family. Her maiden name was Florence Arto, and there are many in the south who still remember the grandmother who apparently passed on the exquisite beauty that made her a belle to this lovely namesake. She attended a southern "finishing school" where girls graduated into marriage and social position.

The spark that has fired her screen work answered the same spark in a boy of her home town—King Vidor—and caused them to join their loves and lives and futures.

Today she is one of the successful actresses of the screen. If she is not a star in fact it is because she has lacked the push and personal effort to gain that for herself. From her bit in "The Tale of Two Cities," where she rode in the death-cart to the guillotine with *Sidney Carton*, (William Farnum) to her charming performance in Cecil de Mille's "Old Wives for New" and her recent triumph in Ince's "Lying Lips," she has shown tremendous charm and ability. Her personal beauty is astonishing.

She is a hard actress to direct, because of the wall of reserve she lives behind, the natural instinct of a southern lady to conceal rather than reveal her emotions. But her emotional force is tremendous. When she does reach the place where she can let herself go, she unlooses volumes of feeling.

She is lazy—like all women of her type. Without that divine thing breathed into her spirit in the last moment of her creation, she would have been eminently content to slip easily through life, have her breakfast in bed, give little luncheons with salted almonds and after-dinner mints, go to fashionable hotels to tea and dine with friends. She hates to get up in

FLORENCE VIDOR—for a number of reasons—is and always has been one of the most interesting women in pictures.

She is interesting not only as a person, and not only because of her unusual beauty, but as a vital and definite development of Twentieth Century woman.

There has existed a tradition that the Great Public likes to have pretty romances and delicate fairy tales woven about its cinema pets. (Sounds like a new sort of lizard, but it isn't.)

To me that idea is as old-fashioned as bustles.

Because the truth is not only stranger than fiction but a darn sight more entertaining.

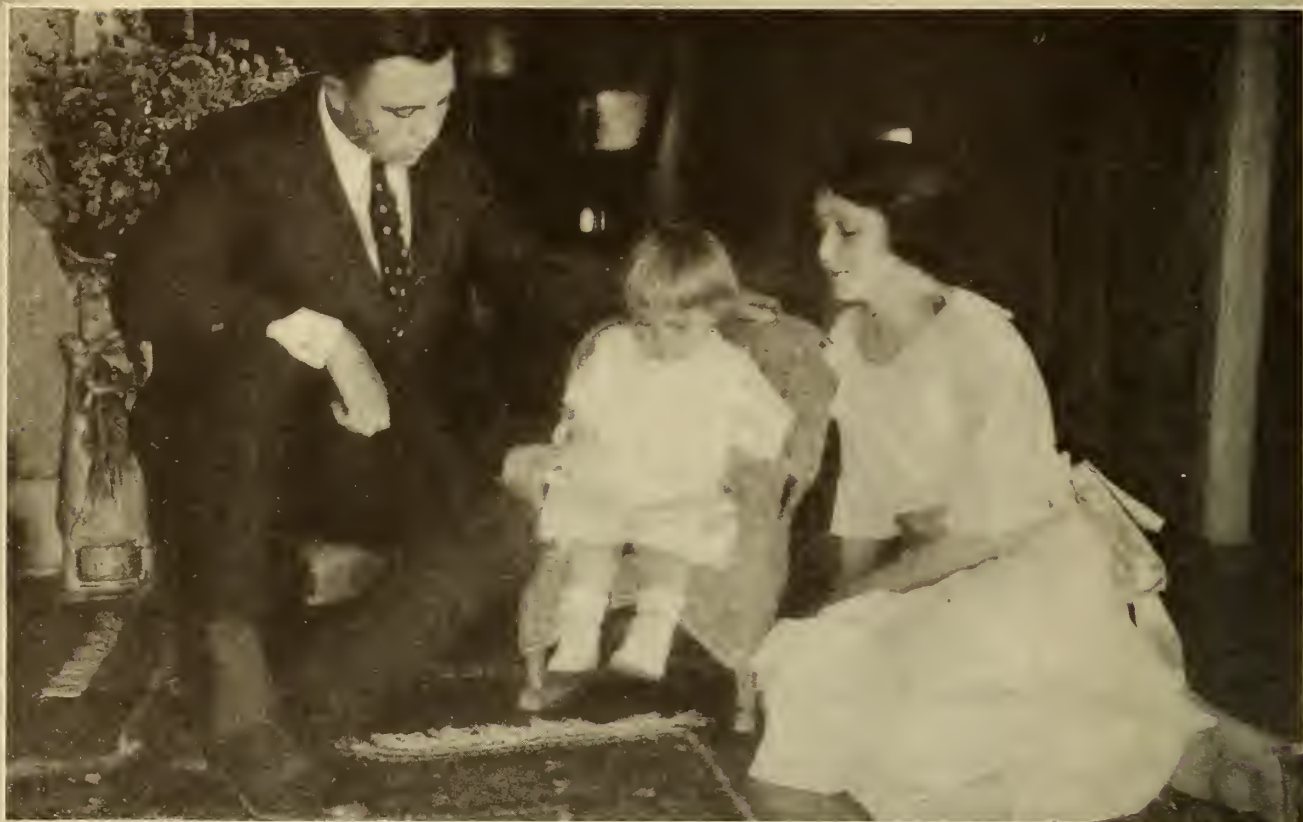
I have known Florence Vidor intimately for rather a long time. It is impossible for me to write a story composed of platitudes about her favorite fruits and vegetables, when I remember the real things I know about her.

I have studied her as a supreme example of the struggle between the old and the new woman, more than as a screen star.

She is a screen star for three reasons—her beauty, which of itself would be sufficient, her temperamental, though as yet only slightly expressed, dramatic ability, and her possession of those rare qualities which go to make up a gentlewoman.

But it is as a woman—wife, mother, housekeeper,—that she is most to be reckoned with. The woman—torn at every step of her progress between the old ideals of woman implanted in her by her southern ancestresses, cherished by her own nature growing to womanhood in a southern home in a southern community amid southern traditions—and the new ideals of woman, forced upon her by a slow but remarkably fine intelligence, a vibrant love of things dramatic and her unsought, almost undesired, success.

"A woman who has a definite talent does more for her family by working out her happiness than by denying it."



Florence Vidor—wife and mother. The above theory seems to work in the Vidor household. From left to right, King, Suzanne, and Florence.

the morning. She postpones everything in the world to the last moment. She tackles every new part that is literally forced upon her—for I know that Tom Ince made trip after trip to her home to beg her to play the role she has done so well in "Lying Lips"—with reluctance.

She would much rather not. Yet the call gets her.

She is charming—utterly charming—in her home. She has all the renowned graces of the southern belle. She is the most comfortable, fascinating person to be with. She adores her home—her husband—and her baby, and she is full of sweet, pretty little ways with them all. She cannot ignore anything about them entirely.

She has, too, a sort of reluctance about being as successful as her husband, and she is the victim of hundreds of social traditions, like dinner calls, and myriads of Christmas presents.

So, as I said in the beginning, as an example of the conflict between the old traditions and instincts of the past generation, and the equalizing instincts of the new, she has been enduring a supreme "melting pot" of character building and emotional growth for many, many months.

And at last she has reached an understanding that will enable her to continue her work with a clear conscience, if without a wholly light heart, though there was a time when I was sure she would retire from the screen altogether.

For she has determined that she would not be happy without her work. And that determination convinced her that she can give more spiritual and mental happiness, more helpful loving character-formation to her daughter, more strength and inspiration and companionship to her husband, by going on with her career.

"I believe more than anything else in right mental atmosphere, right thinking, serenity and happiness of spirit," she said to me. "Thoughts are things. It is more important to my home that my husband and my baby should have my happy, contented, upward-climbing thoughts than that they should have my constant bodily presence."

"Today I believe absolutely that a woman who has a definite talent, a real, deep undeniable craving for a certain form of self-expression does more for her family by answering that call and working out her happiness, than by denying it."

"I feel that such a woman need not be deprived of her home life any more than a man. Though she may take time away from them, she makes up for it by her mental alertness, her increased understanding, her happiness and serenity of mind."

Her husband, King Vidor, once said to me of her, "Florence is the only human being I have ever known who is absolutely honest with herself and everybody else about everything."

Not a bad recommendation from a husband, is it?

Told on Broadway

RIGHT off Times Square, New York, there stands a motion picture theater that enjoys the reputation of running pictures that only their own director could love. The news review is the only thing on the program that can be watched without eye strain. The theater has the soundest sleeping patrons of any playhouse in town. One afternoon, the roar of the subway aroused a patron from sleep.

"What's on now?" he asked his neighbor.

"Still the feature."

"Well, wake me up when the news review starts," he answered as he settled down to a long winter's nap.

HERE is another one on Samuel Goldwyn, hero of more anecdotes than any other man in all the fillum business.

Goldwyn was attempting to enlist the services of a highly paid continuity writer to polish up the work of his batch of trained eminent authors. After offering her the advantages of working in his studio and fare to the Coast, he rose to a climax and offered her two hundred dollars a week.

The scenario writer objected and told him that two hundred dollars a day was nearer the mark.

"But just think," Goldwyn argued, "in a few months two hundred dollars a week will be as good as four hundred dollars a week. Look at the way prices are coming down!"

Shakespeare Is His Middle Name

YOU have often wondered what that "S" in William S. Hart stood for. And now you know. It really is "Shakespeare." There's some reason for it, too. For William S. Hart—he wasn't known as plain Bill then—actually was Romeo to Julia Arthur's Juliet; Armand Duval to Modjeska's Camille. He was Pygmalion, Claude Melnotte in "The Lady of Lyons," Ingomar, Benedick, Iago, Orlando, Bassanio. "I played everything but little Eva and Little Lord Fauntleroy," he says, "they hadn't been written yet!"

Bill, the good bad man of the west; Bill, the two-gun hero, was the original Messala in "Ben Hur," Patrick Henry in "Hearts Courageous"; and he created the first western "bad man" on the American stage when he played Cash Hawkins in "The Squaw Man", in 1905. He was a matinee idol at twenty-one.

We hope this isn't going to prove too much of a shock to those who believe that Hart was born in a saddle and cut his teeth on a six-shooter. He did—figuratively speaking. But he went east and on the stage at nineteen. No real cowboy could step from his cows to the screen and make such a good cowboy as Hart. Realism is never so effective as art in drama.



The Bill Hart of the screen—the hard-shootin', hard-ridin' hero of a thousand western dramas. On the stage, he claims, he played everything except "Little Eva" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy." "They hadn't been written yet," he alibis.



The William S. Hart of the stage—in one of his favorite roles—Patrick Henry in "Hearts Courageous."



It's hard to believe, but Bill really looked like this when he played Messala in Ben Hur.

PENRHYN STANLAWS, after careful study of Margaret Loomis, and consideration of her particular type, designed this evening gown for her. Mr. Stanlaws believes that "a woman who is properly gowned can rule nations, while a misplaced hairpin has caused more tragic mistakes than a misplaced commandment!"



THE ART OF DRESS

Famous artist and creator of a type of feminine beauty in art, now designing gowns and atmosphere for motion pictures, discusses the attributes of woman's charm.

By

PENRHYN STANLAWS

Photography by Donald Keyes.

FEMININE beauty without the proper sartorial setting is like a hook without bait.

A woman who is not charmingly dressed knows only half of life. And the dollar mark is never a guarantee of charm in dress—never.

The history of the universe and the map of empires might be surprisingly different if clothes had been eliminated—not entirely, of course, but in their effect upon man and his judgment. The Empress Eugenie was at one time called the best dressed woman in the world—and there are a great many people who still believe the lady had a lot to do with starting the first Prussian war. I should not doubt it.

There have been controversies ever and anon as to whether a woman dresses to please men or to please other women. How absurd! Woman dresses to please man, the instinct to please being second only to that of self-preservation. But she can never be sure of success in her worthy endeavor unless the cold and critical eye of her own sex flashes the fires of envy. Man is her ultimate goal; woman merely her guide post.

Dear ladies, as a mere man—one perhaps who, through force of circumstance, has been called upon to study, to judge, and to create clothes for your fair sex—let me whisper to you just one word: *mystery!* For with it I hand you the key to all that is charming, all that is seductive, all that is beautiful in feminine attire.

It is mystery that makes lingerie so altogether alluring.

It is mystery that spells the fragrant allure of the boudoir. You don't take an inventory of a boudoir. But the effect is as potent as champagne—because of its mystery. (In passing, let me say that there is only one color permissible in a boudoir—pink, with perhaps a touch of black. No man ever notices color in a boudoir if it's right. But if it's wrong—romance flies out the window.)

The man who deliberately enters his wife's dressing room is either a cynic or an idiot; so is the woman who puts on her lip rouge in public.

Feminine beauty—like truth—must be sugar-coated for

the majority. The nude is a splendid thing—in art. To the artist it is the natural thing—the gorgeous male and female of God's creating. It is stupendous in its perfection, its utility. It is admirable. But it is not alluring—it must be clothed.

There was perhaps a time when clothes expressed or revealed the character. It is past. Today clothes may reveal the figure but they are more often used to conceal the character.

Be that as it may, I believe woman makes a mistake—from the point of charm, not of morality—in sacrificing modesty in dress. Modesty is "the kick" of all feminine robing, in my humble opinion. Modesty subtly awakens interest, and

interest awakens curiosity, even desire. Modesty is the most delicate, the most chaste and the most effective of all provocations.

Did you ever hear of an artist falling in love with his model—outside of the storybooks? No more than a director falls in love with his megaphone. He knows all there is to know about that megaphone. Why worry? But understand me, woman should be clothed not to be covered, but to be adorned.

Drape that same model in lingerie—veil her mystery—was it Napoleon who said, "Imagination rules the world?"

Taste in clothes is a mute recommendation of character. Clothes change the manners, morals and marriages of the feminine sex beyond belief. A woman who is properly gowned, who has the supreme confidence of knowing she is "right" — can

rule nations. While a misplaced hairpin has caused more really tragic mistakes than a misplaced commandment.

I am sure that every woman who is honest with herself wants to be as attractive as possible. But she does not always know exactly how to go about it. That is one of the reasons that I believe eventually styles will be set through the motion picture. Everyone cannot go to Paris. Everyone cannot see just how things should be put on—as demonstrated by the wonderful models at Lucile's, and Worth's, and Callot's. And the most marvellous style in the world can be spoiled by wrong wearing.



Wanda Hawley's is the softly feminine type of beauty. Penrhyn Stanlaws designed for her this fluffy ultra-modern negligee, which accentuates her individual charm.

(Which reminds me in passing of an evening when I attended a dance in a cafe in Paris with a famous designer. He told me previously that a certain famous American woman was to be there wearing a gown he had designed and sent to her before she sailed. When I saw her I was shocked—for the gown was terrible. I looked at my friend—questioningly, I daresay. He had staggered back against the wall with a moan. "My God, Penrhyn!" he said, "she have got him on—what you call back-side-front!")

Pictures have corrected all that. Millions—literally millions of women can now see "the note of the moment" worn perfectly by the loveliest models in the world. That is why I feel that the work of seeing that they are gowned as attractively as possible is so worth while.

To the woman who sits down before her glass and says—"How can I be more attractive, how can I improve my appearance?"—I say first, find your type. For the fatal mistake so many women make is in misunderstanding their type. Nothing is so dreadful as a *grande dame* dressed "a la ingénue."

Many women know by instinct. But to those who do not, or those who need to verify their own judgment—First study yourself carefully. Note well the contour of your head, the lines of your figure, the shape of your face and eyes, the whole effect of your carriage and coloring. Then—study others. Study beautiful actresses, famous society beauties, the everlasting conceptions of beauties of the past preserved for us by great masters. Your intelligence and instinct combined will then surely tell you whether you are a Gainsborough lady or a Watteau shepherdess. It will indicate to you whether you should strive to emulate the dainty frills of a Billie Burke, or the stately elegance of an Elsie Ferguson—the barbarian splendor of a Gloria Swanson or the soft femininity of a Wanda Hawley.

When you have reached this important decision—analyze your model with all the care you can. Find out her particular "flair"—the little things that give her distinction, the little ways in which she conveys to others that type of hers.

For instance—I never think of Elsie Ferguson that I do not think of magnificent, luxurious furs. I never think of Billie Burke that I do not think of frilly, white daintiness.

Don't copy too completely—save your own personality. But in creating your own type, never ignore the note of the moment. That is fatal to true distinction. Conform your own ideas and your own little pet vanities to the present style, or you will pass that fine line that divides personality and freakishness.

Still, I must admit to a slight partiality in all things for exaggeration—just a note of it here and there. It is intriguing.

In art and on the stage it is a necessity. One can gain the effect of realism only by a certain amount of exaggeration.

The three most attractive things in the world on a woman are furs, veils, and black silk stockings. A fan is a marvellous instrument of warfare—and now that women no longer use the old-fashioned blush, it is indispensable.

Dress to intrigue the senses but not to divert them entirely from the wearer. If a man remembers what a woman had on, her whole costume is a failure.

Woman is perfect from 13 to 17. After that, you can never be sure. I would never use a model over 17. If you want absolute feminine perfection you must find it between those ages. For their loveliness is like that of a rose. It is entirely beautiful from the time it first comes to bud until it blooms. From then on it is beautiful, perhaps, but never perfect. It begins to wither slowly, to show signs of wear and over-ripeness.

After 17, therefore, a woman needs to think more and more of the aids to her charm and the setting of her beauty. I am a great believer in the beauty doctor and in all the things that can possibly be done to keep that great semblance of youth. Then, too, woman must begin to replace that physical beauty with graces of the mind and the fascination of experience and the charm of clothes.

Fortunately the heart doesn't show its wrinkles.

It is almost too obvious to speak of the care and attention that must be given the skin and hair, and the exercises for the figure. Every woman who cares at all for her appearance surely attends to those.

A woman should dress every day as though she were going to meet her lover.

Too many women are what is slangily called "in and outers." That

is because they only dress for special occasions or else dress in a hurry—so that the effect is left to chance. You will find that a woman who has been much loved has acquired the habit of being delightfully gowned on all occasions, and "from the skin out." It is well to be prepared for emergencies.

Please, please don't dress in a hurry. It cannot be done! Learn to put your hats on with care, to take time to study every detail to be sure it is correct. A woman who dresses in a hurry is like a shoddy automobile—you're never sure what may happen.

The two most beautiful women I have ever seen in my life were Lantelme, the famous French woman who died so tragically in the Seine, and Queen Alexandria, of England. But I have seen many, many women who did not possess their superlative beauty who had as much charm. And there was not one of them who was not well dressed, nor one who failed to always strike the feminine note in her costumes.



While Miss Hawley is the modern blonde, Margaret Loomis is the classic, severe type. The negligee worn by Miss Loomis and designed by Mr. Stanlaws, illustrates the difference admirably.

A review of the new pictures by Burns Mantle and Photoplay Magazine Editors

The Shadow Stage



By
BURNS MANTLE

"Man, Woman, Marriage" shows Dorothy Phillips as the eternal woman, and James Kirkwood as the infernal man, working their way through several incarnations to a better understanding.

I'll not say Charles Chaplin's "The Kid" is the greatest motion picture ever made. Not I! Being a conservative, I'll not even say it is the greatest screen comedy yet produced, though at the moment I cannot think of any other I have seen half so good. But—

I'll wager one unclipped Liberty Bond against a dozen small, soggy doughnuts that it will give more people more enjoyment than any other picture they have ever seen in a motion picture theater.

Here, as I see it, is the most amazing "come back" of the theater. Consider the situation: Chaplin, after establishing himself the supreme comedian of the screen, and after having given to all the other comedy artists a completely catalogued list of his tricks, becomes financially independent and temperamentally dissatisfied and practically retires. For six months, or a year, or two years, he is seen only intermittently, and then in nothing that adds materially to his reputation. Meantime all the other comedians have a chance to copy and improve upon the Chaplin ways. Several of them, notably Harold Lloyd, prove clever enough to develop comedy methods of their own that place them in a position to challenge, if not to equal, the Chaplin popularity.

Then Chaplin comes back. In appearance he is the same Charlie, with the same makeup, the same tricks, the same nonchalant swagger, the same blankly expressive mask, the same ragged gloves, the same cigar butts, the same feet. Comes back, too, in a picture that opens with the depressingly un-Chaplinsque caption: "Her only sin was motherhood," and reveals a misguided young woman emerging from a maternity home with an unfortunate offspring on her arm which she is about to abandon. After a ride in a stolen limousine, the infant finds itself in an alley, by the side of an ashbarrel. Down the alley, "taking his morning promenade," saunters Charles, and from the moment he discovers the baby, or the baby discovers him, the two of them hold their audiences completely captive.

"The Kid" is five reels of sheer cleverness, as positively touched with the art of a comedic genius as the painting of a master reveals the gifts the gods have bestowed upon him. There are, it is true, one or two scenes that I should like to see cut; nursery scenes in which the comedian's intimate experiences in caring for the abandoned infant are rather indelicately complete. But the picture as a whole is much too perfect an entertainment to deserve condemnation for its few slips. There is hardly a moment of it that is not brightened by a bit of inspired byplay or a touch of that human humor that creates a world of laughing kinfolk.

It is a picture that proves, too, what many have contended—that Chaplin has something of the dramatic artist's gift of expression. The story offers the comedian a few scenes in which he must express a very real grief and a convincing sense of heartache, and in these scenes he is as true to character as he is in the most extravagant of the comedy episodes. Through all the story there runs a logic and a sanity that are never completely abandoned for the sake of the fun. Which is a further tribute to the Chaplin genius, seeing that he both wrote and directed this story. Finally the picture introduces another of those amazingly clever children of the screen, one Jack Coogan in this instance. Edna Purviance plays the distraught mother satisfactorily, and Tom Wilson and Carl Miller assist. "The Kid" is the one picture of the year you positively cannot afford to miss.

MAN, WOMAN, MARRIAGE—First National

YOU have the feeling, after leaving Allen Holubar's biggest picture, "Man, Woman, Marriage," that that is all there is, there isn't any more, to be screened upon these particular subjects. Here, in other words, is an epitome of all the screen dramas relating to the struggle of the well-known human race upward from the days of the stone hatchet to those of the sable wrap as the symbol of man's authority over woman.



"Blind Wives" teaches the lesson of extravagance. Adapted from Edward Knoblock's play "My Lady's Dress."



"Paying the Piper" is a flippant thing about Manhattan's Smart Set with Dorothy Dickson, the dancer.



Mary Pickford's latest, "The Love Light", is a poor picture in the sense of being unworthy of the star's talent.

It shows Dorothy Phillips as the eternal woman and James Kirkwood as the infernal man, working their way through several incarnations to a better understanding of their relations in the present. Always, through Dorothy's visions, (and she is the visionist heroine of the season on the screen), she is struggling to prove that right shall prevail and truth crushed to earth will rise to smite the crusher; that woman's faith in man shall eventually be justified and that man's trust in woman shall be rewarded. In the beginning Victoria is a trusting ingenue being married to a socially important but morally rotten suitor to please her family. But she meets the honest David and the sight of him stirs within her memories of that remote past in which he might have fought for her with his stone hatchet and taken her away from the wicked owner of a larger but less cosy cave. Again, she sees herself as a lady faire imprisoned in a tower, with David riding Cap-a-pie, through the postern gate to save her from a marriage with a doddering old December of medieval days. Then she marries David, and when her first child is born she has a vision of the time when the hand that rocks the cradle began to rule the world and sees herself as a handsome Amazon giving David sundry cracks over the head with a broadsword. And for a time when she loses David to another woman she dreams of Bacchanalian feasts and wriggle dancers. Still her faith holds, and in the end, after she has been forced to run for the senate against David, and defeat him (in the primaries, evidently) and see him sent to prison as a grafter, she is able to reclaim him, even as she had done thousands of years before, when he was Constantine, and she the white-robed Christian slave who converted a pagan world to Christianity. The picture, which is a massive affair and expensively built, gives Miss Phillips and Mr. Kirkwood many acting opportunities and they take full advantage of them. There is variety in the playing of the stars which does much to sustain the interest. Assisting are Robert Cain, Ralph Lewis, Margaret Mann, and J. Barney Sherry.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM—Cosmopolitan-Paramount-Artcraft

THERE is something arrestingly human and real about "The Passionate Pilgrim," particularly in the first sections of the picture Robert Vignola has made from the story by Samuel Merwin and a scenario by George Proctor. There is, for one thing, a real newspaper office setting, and this is always a satisfying sight to a newspaper man. More important still, there is a real writing person in Matt Moore's particularly fine characterization of the hero—a novelist whose early career was interrupted by a tragedy and who is seeking a second chance as a special writer on an important city daily. He loses his job because he writes the truth, but he finds another and a better one through the same adventure, and comes thus to know the heroine, the invalid daughter of a man whose biography he is preparing for publication. The development of the love story is conventional enough, but the approach to it, and especially the establishment of the hero's identity by an inquisitive sob-sister, who searches back through the files of her paper until she finds it, is as clever and sane and simple a use of the familiar cut-back as I recall. In fact, this is a most skillfully detailed production in all its parts and I found it one of the most interesting of screen stories as well. Director Robert Vignola deserves much credit for it. Moore's performance, as said, is particularly fine, free of all artificial attempt to glorify and movieize the hero. Rubye de Remer is a handsome invalid, naturally, but she also is pleasantly appealing, which is better. Frankie Mann, Van Dyck Brooke, Charles Gerard and Claire Whitney are in the cast.

OUTSIDE THE LAW—Universal-Jewell

THERE have not been many as well screened crook plays as this one. Possibly because there have been few that have been so entirely and so consistently of the underworld. It is not a locale of which I am particularly fond, and there is always the consciousness that it is being tricked out with a certain pictorial glamour to justify the romance. But there is no denying its value as a background for melodrama, and as Tod Browning has written, cast and directed "Outside the Law", there is practically a thrill a minute guaranteed. Also there is a generous sprinkling of morals as a sort of thematic deodorant, declaring that to be good is to be happy and that honesty, if not the best, is at least the safest and most comfortable policy. A Confucian friend of the crooks in San Francisco's Chinatown states the morals in his effort to induce "Silent" Madden and "Silky" Molly, his daughter, to go straight. But it requires several thousand feet of film for him to prove his points. During these adventures there are numerous fights, a picturesquely simply robbery, scenes of gang fights with the police, and some telling touches of home life influences worked upon the crooks while they are in hiding in a furnished apartment. Into these the child interest is rather naturally injected, with the help of another of those uncannily talented youngsters with whom the patient director seems able to do anything he wants to. Priscilla Dean is a convincingly human sort of crook, and she is splendidly assisted by Lon Chaney and Wheeler Oakman.

PRISONERS OF LOVE—Compson-Goldwyn

SINGLED out, after her success in "The Miracle Man," as a young woman of much promise as an emotionalist and of such beauty of face and figure as any successful screen star should command, Betty Compson justifies her selection as a star on both counts in "Prisoners of Love," a Catherine Henry story directed by Arthur Rosson. There are enough closeups of the pretty lady in the picture to satisfy the most ardent of her admirers, and sufficient drama to permit her to prove that she can act quite as convincingly and as intensely as any of her sister emotionalists. The story of the "prisoners" is one twisted rather deliberately to meet what is generally accepted as a demand for sex themes, but it is handled with reasonably good taste. A young woman, cursed or blessed with the magnetism that gives men pause, not to say heart palpitation, leaves her father's house because she discovers that papa has been supporting a chorus girl in a manner to which only Broadway chorus girls are accustomed. She goes to San Francisco, falls in love, under an assumed name, with a likely youth, agrees to wait, "a prisoner of love," until his mother's death releases him from that family obligation, and awakes, some months later, to find that her lover has left her and gone east. Succeeding complications present her again at her father's door as the man she loved is about to marry her sister. Roy Stewart, Emory Johnson, Ralph Lewis and Claire MacDowell help Miss Compson considerably.

BLIND WIVES—Fox

HAVING a fondness for screen plays fortified with something resembling a real idea, I liked "Blind Wives," for all that it has the disadvantage of jumping from episode to episode with only a thread of plot to connect them. There have been many pictures in which the wife's love of finery, or her desire to please a thoughtless husband by wearing better clothes than he can afford to buy her, has furnished the theme, but none of them that I have seen bring the lesson so forcibly to the attention of ladies afflicted with similar ambitions as this one. It is a good picture, too, because the play, Edward Knoblock's "My Lady's Dress," from which it was taken, was a good play. Each of the episodes is a miniature drama in itself, reasonably true to the life it depicts and colorful in its vivid characterization. Thus Anna, the extravagant wife, after her husband has cancelled her account at Jacquelin's, the famous modiste, takes too heavy a sleeping potion and drifting into unconsciousness with her gaze fixed on the gown she has ordered dreams of the tragedies that have entered into the making of it—of Annie, the cripple girl, who worked feverishly to make the velvet flower which is its decoration at the girdle, and was forced to sell her golden tresses that she might have money to make her independent of her sister's care; of the aristocratic Russian trapper who furnished the sable collar and who, returning unexpectedly to his home, found his wife conspiring with her peasant lover to trick and cheat him; of Annette, who took her consumptive husband's place at the loom and wove the silk, and finally of the mannequin who was forced to murder her wicked employer in order to free herself from him.

BLACK BEAUTY—Vitagraph

THE simplicity and naturalness of Anna Sewell's original "autobiography of a horse" has been preserved, and "Black Beauty" on the screen becomes not only a possible picture, but an interesting one. The story the horse tells is lifted practically in its entirety from the pages of the book and relates those adventures in which Black Beauty figures. The story Mr. and Mrs. George Randolph Chester have added, to connect these scenes, tells the story as Black Beauty could not have heard it, the story that was told in the house about the persons who took part in the adventures. There is, therefore, the "inside" story of the humans and the "outside" story of the horses, and they dovetail so well there is no break in the interest and no resentment at the frequent changes from one to the other. The story of the humans tells of pretty Jessie Gordon, who was being forced to marry wicked Jack Beckett in order, as she thought, to save her brother's good name. The story that Black Beauty sandwiches in concerns his opinion of the kind masters he loves and the cruel masters he hates; his account of the carrying of the squire to town and his refusal to take the bridge he knew was unsafe, even though he was whipped for it; his race for the doctor; his terrifying adventure when the stables burned and finally the long race he ran which saved the heroine and brought the picture to a somewhat prolonged but exciting close. Jean Paige is a fine little heroine, justifying pictorially the romance that during the making of the picture, sent her producer, Albert E. Smith, scurrying out her way with a marriage license. She also gives a good account of herself as an actress. Jimmy Morrison is her leading man.

THE LOVE LIGHT—United Artists

THERE is something decidedly wrong with a Mary Pickford picture when the best thing you remember about it is a caption entitled "stewed chicken" followed by a (Continued on page 77)



"Prisoners of Love" is twisted to meet the demand for sex themes. Emory Johnson appears in support of Betty Compson.



"Outside the Law" is a thrill-a-minute guaranteed with Priscilla Dean as a human sort of crook.



"Black Beauty" preserves the simplicity of Anna Sewell's book. Jean Paige and James Morrison support the horse.



A New Field of Art

A NEW field in a new art has been discovered and explored. For years the motion picture has been heralded by means of unlikelike posters, almost caricatures, which were sadly out of keeping with the artistic developments of its other branches. But now comes art to take up its course in the posters—art represented by M. Leon Bracker, one of the most distinguished of all American illustrators, who has made a striking series of pictures from scenes in First National's "Man, Woman, and Marriage." The scene above shows James Kirkwood, as Constantine, surrounded by his slaves, in the Roman episode of the spectacle. Surely this example will inspire other makers of motion pictures to similar efforts along this entirely new line.

A Little Love Story

Told by
WALLACE MACDONALD
Edited by Doris May



I FELL in love with Doris May the first time I ever saw her—on March 10th, 1920, in the Hollywood Hotel at 10 minutes after eight. It was at an engagement party. Very psychological moment to fall in love. Good omen, don't you think?

"You see, it was like this. It was an engagement party given by Agnes Johnston and Frank Dazey—they're married now, of course. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray were there and some other people whom I don't remember. When I walked in I saw this girl standing against the wall. Right away I said, 'Wally,

They became engaged at an "engagement party." But it took him ten months after that to convince her that it was the real thing.

that girl will knock you silly if you don't watch out.'

"Well, things went along and I met everybody but Miss May. I was introduced to scores and scores of strange people, it seemed to me. But the little

blonde girl against the wall wouldn't get close enough even for an introduction. I kept boring a hole right through her.

"Finally Frank Dazey said, 'Wally, of course you've met Miss May.'

"I yelled 'No' and grabbed her hand. I said, 'Are you engaged to anybody?' She blushed and said, 'N-n-no.'

"I said, 'That's fine.'

"I asked 'em to put me next her at supper, but they didn't. I sat between—oh, I can't remember. She was across the table and there was a lot of green stuff and orchids and candle sticks in between. But I moved some of 'em.

"Then I said, 'Can I have the first dance?' And she said, 'I'll let you know—tomorrow.' Imagine. But—I got it. I had the first, and the second, and—a lot more.

"Then we had some ice-cream soda. I ate three, so I could keep her there.

"When we got back my roadster was standing in front of the hotel. So I made her try it.

"Finally I got her phone number and called her up the next day. But she wasn't there. That is, she had told her kid brother to say she wasn't there. I guess she had never met anybody that acted like I did. She'd never been out with a man alone before in her life—really.

"Anyway, we went to the theater the next night and the next day was Sunday and we went to church and Monday we went to the beach for dinner and Tuesday—well—

"That's ten months ago. It took me all that time to make her see I was right. She really loved me all the time, but she didn't recognize it because she'd never had any experience.

"When are we going to be married?

"Well—we haven't decided. We—think we've decided, but we don't want people to know.

"We have all sorts of professional plans—as yet secret—while I continue to play in pictures and Doris works for First National in a special—for a while. But—although it isn't settled yet—we'd like to have some sort of a joint proposition—a co-starring venture, perhaps."



One of the most remarkable of PHOTOPLAY'S fiction stories:

A GLIMPSE OF THE HEIGHTS

Only a glimpse—but it lead Aileen
toward the wider horizons that were her
undeniable birthright.

By

J. F. NATTEFORD

Illustrated by May Wilson Preston

FLOODING into Blumberg's Dime Department Store came on a morning in Spring, the crystal light of perfect New York weather, accenting the cleanness of the floor, the red paint on the old counters, and the brightness of girlish faces as brisk hands removed over-night covers from the stock.

Staples and necessities in the rear; bargains and leaders in front—such is the merchant's code the world over. And in Blumberg's, which sold cigarettes and collar buttons as well as toilet water and enamelware, this sound principle was carried to the next logical degree. To the rear were sent the fallow and dumpy, to the front the ripe brunette and slim blonde—Mama Blumberg to the cashier's desk, Amy Knoles and Aileen Kelley to the counters by the show-window.

Between beauties there can be no indifference: there must be either war or alliance. Aileen had been first in the store, and the jealousy of her seniors, aroused by her promotion to the front counter, isolated her until the arrival of Amy—who was full-blown as an August rose, silken of stocking and camisole, and unpopular from the beginning. Followed the guarded acquaintance-making of women, and soon Aileen had a chum.

"Wonder what's keeping Amy," she thought, glancing at her wrist watch. It was set twenty minutes fast—it would have gained five minutes since Tuesday, so now it was—yes, about eight-fifteen, and Papa Blumberg due any second.

Laying out a tray of genuine gold-plated imitation pearl stickpins where the sunlight would catch their waxy sheen, she tripped briskly back to the dumb-waiter and blew down the speaking tube.

"Til-lee—send up another dozen of them Lucky Heart watch fobs, an' six cards of Catch-On cuff links."

Tilly's assentive murmur drifted up from the stock-room, and Aileen waited for her order, brightening the grimy corner with her glin'ing hair and brimming blue eyes, the color of sea water under sunlight.

"I see our movie vamp's late again," said a treble voice almost in her ear.

She turned—to find the corner vacant except for herself. The nearby door of the girls' dressing room swung ajar, and a rustling of stiff mercerized skirts told her that the voice had spoken behind it.

"I never did like them plump brunettes," she heard another girl say. "This beatin' the clock every morning proves she's no better'n she'd ought to be."

Aileen's trim little head jerked up alertly at that, and her eyes darkened.

"Huh," from the first speaker, "I remember the time she says to me, one morning: 'How do I look, Gert? I feel 's if I'd been up all night.' An' I says, comin' right back at her, 'Ya probably was, an' not alone neither.' Why, she was so ashamed 'cause I called the turn on her, she just sniffed an' walked off an' never denied it."

Aileen's little fists tightened, her white teeth set with a distinct click, and three decisive strides carried her into the dressing room. Shutting the door behind her, she stood facing the slanderous group. Numbers gave them moral support, and none shrank from her. Aileen surveyed them a moment before she plunged into the vicious style of relentless attack which is the birthright of Second Avenue's children.

"Gert Dillon—you got a nerve to knock Amy Knoles," she lashed out, her tense face close to the other girl's. "—you with your last steady doin' time up in Dannemore!"

"What for ya bawlin' me out?" said Gert, sullenly. "Oh, I got it—" sardonically, "I bet you're cut from the same piece yourself."

"Ne'mind about me," retorted Aileen, "I don't care what you think. I got no folks to be ashamed of me, like Amy has. But you're a fine bunch to be slanderin' a decent girl—givin' her a bad character behind her back! Now listen—Amy's brother knows the guy you picked up Sunday night in the park, Babe Sweeney—an' he told Amy. An' I know how that corset cover got shoplifted from your counter last week, Gert!"

Stunned by these revelations, the gossipers cast guilty eyes to the floor, and as they wilted, Aileen's figure seemed to take on the proportions of a stern figure of Justice. She paused, but only to gather herself for a fresh assault, for it is the creed of the Avenue to strike and strike again, mercilessly, until the beaten foe lies helpless at one's feet.

"An' I got a few other snappy stories in my repertory," she threatened. "Now, you girls goin' to keep your traps shut about Amy, or d'ye want that she and me should spill all we know?"

Pride must have its moment of hesitation, and they were obstinately silent. Aileen's lip curled in scorn.

"Gimme an answer. If Mis' Blumberg comes in to see what's keepin' us off the floor, I'll tell her the whole business—you can just bet on that. Promise me, quick!"

Thoroughly cowed now, they nodded sullenly.

"But I want you should know I'm letting you off," said Aileen, putting her hand, to their great relief, upon the door-knob, "not 'cause I care any about the lot of you—but on account Amy an' me both wouldn't dirty our mouths by giving a bad character to any girl, not even if she has got a right to it!"

WITH that she slammed the door behind her, picked up her stock from the dumb-waiter, and returned to her counter, thrilled with the satisfaction that follows upon the demonstration of one's superiority. At the entrance she met her friend, and greeted her with a maternal frown.

"Amy, you're awful late. If I hadn't punched your clock, you'd catch it from Blumberg."

Amy's ripe lips parted in a derisive smile.

"He ain't nothing in my young life, dearie—a mere bag of shells!"

"Just the same you better put on your apron, Knoles, or you'll be takin' the air."

"One minute, please, Auntie. I met an old frien' this morning—boy who used to live on the Avenue—an' I ast him to my party."

"Is he nice?"

"I should know! Haven't seen him for years—his folks got ahead and moved up to the Heights. He's goin' to law school at Columbia."

"A darned high-brow. Bet he spoils the whole evening," was Aileen's contemptuous judgment.

"Well, 'Leen, you ain't got to—Gee, there's the boss!"

Amy fled for the dressing room while Papa Blumberg, round and gray as a plump granite boulder, watched her with indulgent eyes. He beamed a "Good-morning" to Aileen, and strode pompously down between the counters of his domain, distributing nods and smiles like imperial favors. With his arrival the working day began, whispered chattering ceased, customers bickered, cash registers rang, and Aileen the conscientious was immersed in her salesmanship until evening.



"But he saw only that her outstretched arm was slim-wristed and round, and her breast white as the waist that betrayed its girlish purity of contour. For a long moment he gazed. . . ."

She had come to work for Blumberg's Five and Ten several years before, following an afternoon when her widowed father, a meat-skinner in the stockyards, came home cursing the Providence that rewarded an accommodating man with chills and fever for helping to carry only two or three sides of meat in and out the ice-house. He died of pneumonia a few days afterward, and the Beef Dressers' Benevolent Association gave him a swell funeral, with six coaches and solid silver handles. Aileen sold the furniture to Lubarsky, the "New and Slightly Used Furniture" man on the Avenue, and thus kept herself from starving until she landed a job.

Not a bad job, either, for Papa Blumberg scorned the meagre wages paid by his department-store competitors. "I should be happy they can live decent," he would say, "and besides, Mister, you got it no idear what it costs to break in new help." So Aileen prospered and became a front-of-the-store salesgirl, threw into vigor and slim pink-and-gold beauty on the malnutrition of bakeries and delicatessens, and acquired Amy Knoles as her bosom friend.

From her she learned the uses of a mirror and a daub of red cosmetic; that the legs of silk hose will outwear several sets of cotton feet; that modesty consists not in what you wear but how unconsciously you wear it—in fact, all that a daughter of the city needs to know.

So she lived on next to nothing and dressed up to the limit of her saving power; had a wholesome contempt for man as a predatory animal and a lively but not a calculating interest in his potential mating proclivities; and was thoroughly familiar with every love tangle and domestic tragedy in the newspapers. From these she acquired a culture of her own—a philosophy of the heart that soon made her, despite her inexperience, far

superior in woman's wisdom to her friend, and indeed to most of her sex.

And there can be no doubt that this deep and long-continued study of the mistakes, accidents and crimes of her emotional sisters, aided by a native passion for relentless self-examination and honest truth, made Aileen, as she herself put it, "too darn wise for my own good."

When at last the day was over, and the final gawky youth had purchased the ultimate Lucky Heart near-silver watch fob, Aileen whipped off her apron, dashed through a greasy platter of bacon and eggs at the corner bakery, and hurried to her room to prepare for Amy's party.

Slipping out of her workday black, she took from the bottom drawer of a pink pine dresser a certain treasured gown. Nile green it was, and at the bosom and sleeves and girdle it had little knots of blue satin that matched her eyes, and of pink satin that rivalled her cheeks in tint and texture. It represented a month of desperate economy alternating with reckless moments when she had given it up and ordered a square meal. It was haloed with the glamor of a dream come true; still redolent of the satisfaction of that last raise in pay which had made it possible.

She put it on with reverent hands, tucked a fresh handkerchief into the V at her throat, and set out for Amy's birthday party with a mental note, subsequently redeemed, to have her hostess snap that fastener in the small of her back, which she couldn't reach herself.

Some of the guests were already at the Knoles flat when she arrived—shop girls as slick and knowing as city sparrows; a couple of mechanics from a garage, awkward in their Sunday clothes; a fur-liner from the Lower (Continued on page 80)



MOVIE Manager—"Can you swim, ride a horse, drive a car, shoot a gun, climb trees, dive—?"
 Applicant—"Yes, I can do all those things!"
 Manager—"Fine! Your salary will be \$500 a week. By the way, have you had any experience in acting?"

The lovely hands of Mary Nash

posed especially for Cutex. Miss Nash is an enthusiastic user of Cutex. She says:—

"I don't see how I ever tolerated having my cuticle cut. Cutex is so easy to use, so quick, and makes my nails look so much better. They are really lovely."



This photograph, posed by a well-known New York man especially for Cutex, shows the grooming that is characteristic of the cultivated American.



Photographs taken especially for Cutex by Baron de Meyer

Well kept hands— a national characteristic

Americans known by the grooming of their finger nails

ONCE it was good teeth. This was due less to natural excellence than to the fact that American dentistry was the best in the world.

And so, also, today the reputation of American hands depends less on their native beauty than on the fact that practically all Americans of refinement take good care of their nails.

Yet even Americans have not always enjoyed this reputation. Once most of us—even very particular people—didn't bother much about our nails. Manicuring was too slow, tedious and even dangerous because there was no way of removing the dead cuticle except by cutting.

But now we remove the cuticle simply and safely without cutting with Cutex Cuticle Remover, a harmless liquid which simply takes off the ugly, dead cuticle as soap and water take off dirt, leaving a

beautifully even nail rim. Then with the Cutex Nail White—a snowy whiteness under the tips: with the Cutex Polishes—a jewel-like shine on the nails, and, in only about ten minutes, the manicure is complete and perfect.

To give your nails the grooming that present-day standards require:

First, the Cuticle Remover. Dip the orange stick wrapped in cotton into the bottle of Cutex and work around the nail base, gently pushing back the cuticle. Wash the hands; then, when drying them, push the cuticle downwards. The ugly dead cuticle will simply wipe off.

Then the Nail White. This is to remove stains and to give the nail tips that immaculate whiteness without which one's nails never seem freshly manicured. Squeeze the paste under the nails directly from the tube.

Finally the Polish. A delightful, jewel-like shine is obtained by using first the

paste and then the powder, and burnishing by brushing the nails lightly across the hand. Or you can get an equally lovely lustre, without burnishing, by giving the nails a light coat of the Liquid Polish.

Try a Cutex manicure today. You will be amazed to see how cleanly the Cuticle Remover takes off the ragged edges, and what a smooth nail rim it leaves. You will be pleased with the immaculate beauty of your nail tips and with the delicate sheen of your nails.

Cutex manicure sets come in three sizes. The "Compact" 60c; the "Traveling" \$1.50; the "Boudoir" \$3.00. Or each of the Cutex items comes separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores.

Complete Trial Outfit for 20c

Mail the coupon below with two dimes for a Cutex Introductory Set to Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York; or, if you live in Canada, to Dept. 704, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

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The Curly Kid

A young lady could hardly be expected to interview Cullen Landis and come back with mere facts.

By MARY WINSHIP



Cullen Landis is a born actor, facile of laughter, atune to sorrow or love, susceptible to every emotion.

HE'S the nicest *kid* I ever met in my life!

If I were sixteen, I should tuck up my curls, put on my prettiest organdie, and flee straight into temptation.

I have interviewed Wally Reid, Tommie Meighan, and Tony Moreno, and retained my girlish laughter.

But I took at least nine of the count when I met Cullen Landis.

(He will probably want to hit me with a large brick about now, because he hates long eyelashes, matinee idols and all pertaining thereto.)

In extenuation I must say that at first I didn't know he was married. Only then he showed me a picture of his baby so right away I said, "Are you *married*?" And he admitted he was.

(Why is it the nice ones always are? Well, I suppose it's a compliment to our sex that somebody catches the best ones young, so I won't complain.)

Of course, too, Cullen and I—What?—oh, yes, he's like that and it's so provincial to be formal, isn't it?—anyway, Cullen and I were almost from the same town, we discovered.

At least he came from Nashville, Tennessee, and I used to have a roommate at boarding school who lived there and I went home with her Christmases and things and why Cullen Landis and I never met, then, I don't see. Why, I found out I knew his sister well.

Well, perhaps it was best not, because he couldn't have been intended for me and it might have gummed up the scheme of things entirely.

But we knew all the same gang and who they married and were in love with—or both—so it made us feel very friendly right away—you can understand that, can't you? Though his folks tied the black rosette on him right off when he became an actor.

That hair! He says his baby—just three, and such a love, from her adorable pictures that he carries around—says, "Oh, yeth my hair is curly, but not so curly as Cullen's." Imagine!

First he worked at Balboa years ago—almost five and I think the Child Labor Commission should have got him—and he said, "Course I might as well have been buried as to be there." (I wish there was some way I could reproduce the soft, blurred sweetness of his drawl). "And they canned me anyway. I wasn't good enough for 'em. Then I went to work for Al Christie. I made Al fifty-two pictures in a year—one reels—and then he canned me. I can't just figure why I was always getting canned. Anyway, I got canned that time because I asked for a raise. I was getting sixty and I struck for sixty-five. They wouldn't give it to me, though. So I quit.

"Quit eating, too, for a spell.

"Finally I got a part riding with Bill Russell at the American. I hadn't been on a horse since I was a kid—an' then it was a hobby horse. And I had to do a trick fall, with the horse falling too, riding down a hill lickety cut. Cowboy

that showed me said it was right easy.

"Well, I did it. But it busted two of my ribs.

"Then I worked at stock at the Morosco Theatre in Los Angeles. I was a sure 'nuff nervous wreck when I left there. It was awful! I said, 'I'd rather starve to death than do this every night.' Why, I stepped through my straw hat one night and I forgot what I had to say every night. People always came in the wrong door, so that when I'd gesture dramatically toward one door and say 'Here comes Sir Alfred now,' Sir Alfred would pop in at the other door.

"After that I went on another hunger strike. I suppose the Irish think they invented that, too."

He stopped, thinking, and for a moment I had a glimpse of one of the most moving things in the world, a boy's deep, real tenderness which is hidden behind more veils than a girl's secret thoughts. "Then I got a chance to play 'The Curly Kid' in Rex Beach's 'The Girl from Outside.' There's always one part like that in every man's work, I guess."

And he fell silent again, musing in the sunshine, all the impish humor and devil-may-care fun gone from his face.

He's a born actor, facile of laughter, atune to sorrow or love, susceptible to every emotion.

He has the loveliest manners—like men in books. I hope his wife is as nice as I think she ought to be—and I guess she is the way he talks and raves about her.

But Mr. Goldwyn put us right off his lot, because we got to describing football games to each other.

So we went to a Robert Mantell matinee, to improve our minds.

I wish they'd make him a star and let him do a lot of those deep, stirring "Curly Kid" parts.

Because any actor who can make a perfectly dignified and lady-like young woman write like a flapper, is worth seeing, on the screen or off. I wonder if he affects everyone like that?



Great silk and silk blouse manufacturers tell how silk should be laundered

"Wash silks this way" say Belding Bros.

"As makers of a delicate product like silk we are much concerned with the treatment it gets after it leaves our hands.

"Our wash silk fabrics can, of course, be laundered as safely and as often as cotton, if proper care is exercised.

"We have found Lux to be ideal for washing silks because of its great purity and gentleness. There is nothing in it that could attack the delicate silk fibre.

"Another point in favor of Lux is that its thick lather eliminates all rubbing of the fabric on the washboard or between the hands. This means, of course, that the silk does not 'fuzz up,' and that the threads will not pull or split.

"We find Lux equally successful on our white or colored silks.

"We are glad to see the publicity given by Lux to the safe way of laundering silks."

BELDING BROS.



Colored silks—If you are not sure a color is fast try to set it this way. Use one-half cup of vinegar to a gallon of cold water and soak for two hours.

Press silks on the wrong side while they are still damp. Sprinkling a silk will make it look spotty, and this appearance can only be overcome by re-laundering.

For years, Belding Brothers have been making silks. They make millions of yards each year, and they make all kinds—from the frailest georgettes and chiffons to the sturdy satins, taffetas and crêpes de Chine. The panel to the left gives Belding Brothers' interesting letter on the proper way to launder silks.

You will find blouses made by Max Held, Inc., in most of the smart specialty shops and good department stores throughout the country. Read why this famous maker wants you to wash his blouses with Lux.

THESE two great merchants, by the very nature of their business, were compelled to find the proper way to launder silk—the way that would be best and safest. Incorrect methods mean a heavy money loss to them just as incorrect methods mean a heavy loss to you in the wear and appearance of your fine silk things.

Keep the detailed directions below, which tell you just exactly how to wash your silks—the way recommended by one of the largest silk manufacturers in the world, and by a man whose silk blouses are worn by thousands of women each year. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Launder your silk things this gentle, safe way

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Dip the garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly

through soiled spots. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring. Roll in towel; when nearly dry, press with warm iron—never a hot one.



The maker of a million blouses tells how to launder silk

"Once in a while," writes Max Held, Inc., "a blouse is returned to us as unsatisfactory. We are sure of the materials in our blouses, and of our workmanship, but we are not sure of the treatment the blouse gets after the owner has it.

"If women would wash their blouses with Lux, 90 per cent of our complaints would disappear.

"Frayed, pulled threads may mean, not a poor quality of silk, but a blouse rubbed too hard to get it clean. Lux makes hard rubbing unnecessary.

"Recently a silk blouse was returned to us which had 'gone' under the arm. It had been put away while badly stained with perspiration. The perspiration acids had eaten the silk, and harsh soap and rubbing completed the destruction. If that blouse had been washed with Lux as soon as it was soiled we would not have had the complaint.

"For our own protection, we recommend the use of Lux in washing silks."

MAX HELD, Inc.



A hot iron should never be used on silk. It will cause the silk to split. It also makes it stiff and papery, and will yellow it. Press first the sleeves of a blouse, next the fronts and then the back.

Jersey and georgette crêpe should be stretched to shape before they dry and should also be shaped as you iron.

Won't injure anything pure water alone won't harm



C. Heighton Monroe.

Miss Eddy in the garden of her new Hollywood home. It's the nearest she ever gets to the kitchen.

We'd Hate to Eat Her Biscuits!

Helen Jerome Eddy, Ireland's Mona Lisa, doesn't like to cook.
Bang goes another tradition!

By

ARABELLA BOONE

"That's my last duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive—"

And—

"That fawn-skin-dappled hair of her—"

After all, Miss Eddy's path in pictures has been chosen for her. She has created skillfully and well some fine characterizations of the kind she is identified with most—simple, natural, mother or sister types. She has made, since her advent in pictures five years ago, a unique place for herself.

But I saw her once not long ago in some one-act thing at the Community Theater in Hollywood—where she played an Italian lady of the seventeenth century, a deep, designing, passionately loving lady—and she was quite remarkable. And lately, she was "Francesca" in "Paolo and Francesca" at the same place. In these things she seems to have found a new path to follow which I believe will eventually lead her to a new line of parts on the screen as well.

Her reading shows a love for painting, poetry, —and a radical thought in politics. Her home follows the new ideas in decoration—a few very good pieces of furniture, good rugs, a picture or

two—all soft in coloring.

She dislikes home-work—cooking, house-keeping, sewing.

Instead of being the simple, home type of girl, she is intellectually inclined, very much the modernist in thought and action. She discusses art schools, governmental problems, and social evolution much more readily than she does household economics.

"My grandmother, who was a famous teacher of elocution and dramatic reading, and was once a well-known actress, used to read me to sleep when I was a very little girl with 'The Raven', she told me. 'And the first thing I ever learned was 'The Ancient Mariner'.'"

She lives with two other young women, both earning their own living and both successful in literary work in studios.

She is, in character, distinctly a twentieth century evolution—the sort of young woman who a decade ago led the suffrage movement and today is rapidly succeeding in every line of business and profession.

Though she looks so Italian—and I mean by that the high class Italian lady, the most delicate in the world, and not the black-eyed, striking peasant type we know best—she is actually Irish.

"But then," she said laughing. "It is rather the fashion to be Irish nowadays, isn't it? Almost everyone is Irish."

She prefers silence to speech when the choice is hers. Another characteristic of the Mona Lisa type—and her smile is—it is *really*—not unlike that lady's celebrated smile.

NOBODY I have ever met had been so grossly misrepresented to me as Helen Jerome Eddy.

Simplicity—frankness—a sort of wholesome sincerity—are the characteristics for which she has been celebrated, both pictorially and in her off-screen life.

She has portrayed simple, good women, easy to understand, ever since she made her first sensational hit in King Vidor's picture, "The Turn in the Road," over three years ago.

But to me she appeals as something absolutely different. To me, she is an Italian—the type of the Renaissance. How Browning would love to have written about her! How del Sarto and da Vinci would love to have painted her!

She has the smooth, placid, infinitely subtle beauty of a Mona Lisa—the beauty Browning meant when del Sarto called his wife "my moon." It is so even of tone and line, it affects you firstly as plainness.

Slow of speech, of expression, of movement, she suggests the sixteenth century madonnas, with their perfect brows, and long, wise eyes.

Her skin has the pure cream of the magnolia—absolutely without color. And her hair—so smoothly drawn from her serene forehead—her eyes, her brows, and lashes, all one harmonious, even note of brown. Her body has a long, slender roundness that goes naturally with the oval of her face.

The first time you look at her she seems plain. The second time, sweet. And as you look you find this subtle, deep, baffling something and your mind slips noiselessly into—

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY WILL MAKE THIS CONTRACT WITH YOU

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AND ADDRESS PLAINLY WRITTEN AND WE WILL
SEND YOU OUR CHECK FOR THE AMOUNT YOU SPENT.

Millions and Millions?

A further discussion of motion picture finance and the public.

By JOHN G. HOLME

IT has gone hard with stock-selling motion picture companies and their promoters during the past few weeks. One company, The Frohman Amusement Corporation, has gone into the hands of a receiver, Captain Frederick F. Stoll, president of the United States Photoplay Company, built entirely by the funds of the public who bought stock, disappeared, but according to latest reports, has been found; and Hannibal N. Clermont, former president of the Clermont Photoplays Corporation, committed suicide in his Hollywood, Cal., home on January 23.

On the other hand, the record of the picture producing companies which have been launched by inexperienced men through public stock sale remains clear. Not a single one of them has yet paid a dividend; not one of them has yet reimbursed its stockholders, except in a few instances when stockholders, convinced that they had been duped have hotfooted to the public prosecutor's office, demanding investigation and prosecution.

When a stockholder takes such action and is backed by an able-bodied lawyer, he can generally get his money refunded, if the company has any money left, for the simple reason that the promoter of the ordinary stock-hawking motion picture company knows that any legal action might lead to an examination of his books, which would either land him in jail, or cause him embarrassment.

Of late PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has received numerous letters from its readers asking about the stock issued by David Wark Griffith, Inc. These inquiries have come from persons who evidently take it for granted that all motion picture companies which offer their stock to the public are alike. We have tried to point out from time to time that a stock issue offered by a well-established motion picture company with big assets and earning power may be as sound and safe as any industrial security issued by a manufacturing or mercantile corporation with similar assets and a steady market for its products. After making a careful investigation several months ago of Griffith's original \$1,850,000 stock issue, PHOTOPLAY was convinced of its soundness. David Wark Griffith is, of course, the biggest asset of David Wark Griffith, Inc. This the company realized and insured his life for \$500,000, payable to the stockholders. Griffith has never yet made a picture which failed financially, and with one exception most of them have made money.

Griffith's latest production, "Way Down East," has done well enough to enable D. W. Griffith, Inc. to withdraw \$350,000 of the stock issue put out last Summer, leaving \$1,500,000. Recently the corporation issued a dollar dividend per share of 15 par value. Griffith has a clean business and personal record, and for years he has been at the top of the ladder of motion picture producers. He is there yet.

The officers and directors of the Urban Motion Picture Industries, Inc. declare that the \$3,500,000 stock issue now being sold by an army of salesmen in New York and other cities, is being offered in legitimate expansion of the Urban business, the same as the Griffith issue. Technically, this may be so. In reality it is not. Charles Urban, president of this company, has several products on the market now such as his Urban Movie Chats and his Keneto Review. The Urban Motion Picture Industries, Inc. has taken over the old Urban film interests, including the Chats and the Review. It owns an educational film library of some 2,000,000 feet, and a new invention developed by Henry W. Joy and Mr. Urban called the Spirograph with its accessories. The spiograph is a beautifully made little instrument weighing but eleven pounds,

and Mr. Urban is confident that he can sell it in enormous quantities for home and commercial use. Instead of the endless roll of films, highly inflammable and requiring an expert operator to handle with safety and skill, Messrs. Urban and Joy have secured a non-inflammable circular disc, ten and a half inches in diameter, around the surface of which is printed a spiral of tiny pictures, equivalent to about 100 feet of ordinary films. The machine has a projecting lens which can be focused like a magic lantern. It can be attached to an electric light socket or operated with a dry cell battery. The disc or record can be attached almost as easily as a phonograph record which it resembles, and anybody can turn the crank.

In other words, the spiograph is a specialty which the Urban Motion Picture Industries, Inc. proposes to turn out by the thousands and sell to every household in the country that can afford to pay \$75 for a pretty machine, and a few dollars for picture records at \$1 apiece. The records can be exchanged at the local drug or hardware store for new ones at a cost of ten cents, they say.

The \$3,500,000 stock issue is being marketed to enable the Urban company to manufacture these new products on a big scale. Mr. Urban's representatives say a factory has been bought and that the machinery is to be installed in a few weeks.

IN the meantime the stock is being sold broadcast by agents of one of the smoothest running and best-oiled sales organization that I ever saw, the Business Builders, Inc. The head and an important part of the body of the Business Builders, Inc. is James W.

Elliott, a former newspaperman, who discovered early in his journalistic career that he had too much brains to waste in the writing business. He became a salesman, the kind that could sell celluloid collars in the warmest place mentioned in the scriptures. Elliott and his Business Builders, Inc. had sold about \$1,400,000 worth of Urban stock up to the first of February, and at a cost of twenty-five per cent., according to the sales agency and the Urban company officials. I have no right to dispute the words of these gentlemen, and assuming that the Urban Company treasury is getting seventy-five cents for every dollar's worth of stock sold, it follows that the Urban Motion Picture Industries, Inc. is being financed at a rock-bottom price, more economically than any motion picture company that ever launched itself by sale of stock, cheaper than most industrial corporations with wheels humming, with products on the market, and needing money for expansion. I know of at least one middle western company, manufacturing a highly valuable product, with an established market and way behind in orders, that has put out a stock issue of \$1,250,000. The brokerage house handling this issue is paying its salesmen a commission of 25 per cent. and there is no reason for believing that the brokerage house itself is working for nothing.

The Urban company is capitalized for \$10,500,000, of which \$3,500,000 is 8% cumulative preferred, with par value of \$25 per share, and the remainder common stock of the same par value. When the sales campaign began, ten shares of common were given with ten of preferred. Of late only seven shares of common are presented as premium with ten of preferred.

The Urban Motion Picture Industries, Inc. has a motion picture projector that looks handsome and a picture disc that works well in the Urban laboratory. But neither the salesmen of Urban stock, nor Mr. Urban, nor Mr. Joy, the inventor, can say whether the spiograph will be a (Continued on page 75)

IF you are solicited to purchase stock of a newly formed motion picture company do not sign your check until you write for advice to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



Kodak as you go.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

How to Shampoo Your Hair Properly

Why the Beauty of Your Hair
Depends on the Care You Give It

Illustrated by ALONZO KIMBALL

THE beauty of your hair depends upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing. It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly. When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Rub the Lather in Thoroughly

TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.



When the hair is dry always give it a good thorough brushing

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want always to be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

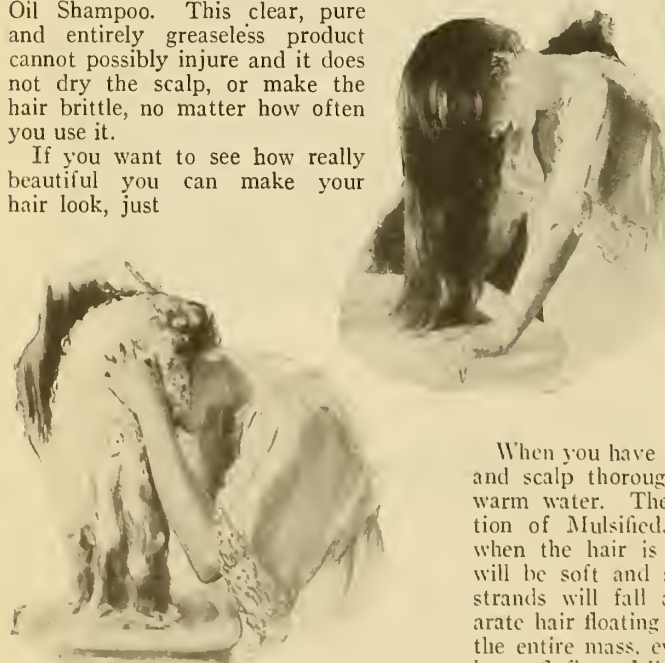
Splendid for children—Fine for men

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO



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The R. L. W. Co.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified. You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean, it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.



Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips

When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers

The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS



YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, 25 W. 45th St., New York City.

D T. G., PHILADELPHIA.—That actress is around thirty. I don't know how many years it has been since she got round it; I merely give you this information for what it is worth. Can't give you Charles Ray's home address; a letter to his studio will reach him. He lives in Beverly Hills—I can tell you that much.

LONE STAR.—I missed out on those drawn-thread handkerchiefs simply because you couldn't decide whether I was a man or a lady. This is too much, really. Viola Dana would surely answer a letter from a four-year-old admirer. Try it and see.

M. L., ASTORIA.—You say you went to school with Thelma Percy. Sometimes it seems to me that I am the only human being in these United States who has not gone to school with, lived next door to, or has a second cousin who knows a man who knows, some movie star. Thelma is Eileen's sister; they are both living in California now.

JENNIE LEE, NEWBURG, OREGON.—Content is, too often, only stultification. Discontent—or so I have been told—breeds ambition. However, I am a philosopher, which means that I don't believe very much in anything. Anna Querentia Nilsson played in two photoplays of somewhat the same titles: "The Sporting Chance" with Ethel Clayton, in which Anna portrayed *Pamela Brent*; and in "The Fighting Chance" in which she had the leading role opposite Conrad Nagel.

R. S., CLEVELAND.—Short, but hardly sweet. But I suppose I should be thankful for small favors. Vivian Martin's latest picture was "The Song of the Soul." Vivian was born near Grand Rapids, Mich. Can't tell you whether or not her parents still live there. Address Vivian care Hotel Algonquin, New York City.

MARIE, L. M.—According to all my records, Forrest Stanley uses his own name. Stanley is in de Mille's "Forbidden Fruit," for Paramount Arctcraft. I haven't any record at all of a Harold Jessup. Sorry.

E. C.—Mary Pickford's hair has always been golden. It was golden when she was plain Gladys Smith, and it is still the same color and, if I know Mary, it always will be. Norma Talmadge is twenty-five; Constance, twenty-one, and Natalie, about twenty. You may be able to secure a photograph of the late Olive Thomas if you write to the Selznick offices about it.

FRANCES B. D., IOWA.—Home, as I have discovered during this past winter, is where the heat is. The name of Miss Beryl Adams does not appear in the cast of "The End of the Road"—her work, if it appeared in this

MARY, TERRE HAUTE.—My word—more Mary's! Luckily, I like the name. Your letter was very sweet and soothing. I do get tired sometimes—how did you guess? Estelle Taylor never appeared opposite George Walsh. Walsh is again with Fox, working in the East. Dorothy Devore was *Mary Jane Jenkins* in "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway." Miss DeVore may be reached care Christie, Hollywood. Not married.

G. H., ALBANY.—So you would like to see a first-class second hand automobile. So would I. But if your father won't let you drive the family bus he might not let you purchase a private car. Be careful now, Grace—watch the signals. Norma Talmadge, her own studios, 317 East 48th Street, New York City. Bebe Daniels is one of the "Five Kisses" in the Cecil B. de Mille picturization of "The Affairs of Anatole." Gloria Swanson, Wanda Hawley, Agnes Ayres, and Dorothy Cummings are the other four, with Wally Reid the fortunate recipient.

MISS JONES, MADISON.—Some of these male stars are as bashful as flappers about their birth-dates. And I shouldn't like to hurt their feelings by hazarding a guess. Madame Nazimova was born in 1879 and her husband, Charles Bryant, in the same year. Dustin Farnum was born in 1874.

E. C. L., STONINGTON, CONN.—I see they are trying to save Edgar Allan Poe's home. I mentioned that fact to a friend, and he said, "What—has he been given notice too?" With so many people looking for homes right now, I am afraid the movement to save the Poe home isn't gaining as many sympathizers as it should. I am willing to do my bit, however—for I read "The Raven" at least once a week. Not aloud, mind you. Robert Gordon is married to Alma Francis.

RUTH, ABINGDON, ILL.—I am not naturally a cruel individual, so when you ask me what I think of your green writing-paper, I hasten to give you the desired cast of "The Jinx": *The Jinx*, Mabel Normand; *Rory*

The Eternal Feminine

BY
LLOYD McFARLING

WHEN Barbara Freitchie had won so much fame

She was asked to star in the picture game.

"Shoot, if you wish this old gray head,

"But first let me darken my eyebrows," she said.

picture, must have been incidental atmosphere. We have no record of her.

BETTY, BETTENDORF.—Louise Lorra.ne? You must mean Lillian. She was divorced from Fred Gresheimer in 1915. I haven't heard that she married again. She was born in 1892, and is better known in the revues than she is in the gellatines. Grace Cunard was married to Joe Moore, youngest of the celebrated brothers. Grace is twenty-seven.

(Continued)

Bory Alice, Florence Carpenter; *Aunt Tina*, Gertrude Claire; *"Slicker" Evans*, Cullen Landis; *Judge Jepson*, Clarence Arper, *"Bull" Hogarth*, Ogden Crane. (I am not having fun with you; the name of the second character is absolutely correct.)

E. J. O'B., NEW YORK CITY.—Olive Thomas was twenty-two years old at the time of her death. She is survived by her mother and several brothers. I cannot give you their personal addresses.

THE APRON TWINS.—Is it possible that you can make good pies? Or are they those perfectly impractical aprons with lots of lace and ribbon and things? I fear me the culinary art is dead today. Perhaps it is merely waiting for a new master to come along and revive it. Mac Murray is twenty-four, and Mrs. Robert Leonard in private life. Doris May is about eighteen; she recently announced her engagement to Wallace MacDonald. I wish them happiness. They are very real and splendid, both of them.

GEORGE, YONKERS.—Awfully glad you dropped in, old man. Hope you will repeat the performance. You say Mary Pickford's dressing room in the old Biograph studios is still standing. It ought to be preserved with the Poe cottage.

V. N., OHIO.—You have not recovered from the surprise you had when you happened to see a picture of a Sennett bathing-girl in her street clothes! Well Phyllis Haver and Marie Prevost are going in for the adorned comedy-drama now. They both appear in Mack Sennett's "A Small Town Idol." Alice Brady is married to James Crane; they live in New York. Alice is twenty-five.

FOURTEEN.—Surely the berth-rate is high enough now. Indeed, I should like very much to attend your house-party, but I don't see just how I could arrange it. Dorothy Dalton is in California now—write her at the Lasky studios. She was born in 1893, is five feet three inches tall, and has dark brown hair and gray eyes. She isn't married now. I have no information about her brother, if she has one. Better write to her and ask her all about it.

HARRY L. M.—Jack Pickford isn't going to make any more pictures for a while—that is, with himself in them. Instead, he is directing Sister Mary in her new photoplay. Buster Keaton is unmarried. Mary Thurman was born in Richfield, Utah.

EVELYN.—No,—Gloria Swanson *does* not wear a wig. I am always suspicious of the crowning glory of any girl who suspects another of wearing a wig. But the only way I can prove it to you is to suggest that you go to the Lasky studios in Hollywood, seek out Gloria, and give her hair a yank and see what happens. However, I am afraid that the only thing to happen would

be for you to find yourself very suddenly on the other side of the Lasky gate. Mr. de Mille allows hair-pulling only in his pictures, such as "Why Change Your Wife?"

EMILY.—I want to congratulate you on making such a good resolution—not to lose your temper. If I were only sure that you would keep it, now—but since I am not, I'll have to behave docilely and reserve my sarcasm for someone else. You know, I am not really sarcastic at all; but you like to think I am. Which is much the better way all round. Tom Moore, Goldwyn. His latest is "Hold Your Horses," from Rupert Hughes' story, "Canavan."

MARIE C. D., GALVA, ILL.—After a good meal I am always tolerant, supremely sympathetic with my own and other people's troubles. I beam upon you, Marie, and hasten, after my ham and, to tell you that Lucille Carlisle, the beautiful young lady who appears with Larry Semon in Vitagraph comedies, may be addressed care Vitagraph studios, Hollywood, California. Colleen Moore, care Marshall Neilan company, Hollywood. Viola Dana's name is really Flugrath and Shirley Mason is really her sister. Ruth Roland is twenty-seven.

BESSIE A. B., STOCKTON.—You are wrong. I am not amusing. I should be a great humorist if I were amusing. Wit will out. Address Clara Kimball Young at the Garson studios, Edendale, California.

BETTY BLUE EYES, CHICAGO.—Why try to discover the meaning of things? It only shows that you are very very young; and you may be disappointed. Wallace Reid lives in Hollywood with Mrs. Reid and the little Reid, whose name, really, is William Wallace Jr., but who is called merely Bill. Constance Binney, Realart.

MISTRESS MAY.—Walter McGrail, I have learned since your last letter, is married. What is more, he has been married for twelve years to the same lady—Hazel Drew McGrail; and there is an Ada McGrail, aged ten. McGrail is now on the coast playing opposite Anita Stewart in "The Tornado." (The title of this will be changed for release.)

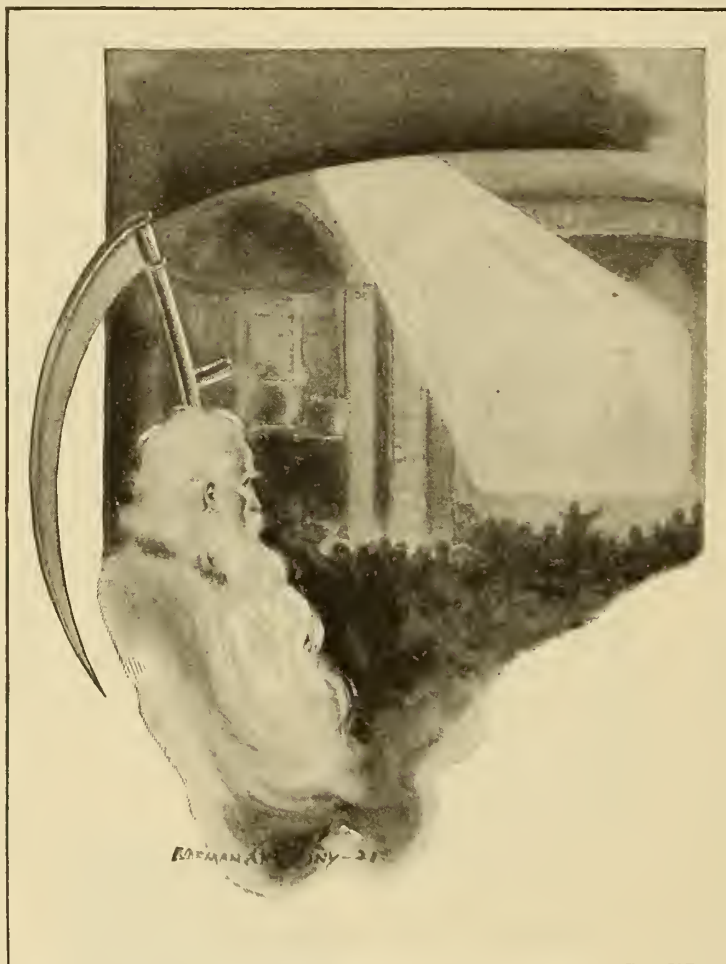
M. N., STRATFORD, ONTARIO, CANADA.—Thank you very much for your charming and stimulating letter. It made me feel that there is some appreciation in a cold cruel world, after all; and tonight I shall go home to my hall bedroom and read "The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci" and feel that life may be worth living even if one is an Answer Man. I shall look up that question immediately. Meanwhile, glad to tell you that House Peters has made

a picture for Thomas Ince called "Lying Lips." Jules Raucourt is abroad now; he is a Belgian and is, I believe, appearing in pictures on the Continent.

M. O., PETERBORO.—Constance, not Norma Talmadge, starred in "The Love Expert." Norma is brunette and dramatic; Constance is blonde and sparkling. There is a slight resemblance but I don't see how anyone could mistake one for the other. However, you won't be cheated if you go in to see either of them; so it's all right.

M. C. C., CHARLOTTE.—You pronounce Joseph Schenck Joseph Skenk. He's Norma's husband as well as her manager, you know. Katherine MacDonald doesn't give her age but it's somewhere in the early twenties, as you can see for yourself after one look at Katherine.

(Continued on page 93)



Drawn by Norman Anthony

The Ultimate Critic.

H. H. W., NEW YORK.—So you are very enthusiastic about me. I warn you—do not let your enthusiasm run away with you, for you might have to walk back. Estelle Taylor is twenty-one; born in Wilmington, Delaware; lives in an apartment in West End Ave., N. Y. C.; works for Fox in such dramas as "While New York Sleeps" and "Blind Wives"; and is unmarried. Estelle is a nice child and a good friend of mine. Margarita Fischer was born in 1894; Billie Rhodes, in 1897; Charles Clary, in 1873.

H. S., MARYLAND.—Young person, you could write a serial. But I beg of you—don't. I will answer as many questions as I have space for. Dorothy Dickson stands five feet five inches; Clara Kimball Young, five feet six; Priscilla Dean, five feet five. Eugene O'Brien is six feet tall. Thomas Meighan is married to Frances Ring and that's all for you for this time.

Irresistible!

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Send 15c to Vivaudou, Times Building, N. Y., for a generous sample of Mavis perfume. Add 6c if you want the Mavis Walts. This is procurable on Emerson Record No. 10,152. Arto Player Piano Roll No. 80,301, Q. R. S. Player Piano Roll 100,991, Mel-a-dee Player Piano Roll No. 203,569.



What Happens to Your Complexion

When powders are made to stay on artificially?

By choosing Mavis powders you are sure of purity—they contain nothing artificial or harmful. And yet women say that Mavis powders adhere longer! How this is accomplished is a famous Vivaudou secret. But you will see instantly that Mavis Face Powder and Talc are finer, more clinging, more fragrant and far softer. You have undoubtedly used Mavis Talc; have you used the face powder or the toilet water, perfume, cream or rouge? All stores carry them!

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PARIS **VIVAUDOU** NEW YORK

Plays and Players

Real news and interesting comment about
motion pictures and motion picture people.

By CAL. YORK

ANTONIO MORENO, flipping the corner of Hollywood boulevard and tail of his new roadster around the Calhenga, grazed the paint of a Ford's fender. The Ford squealed, so did its owner, and a large Irish cop appeared.

After some argument, Tony protested violently, "But, officer, I tell you positively, he is in my right of way! Isn't he?"

"Son," said the cop slowly, "the sooner you forgit ye've got a right av way, the better 'twill be fer ye. An' in passin'—though ye're an actoor and I'm only a cop—I will recite to you the ballad of William Jay."

He did, and Tony is now reciting it to everybody in Los Angeles who will listen. This is it:

"Here lies the body of William Jay,

"Who died maintaining his right of way.

"He was right all right, so he sped along—

"Now he's just as dead as if he were wrong."

ONE of Thomas H. Ince's husky young sons—he has three, you know—picked a scrape with a neighborhood youngster whom we may call Black for convenience. Having to give away several pounds of weight and several inches of reach, young Ince took a fairly severe licking.

Whereupon, saying nothing to anyone, he went into secret session with his father's athletic trainer, and spent several days getting points on how a seven-year-old champion should conduct himself in the ring.

This accomplished, he fared forth quietly but determinedly in search of the young heir to the Black millions. When he arrived there he saw a strange yellow sign. Inquiry and careful study proved that it was a quarantine sign saying "Diphtheria."

When Tom Ince arrived home at the usual hour for dinner, his eldest child was missing. In fact, he didn't appear for almost half an hour after dinner had been announced.

"Son," said the producer severely, "You are late for dinner."

"Yep," said the lad.

"Where have you been?"

"Down to the Black's."

Ince managed to smother a few words unspeakable in a child's presence and said, "To the Black's! Hasn't anybody told you what that yellow sign means?"

"Oh, sure!" said young Ince, "I know all about that. But I know that guy. He heard I'd been in training and he just got 'em to put that darn thing up so I couldn't get at him!"

MRS. TOMMIE MEIGHAN, (Frances Ring) happened to be walking down Hollywood boulevard a few days before her birthday. In the window of a very smart and exclusive jewelry shop patronised by the motion picture industry, she saw a gorgeous set of Sheffield Plate, and stopped to admire it. (Continued on page 72)



Two poor working girls enjoying a baked-apple interlude in the middle of a day of sordid toil. It is now one o'clock and they have been working since at least eleven, and may keep on working until four o'clock in the afternoon. That is why Norma and Constance Talmadge seem so depressed, why Harrison Ford, at the left, and Kenneth Harlan, at the right, are correspondingly gloomy, and even Lily White, bearer of the baked-apple tray, is shrouded in sorrow. Girls, if this picture doesn't discourage you from attempting a movie career, nothing will.

Your skin needs different kinds of care at different times

YOUR skin is not a piece of fabric that can always be cared for in the same way. It is a living thing which has different needs at different times.

Before an outing, for example, your skin needs a special kind of care. Wind and dust coarsen your skin. To keep it fine textured and soft, you must give it special protection from this punishment. For this you need a special cream, a cream that has a special protective effect, yet will not leave a trace of shine on the face. Pond's Vanishing Cream is especially made for this purpose. It contains an ingredient famous for its skin-softening property. Yet it has not a bit of oil. It gives your skin just the protection it needs and cannot reappear in a wretched shine.

Before you go out, rub a tiny bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream into your skin. It disappears instantly leaving your face soft and smooth, protected from the injury of wind and dust.



Before you go out, protect your complexion from the dust, wind and sun this way

Another time when your skin needs a special kind of care is before powdering. When you powder right on the dry skin, the powder catches on small rough places and makes them for a time more conspicuous than ever. Then the powder soon falls off, leaving your face shinier than ever.

Before powdering you need a special cream to smooth away the rough places and hold the powder to the face. For this as for all daytime uses, you need a cream without oil. Pond's Vanishing Cream is especially designed to smooth and soften the skin. Apply just a bit before you powder. See how it smoothes away the small rough places. Now the powder will go on much more smoothly; will stay on twice as long as ever before.



More and more women are discovering how they can remain powdered and free from shine for five or six hours. Before powdering, they apply a bit of greaseless cream

At bedtime your skin needs an entirely different kind of care. At the end of the day your pores are choked with tiny particles of dust that work in too deep to be removed by ordinary washing. These tend to make your skin look muddy. At night before retiring your skin needs a deep cleansing with an entirely different cream from the greaseless one you use in the daytime, a cream *with* an oil base, which will work well into the pores. Pond's Cold Cream has just the amount of oil to cleanse the skin and clear up clogged pores.

Every night and after a motor trip, give the skin a deep cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. In this way it will become clearer, fairer.

With these two creams, give your skin the special care it needs at special times. In this way your complexion will grow more and more lovely every day.

You can get both of these creams at any drug or department store in tubes or jars.



The tiny, clinging dust specks that work deep into the skin should be removed each night with an oil cream

PONDS

Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

One with an oil base and one without any oil

MAIL THIS COUPON—FREE SAMPLE TUBES

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, 117-B Hudson St., New York

Please send me, free, the items checked:

A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream

A free sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Instead of the free samples, I desire the larger samples checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:

A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream

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WHEN YOUR HAIR'S BEAUTY WITHERS



BE on the alert so that others may not observe the first tattling gray streaks in your hair before you discover them yourself. Then do not stop to grieve but act promptly to banish them.

It is easy to escape the severe penalties everywhere visited upon the woman who neglects her hair when it begins to fade.

Unightly gray streaks, when tinted with "Brownatone" to bring back their original color and to restore to all the hair a youthful lustre, may challenge microscopic examination, so perfect is the result produced.

BROWNATONE

is not a paste but a clean, one bottle, liquid preparation, easy to apply, instant in its effect and indispensable in the lives of hundreds of thousands of women who have proved its efficiency.

Sold everywhere by leading druggists—50c and \$1.50. Two colors: "Golden to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black."

For a free trial bottle of "Brownatone" with simple directions send 11c to pay packing, postage and war tax to—

THE KENTON PHARMACAL CO.
586 COPPIN BLDG.

Covington, Kentucky, U.S.A.
Canada Windsor
Address Ontario



Plays and Players

(Continued from page 70)



George Beban, Junior has the right idea. He worked in his dad's new picture, and every night before he left the lot, he demanded payment for the day's work, receiving the royal recompense of one silver dollar. (It'll be more than that several years from now, but George Jr. doesn't know it yet.)

Leaning against the platter she saw this sign.

"Purchased by Thomas Meighan for his wife's birthday present."

And she had to act surprised later on for fear Tommie might go and punch the jeweler in the nose.

WILLIAM DE MILLE and his charming wife attended a movie party in Hollywood. Meeting Frank Woods on the lot the following morning, he was asked. "Well, Bill, did you have a good time?"

"Oh yes. At least, I think so. I asked my wife on the way home and she said we did."

WILL ROGERS has the privilege of selecting the titles of his pictures for Goldwyn.

When he made "Jubilo," the New York office, upon receiving the print, protested against the name.

"It's got no box office value," they telegraphed. "Doesn't mean anything. Nobody will know what you're talking about."

"All right," Bill wired back, "I'll submit you the three following: 'Sex,' 'Sinners,' and 'Why Girls Leave Home.' If you don't like any of them you'll have to stick to 'Jubilo.'"

THE engagement of Wallace MacDonald and Doris May has been officially announced by the interested parties in Los Angeles.

Although rumors to the effect that these two well-known screen lights were about to sign or had signed a life contract have been current for a long time, it was not until recently that Mrs. Gregory Ottis Garrett, mother of Doris May, made the announcement to a party of friends at her home, on Orange Grove Drive.

The wedding date has not been set, but

it is expected sometime in the very near future. The engaged couple met last March at an announcement party in Hollywood and the romance has progressed steadily ever since.

A MEMBER of the Lasky wardrobe department was buying a large stock of laces, silks, brocades and chiffons at a store in Los Angeles. When she was through she said, "Please charge it to Jesse Lasky, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood."

"Miss, or Mrs.?" asked the salesgirl loftily.

Which revealed the fact that the head of the Famous-Players Lasky organization receives fan notes every now and then addressed to "Miss Jessie Lasky" and saying how much the writer liked her last rôle.

Such is fame.

MONTHLY bulletin on Bill Reid—alias William Wallace Reid, Jr.

A new governess with ideas derived from study of Binet-Simon's book on psychoanalysis was giving Bill a trial set of questions, specially arranged to test the mentality of a four-year-old.

"Now William," said she, "What would you do if you went to the street car line and found you had just missed your car?"

"Call a taxi," said Bill disdainfully.

Father's own son!

FLORENCE MOORE, the well known comedienne, recently played Los Angeles for a week with the stage play "Breakfast in Bed." They reached Los Angeles after a week of one night stands, and on Monday evening after dining with some movie friends in Hollywood who drove her and her colored maid to the Los Angeles Theater, Miss Moore gave a ripping opening performance.

Plays and Players

(Continued)

Returning to her dressing room after the final curtain call, Miss Moore found that Hester, the darky maid, had all the trunks packed.

"Heavens, Hester, what's the matter with you, don't you know we stay here a week?"

Hester turned pale gray with surprise. "Does us? I knew we stayed here er hereabouts, but from what I've heard since I got here, I thought Los Angeles was just one of dem suburbs fer Hollywood and we'd move out dere to-morrow night!"

OF course it's always open season on mothers-in-law.

Still, there should be exceptions.

For example, there is one charming young movie star in Hollywood recently married to her leading man, whom we think is making an error in judgment. And we wonder if she knows how many of her real friends are sorry to see her do it.

Her mother is certainly to be credited with a large amount of the actress' original success. For many years a successful stage actress herself, a shrewd business woman and a keen judge of stories, she stood at the helm of daughter's *Ship of Genius* for many moons, with a degree of success testified to by the size of the letters announcing daughter's name at present.

Therefore, it would seem a bit short-sighted, let us say, on the part of the newlyweds to forget to invite her to a big holiday dinner, especially when she herself has been the first to live up to the ancient dictum that "Two's company, three's a crowd."

After all, brains are scarce nowadays and not even stars can afford to pass them up ad lib, as it were. And mothers-in-law don't necessarily cease to be mothers, do they?

ONE of the most interesting of recent film romances culminated in the marriage of Hobart Bosworth to Mrs. Cecile Percival. The ceremony took place secretly at San Diego and was not known even to the star's most intimate friends until unearthed sometime later by the press.

The announcement of the wedding in the Los Angeles papers caused something of a sensation in the film colony, is very few people knew that Bosworth was divorced from his former wife, Adele Farrington. Even now the date and place of any divorce action between the two remains a mystery.

However, the newlyweds are enjoying a honeymoon, and Mr. Bosworth has expressed publicly his great happiness in his new matrimonial venture.

The bride is a beautiful young woman, and was the widow of Art Director Percival of the Ince Studio, who died over a year ago during the influenza epidemic. She and Bosworth met after her husband's death, though Bosworth and Percival were for many years close friends and business associates.

Although the friendship between the Ince star and his friend's widow had been remarked, that a romance was in progress was not even suspected and the news of the wedding came as a distinct surprise to everyone.

RICHARD BARTHELMLESS is farming out with Famous Players.

Let us explain that the young actor is only temporarily reporting for work to George Fitzmaurice, at the Paramount studios in Long Island City. He is playing *Youth* in the elaborate Fitzmaurice production of "Experience."

What we would like to know is—what has become of the company of which Mr. Barthelmess was to have been the star? The report is that as soon as he finishes work on



Age-Old Mistakes

Are still made in teeth cleaning

Countless people who brush teeth daily find they still discolor and decay. The reason is, they leave the film—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

That film causes most tooth troubles. To clean the teeth without removing it is one age-old mistake.

Film ruins teeth

Few people escape the trouble caused by film. Those troubles have been constantly increasing. So dental science has spent years in seeking a combatant.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It

holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Combat it daily

Modern science has found ways to combat that film. Able authorities have proved them by many clinical tests. Now leading dentists everywhere advise their daily application.

The methods are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And to millions of people it has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

Other essential effects

Pepsodent brings other effects to accord with modern dental requirements. Right diet would also bring them, but few people get it. So science now urges that the tooth paste bring them, twice a day.

Each use of Pepsodent multiplies the salivary flow. That is Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling and may form acid. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay. Another ingredient is pepsin.

These results are natural and essential. Millions of teeth are ruined because people do not get them.

Watch the change which comes when you use Pepsodent. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. Read in our book the reasons for each good effect. This test will change your whole conception of clean teeth.

Cut out the coupon now.

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The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 563

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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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Only one tube to a family.

Plays and Players

(Continued)

this Paramount picture, he will begin production on his first stellar vehicle, with the D. W. Griffith organization, which "loaned" him. The story was written by Joseph Hergesheimer, who is a very good friend of young Richard and his pretty little wife, Mary Hay.

IS William S. Hart going to retire after all? His contemplated retirements are now as much of a tradition to the films as Sarah Bernhardt's to the legitimate.

But Bill was quoted very recently as saying that, when he had finished his present production, the last of his contract with Paramount, he would leave the screen. "I think the time has come when I should take a rest," he said according to the report, "If I can write some books that will interest the youth of America I shall feel that I am accomplishing a good work. So when my next picture is finished I will try to become a full-fledged 'writer feller.'"

WE hope nobody is going to recognize the hero of this tale.

A well-known motion picture producer of much Jewish extraction, was attending a dinner party in a smart Los Angeles club. Next to him sat a very pretty young lady, whose attention was slightly absent-minded where the producer was concerned.

At last in desperation, the Jewish gentleman aid: "While I am here, I am goin' to take a bet."

The young lady turned a politely interested face, "Really, what on?"

"No, no, not what on—a bet."

"Yes, I know," impatiently, "What are you going to bet on?"

"Gott," he exclaimed, "Not a bet. A bet. A Turkish bet."

GEROME STORM has got a new job. Directing Miss Katherine MacDonald, and most men wouldn't call it a bad job. Not that Mr. Storm does. He is probably glad to be anchored to a financially solid film concern after his late experience with the Frohman Amusement Corp. It isn't nice to say "I told you so," but the fact remains that both Mr. Storm and Miss Lillian Gish wasted their time and talents in an enterprise for which at the outset was prophesied a sad end.

JACK PICKFORD, who is co-directing Mary Pickford's newest picture with Al Greene, is certainly being kept busy by his famous sister.

If Jack lingers a moment over his luncheon, Sister Mary murmurs sweetly, "Come on, Jackie dear, time to get to work."

Watching Jack direct some scenes the other day, I felt some hopes for his future along that line. Mary seemed delighted with bits of business and original stuff suggested by her adored baby brother. At any rate, Jack is really doing more of the work than Al Greene, although it seems that Greene is responsible for the final results.

The youngest member of the Pickford family is taking his new work seriously. It is said he has given up an acting career altogether.

VIOLA DANA gave a farewell party for Winnie Sheehan when the Fox vice-president went east after a month's visit to the western studio in Hollywood, and it was without doubt the most attractive and cleverly arranged and laugh-provoking affair ever given in Hollywood. The whole Fox studio turned in to help the pretty little star with her decorations for the beautiful Dana home in Beverly Hills and for the fascinating program she presented.

Upon arriving, two large and husky cowboys standing before the canopied doorway ushered in the guests. If they happened to be a bit casual, blank cartridges unexpectedly exploded under their feet, hastened them in to a regular old-time western bar, arranged in a set at one end of the verandah.

After a marvellous dinner which might have done credit to a Parisian hostess, Miss Dana asked her guests to assemble in the drawing room, before a velvet curtain which presently drew back to reveal a miniature stage. Here a program which probably couldn't be equaled in America outside the Lamb's Club, was presented.

First, an original and exclusive two-reel comedy, taken on the Fox lot, and entitled "Our King Can Do No Wrong." A nice blond little actor, made up to resemble Winnie Sheehan, and introduced by his pet way of smoking a cigar, played "The King." The scenes were chiefly laid in a throne room supposed to be the executive office of the Fox vice president.

Seated on a throne, Mr. Sheehan received his own and many other stars of the Hollywood galaxy, Louis Lovely appeared to demand why she couldn't get as much money as Pearl White. "I'm just as good an acrobat as she is," she stated and proved it by standing on her head.

Later, a one-act burlesque entitled "Stay Down East" was presented with Buster Keaton in the Dick Barthelme role and Alice Lake as Lillian Gish. A patent washing-machine supplied the falls and a few cakes of ice distributed about for Buster to slip on were the river. It was quite a superb farce and sent the attendant stars and famous literary lights into hysterics.

It is quite impossible to name all the celebrities who were there. Miss Dana, looking more beautiful than I have ever seen her, received on that evening everybody worth while and everybody who "belonged" in the film colony.

ARE they happy? Yes, they really are. Constance and her husband John are domiciled at the luxurious Hotel St. Regis on Fifth Avenue, and if it is possible to be domestic in such surroundings, the Pialogos surely are.

Dorothy and James Rennie live at the Savoy. They have many interests in common, not the least of which is a hearty admiration for the works of Stephen Leacock. In fact, it is whispered that when Mr. Rennie introduced Dorothy to the humorist, via the printed page, it made such a hit with her that she fell in love with the donor as well as the book.

THE small son of Catherine Calvert is a very lively little chap with serious mouth and great soulful eyes.

He went with his nurse to church one morning and he knelt and prayed. This is what was later reported to Mrs. Calvert-Armstrong as the gist of her son's prayer:

"God bless my dear father up in heaven," said young Paul Armstrong, his little voice very serious indeed, "and," he added, "thank s, Jesus, for all the good food I get!"

WILLIAM FARNUM is now a manager as well as an actor.

He is co-director with George Tyler of the revival of the comic opera, "Erminie," in a Manhattan theater of which Frances Wilson and DeWolf Hopper are the co-stars.

Many famous film stars were in the audience the first night, including Farnum himself, and his family; Bill Fox, his movie boss; and Eugene O'Brien, who was one of the younger set present who didn't remember the original performance.

(Continued on page 99)



Don't Scrub The Closet Bowl

It is as unnecessary as it is unpleasant. *Sani-Flush* will clean your closet bowl with scarcely any effort on your part. And it will clean it more thoroughly than you can do it by any other means—so thoroughly, in fact, that disinfectants are not necessary. Sprinkle a little *Sani-Flush* into the bowl according to the directions on the can. Flush. Then watch the result. Markings, stains, incrustations will all disappear, leaving the bowl and hidden trap as spotlessly white as new. *Sani-Flush* cannot harm the plumbing.

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Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing, and house-furnishing stores. If you cannot buy it locally at once, send 25c in coin or stamps for a full sized can postpaid. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)



Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring



NU-ART

DESTROYS HAIR

PERMANENTLY

A BEAUTIFUL SKIN IS ADORER
"Better than the Electric Needle or Depilatories." So writes a physician about NU-ART because it **destroys the roots** in a simple, effectual manner and is a permanent means for devitalizing superfluous hair. NU-ART immediately removes all superfluous hair, is absolutely harmless, painless, easy to use at home, **fragrant**, and leaves your skin its rose petal smoothness.

Large pkg. for \$1 at your dealer, or direct by mail in plain wrapper, \$1.10 postpd.

A marvelous discovery—guaranteed

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Millions and Millions?

(Continued from page 64)

commercial success. Nobody can say that till the spirograph and the motion picture discs are on the market, and that will not be for months to come. Moreover, Mr. Elliott and his salesmen would be simply talking through their hats, as salesmen often do, when they tell any prospective buyer of Urban stock that it is being issued for business expansion of a going concern. Urban does not need any \$3,500,000 to develop his Movie Chats, his Kineto Review and exploit his 2,000,000 foot educational film library. The \$3,500,000 stock issue is being sold to put the untried spirograph on the market, and neither Mr. Urban, nor Mr. Joy, nor Mr. Elliott would think of saying anything else if they were trying to get financial backing from an investment banker or broker down in the New York financial district. The whole fate of the Urban Motion Picture Industries, Inc., depends solely on the black enameled and nickel plated spirographs and its picture records. If they fail, all the other Urban products will have to work about forty-eight hours a day to pay dividends on \$3,500,000.

The workability of the spirograph has been tested in the Urban workrooms, but it has not been tested in the rural districts of southern Minnesota. I may be dead wrong, but I can't help feeling that it is dead wrong to induce people to invest their savings in a three and a half million dollars stock issue to manufacture in big quantities any product which has never been tried out in the market and for which no market has yet been established. I consulted an old motion picture man who has forgotten more on the subject of motion pictures than most of us will ever learn.

"Well, Henry Ford did not begin right off the bat to make his flivvers in big quantities," he said. "Henry took his time about starting, improving his machines as he went along. My big criticism of the Urban plan is this: it takes machinery to make machines. If the spirograph and the records do not prove successful at first, it will be necessary to make alterations, not only in the spirograph and the records, but in all the machinery used to make these instruments and articles. And what about this non-inflammable film record? How durable is it? Is it proof from warping and shrinkage under various weather conditions? That disc has to remain perfect in proportions if it is going to show any pictures at all. The pictures have to be in absolutely perfect alignment."

Fair enough suggestions to make to a movie magnate who is selling \$3,500,000 worth of stock to the public. Mr. Urban and his associates say that the spirograph has wide commercial possibilities, and that it can be used to illustrate the operations of a tractor, threshing machine and other implements which are too heavy to carry around in a handbag. It is reasonable to believe that the spirograph has certain possibilities industrially, although, personally, and after years of close association with that specimen of our population known as the American farmer, I should be much more interested in seeing a farmer buy his plow and seeder by motion pictures, than I would be in seeing the spirograph project views of high life in the cities of Mars.

The actual Urban assets, outside the spirograph and the discs are of doubtful value. His 2,000,000 foot film library is old, and it is impossible to estimate the value of old films. If Griffith or Metro or any other producer were making a historical picture, in which it was desired to show the German fleet, now at the bottom of the sea, the producer would go scouting for an old film. Urban has a good film showing the late



A New Principle in Hair Coloring

Dr. Emile of the Paris Faculty and Pasteur Institute has discovered what the centuries have waited for:

The Perfect Hair Coloring INECTO RAPID

Personality-character-beauty—all these are the expression of harmony between your features, your complexion and your hair. If the relation between these characteristics, though in themselves beautiful, is not one of harmony, there can be no real beauty.

Nature strove to give you this harmony and if you are now losing it because of faded, streaked or prematurely gray hair it can be regained. If nature gave you a shade of hair discordant with your type of beauty, it can be changed.

If you have spoiled the color and texture of your hair, as have thousands of women by the use of dyes, you can restore it to its former brilliant glossiness and to any shade that you desire with absolute certainty.

INECTO RAPID is not an ordinary dye. It does not paint the hair, but penetrates the hair shafts themselves with true color pigment. It can be applied in thirty minutes and needs no preliminary shampoo and no drying afterwards.

The coloring of the hair can be stopped at any point so there is no danger of having too dark a shade, as is the case with other methods. INECTO RAPID does not stain linens, brushes or hat linings; is easy to use, has pleasant odor and is guaranteed harmless to hair or growth; is not affected by salt water, rain, sunlight, perspiration, permanent wave, Turkish

or Russian Baths. Cannot be detected from nature's own coloring—not even under a microscope. It is packed in a new and very attractive manner which eliminates waste.

INECTO RAPID is supplied in 18 shades from deepest blue-black to radiant natural blond and in between there are marvelous ash tones that no dye has ever before achieved.

INECTO RAPID has been recently introduced to this country and it is already in exclusive use in the more fashionable salons. In New York alone it is used exclusively in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, Waldorf-Astoria, Biltmore, Commodore, Plaza and many others.

Ninety-seven per cent of the women in Europe who employ coloring to restore the natural beauty of their hair, are using INECTO RAPID. It has revolutionized the art of hair coloring abroad, where it is used by fifteen hundred foremost hairdressers and endorsed by the highest medical authorities.

Send No Money

Just fill out this coupon and mail it in today. We will send you at once booklet containing full details of INECTO RAPID, and our "Beauty Analysis Chart" enabling you to find the most harmonious and becoming color for your hair.

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Gentlemen: Please send me at once your Booklet and "Beauty Analysis Chart" (Form A).

Name

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Do Not Grow Grey

Neos Henne

Restorative
Preventative

Will prevent grey hair, stimulating—giving renewed life, restoring the luster and natural color.

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Millions and Millions?

(Concluded)

German fleet, and he might be able to sell one or two hundred feet at a big price. But how often would such opportunities offer? These old historical and educational films might be bought and exhibited from time to time, but they would have to compete with new subjects. Urban's famous 2,000,000 foot library may become a collection of old masters in the future, about a hundred years after the last Urban stockholder dies. In the meantime, it costs money to store films. They need fireproof vaults.

The Urban Motion Picture Industries, Inc., issues no circulars that have come to our notice, but every private and officer in Brother Elliott's regiment of salesmen totes a kit explaining and extolling the Urban products. According to this salesman's guide, I find that "the negative film library, laboratories and plant of the Kineto Company on May 1, 1920, were valued at \$330,000 on a conservative basis." This property now belongs to the Urban Motion Picture Industries, Inc.

Discussing spiograph profits, the Urban salesmen's guide book states:

"So it is best to merely state the estimate we CONSERVATIVELY believe it will be physically possible for us to MAKE GOOD within THREE YEARS from the date we start producing 'Spiograph' machines and 'records' in quantity.

"Based upon our estimate of the production capacity of the proposed INITIAL factory unit—and for the sake of reasoning, let us say we do not expand beyond the first factory unit within three years after we start production. We expect to turn out in this single plant—182,000 'SPIROGRAPH' MACHINES (sale price \$75.00) which should net us an average profit of \$22.50 per machine or a total of \$4,095,000.

"Now, our Selling Plans include a schedule, which practically insures the sale of an average of at least fifty 'records' for every 'Spiograph' machine purchased—or, in other words, a total sale of \$9,100,000 records (sale price \$1.00 each) within the same THREE YEAR PERIOD at a profit of 33 1/3 cents per record—or \$3,033,333.

"Not figuring other profitable accessories this makes a total estimate in this department alone of \$7,128,333.

"And you will note that net earnings of \$7,128,333 during the first three years in production in the Spiograph Department alone, would permit us to pay 8% dividend on the entire authorized issue of preferred and common stock, for the entire period of three years (\$3,250,000) and still leave a surplus of \$4,608,000 for the further development of plant and world-wide markets, or if deemed advisable, at least part of it could be distributed to common stockholders in extra cash dividends."

But this is not all. The Urban company summarizes its estimated first three years profits on all its products as follows:

	Net profits.
Spiograph machines,	
182,000.....	\$4,095,000
Records for Spiographs,	
9,100,000.....	3,033,330
Duplex Projector (Black and White).....	1,500,000
Kinekrom (Natural Color).....	
Film Service.....	2,000,000
Black and White Educational Film Service (Kineto Company of America).....	1,012,500
Total.....	\$11,640,830

In other words, it is a gold mine that Mr. Urban is offering. More than eleven millions net profit in the first three years. Urban has an interesting little machine. It may work and it may not. Anyhow, it commands some respect, but Mr. Urban has exactly the same way of figuring his profits as Captain Frederick F. Stoll, Johnson and Hopkins, Dr. Francis Trevelyan Miller and all the rest of the stock-selling motion picture promoters. They all calculate their profits in millions before they earn a cent.

There is no one connected with the Urban company that has made an outstanding success in motion pictures. Mr. Urban has been in the business for more than twenty years, he states, and he is cleaning up his first eleven millions in the next three years.

Mr. Urban is president of the company, Fred R. Minrath, an attorney, secretary and treasurer, Roy F. Soule, former editor of a trade magazine, general sales manager, St. Elmer Lewis, chairman of the Board of Directors. William Gettinger, printing specialist, is a director.

I almost forgot to mention that the National Exchanges, Inc., owned and operated by the Johnson and Hopkins Company, has a contract for distributing the "Kineto Review" and other Urban film features. We have had our say about Johnson and Hopkins in a former issue of PHOTOPLAY. They have been selling stock in their various company for the past two years, but have produced little or nothing except a few law suits.

The sudden disappearance of Captain Frederick F. Stoll, president of the United States Photoplay Corporation, about the middle of December, was disclosed six weeks later when he failed to make appearance at the hearing of a law suit in which he was interested. It seems that Captain Stoll has vanished on former occasions leaving trusting investors sorely puzzled. He, so his associates reported, had been worried by overwork and illness of late. As this is written, dispatches from Los Angeles say that Stoll has reappeared, and is heading eastward. In the meantime, J. W. Martin of Cumberland, Md., a heavy stockholder in Stoll's company, has been elected president. The company has not finished its first picture as yet.

The tragic death of Hannibal N. Clermont, former president of the Clermont Photoplays Corporation of Los Angeles and Boston, has called attention to the financial trials of that company. Last Summer the Clermont Corporation offered 2,500 shares of 10 per cent. preferred stock at \$100 per share, and with each share of preferred was offered a share of common at the same price. The issue was underwritten by H. F. Albers of Los Angeles, and was sold all over the country. At the Boston branch office it was stated that the whole block offered there for sale had been disposed of. Clermont resigned from the company last August, and was succeeded by W. D. Ball, and last January Charles P. Blyth became president. The stock sales organization ran afoul of the Corporation Commissioner of California, who demanded an immediate accounting. Clermont had enjoyed a high reputation, and the unpleasantness connected with the threatened official investigation of the company's affairs, caused him to resign. Good many of his friends and former business associates had invested in the Clermont company, having absolute faith in its president. Brooding over the company's affairs and possible financial loss to his friends is believed to have caused Mr. Clermont to take his own life.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 53)

retarded action scene in which an inquisitive hen, drinking wine from an overturned cask, is seen to float back to its coop with that ludicrous uncertainty of movement associated with the modern gentleman full of his neighbor's brew. Yet that is about all I recall of "The Love Light." It isn't fair to place the blame for this particular Pickford upon the shoulders of any one person without knowing the facts. Frances Marion wrote the original script, and by her previous performances we feel she could not have done so poorly with this one unless she had been interfered with. And though we have a fixed suspicion that little Mary herself, grown over-confident and possibly a little dictatorial these last few months, may have depended too much upon her own prejudiced judgment, it is possible she has been badly advised. At any rate, "The Love Light" is a poor picture in the sense of being quite unworthy the star's talents. The story is developed without reasonable logic and filmed with only the value of the pictures in mind. "The Love Light's" one value to my mind is that it takes the nation's sweetheart out of curls and short frocks and makes a woman of her.

THE DEVIL—Pathe

I SUPPOSE "The Devil" can safely be listed with the pictures that serve a purpose, even though they do not tell an interesting story. This one, in fact, serves two purposes in that it introduces George Arliss to the screen and warns the susceptible that the voice of the tempter is usually the voice of Satan himself and should be promptly denied. That Mr. Arliss is an actor of quality it did not require the cinema to prove. He is one of comparatively few players who combines a rare intelligence with his skill. As the suave and cynical D. Muller, the Devil incarnate, his performance is carefully studied, down to the last grimace; and yet so artfully unstudied that it has the quality of a natural spontaneity. Aside from the Arliss performance, however, there is not much to the picture that either stabs or holds the interest. Dr. Muller, overhearing certain amiable "puppets" remarking their belief that truth shall ever triumph over evil, undertakes to prove them wrong. Into the ears of a restless quartet he whispers his insinuations and innuendoes until he separates a perfectly pure fiancée from her honest lover, arouses the jealousy of an artist rival and the artist's model, sets all four well on their way to hades and is about to chortle a farewell chortle the while he attacks the heroine when, in response to the lady's prayers, the cross of heaven flares out in his path and he is undone. It would have been a better picture without this too obvious touch, but who shall say the lesson is not the more strongly driven home thereby? Mr. Arliss is competently supported by Sylvia Breamer, Lucy Cotton, Edmund Lowe, Roland Bottomley and Mrs. Arliss. James Young did the directing.

MAMMA'S AFFAIR—First National

THERE is an idea worth toying with in "Mamma's Affair," in which Constance Talmadge plays the devoted daughter of one of those exasperating neurasthenics who "enjoys poor health." It is not a particularly good idea from the Constance Talmadge standpoint, seeing that it takes this most interesting young flapper out of the line of parts she plays so gracefully, and with so little effort, and actually makes her act a bit. But that in itself is not a bad idea. In "Mamma's Affair" Constance attends so faithfully that her own nerves are all



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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

a-jangle when she meets the interesting country doctor called in to take mamma's case. From him she learns a lot of things. Among them that mamma's habit of "having a fit" each time she is crossed, or in danger of not getting her own way, is entirely premeditated. Also, Constance comes to understand that either she must step out for herself or she will miss everything. So she politely proposes to the doctor and after he has overcome a half reel of scruples she wins him. "Mamma's Affair" was the comedy that won its author, the late Rachel Barton Butler, a \$500 prize last season. It has been carefully transferred to the screen by John Emerson and Anita Loos. Miss Talmadge has a good time trying to be serious, Effie Shannon plays well her stage part of the mother and Kenneth Harlan is excellent as the young doctor.

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS—Associated Producers

IF we had a National Cinematographic library, as we should have, into the archives of which each year were placed the best pictures and finest examples of the cinematographic art achieved during that year, and I were on the board that voted upon the admission or rejection of submitted films, I certainly should include "The Last of the Mohicans" in my list of eligible exhibits. There is, to me, an impressive effort made in this fine picture of Maurice Tourneur's to treat a big subject with dignity and a certain reverence to which its traditions entitle it, and yet to do so without losing sight for an instant of its picture possibilities. Uncas, the Indian, is neither a handsome thing to look upon, nor yet a romantically fascinating hero. But Uncas is real, and the adventures through which he leads the trusting Munros are thrillingly true to the spirit of the story. Tourneur differs from most of the directors in his class in that he can achieve great beauty of background without sacrifice of story value, and while he does permit a certain repetition of his favorite shots, the views from a darkened cave through to the blazing firelight or sunlight or moonlight beyond, for example, with silhouetted figures against the light, they seldom interfere with the spectator's interest in the tale. There is more good melodrama in "The Last of the Mohicans" than in a half dozen crook plays; more fine, hair-raising fights, and one supreme climax in the leap from the cliff that has not been equalled for several seasons. There is a nice sense of delicacy in the treatment of the romance, and there is as fine an effect in the panoramic closeup of the escaping villagers as I ever have seen screened. The cast, headed by Albert Roscoe, as Uncas, Wallace Beery as the wicked Magua, Barbara Bedford as Cora Monro, is well chosen, Roscoe and Beery giving especially good performances.

HOLD YOUR HORSES—Goldwyn

THERE is a fascinating boldness about this Tom Moore picture that gives it a quality all its own. Made from a Rupert Hughes story called "Canavan," "Hold Your Horses" has the advantage of being a typical screen romance, in that it concerns the adventures of an Irish lad whose first job in America was that of "manicurin" the avenue as a white wing, but who lived to see the day he married the society queen whose horses ran him down while he was at his labors. But its handling is distinctly unmoviesque. Canavan becomes a politician, his rise starting from the day he held a red flag in his hand and warned the traffic away from a blasting job. It was his first

taste of authority. As a boss he is frankly something of a grafter, selling his favors where they will do the most good and accepting whatever comes his way. He goes in for a bit of wife beating, too, when he begins to feel his power—thus being even with the muscular lady who had dented many a good frying pan on his hard head while he was a worm. Finally, marrying into the upper classes and returning from a yachting trip abroad to find his political power waning, he re-establishes himself by walking into his club and knocking the first enemy he meets flat on his back. After which he roughly conquers his aristocratic mate and continues merrily on his way. The point is that here is an honest picture of an average human, possessing a genial, likable personality but prey to as common faults as the rest of us; and a story that doesn't fool anyone, not even the director, but is entertaining to everyone, including the critic. In this spirit Mason Hopper has made it, and in this spirit Tom Moore and Naomi Childers play it.

THE INSIDE OF THE CUP—Cosmopolitan-Paramount-Artcraft

DIRECTOR Albert Capellani and scenarist George Proctor did not get much that was worth the extraction from Winston Churchill's novel, "The Inside of the Cup." Its arraignment of the "whited sepulchers" who were a popular target of church critics a generation ago seems a fearfully trite and artificial story to me. It is a little like presenting a picture of the Civil War to point a criticism of the recent conflict in Europe. Again it is so hopelessly overdone, in that the hypocrites are so impossibly and so defiantly hypocritical and so unrepresentative of even the most shallow of those pillars of the church who use their religion as a cloak, that it carries nothing resembling conviction. Or did not to me. The story tells of one Parr, a churchly sinner who suffers his daughter to leave his house and his son to become an outcast because he is stubborn in both his religion and his sin, and is brought to a climax when a youthful rector from upstate takes the pulpit to denounce the ungodly as churchmen and individuals. Pictorially it is an attractive picture, and it is well acted by David Torrence as the chief sinner, William P. Carleton as the fighting rector and by Marguerite Clayton and Edith Hallor.

By Photoplay Editors

PAYING THE PIPER—Paramount-Artcraft

IT isn't a great picture in any particular. It isn't drama; it isn't life—except perhaps a very small and smart section of it. But it's Fitzmaurice, and it has all the flavor of that Frenchman's fine artistry, and it will be popular with a great many people. His story, supplied as usual by Ouida Bergere, is in no way worthy of his direction—being just a flippant nearly naughty thing about Manhattan's storied smart set, with Dorothy Dickson, queen of Broadway dancers, as the smartest member of the interpreting cast. Miss Dickson—this is her screen debut—registers her elusive, charmingly feminine personality on the screen as she does on the stage. She doesn't dance in this, but she gives the impression of dancing. Her initial effort is somewhat handicapped by her limited role. Rapid and risqué titles help to tell the risqué and rapid tale, embellished by many delightful sartorial moments by Miss Dickson, pensive pastels by the sweet and soothing Alma

The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

Tell, very honest acting by Reginald Denny, for whom we predict a large career as a heart-smasher, an excellent portrayal of a wealthy young waster by the slim Rod LaRoque, and another one of those immensely satirical delineations by that king of character actors, George Fawcett.

BREWSTER'S MILLIONS—

Paramount-Artcraft

IF Roscoe Arbuckle has ever done anything equalling his work in "Brewster's Millions," we have yet to see it. The title is the only thing recognizable in the screen version of this tried-and-trusty old stock vehicle, but you'll forget the liberties taken with the plot in watching this heavyweight champion of comedians. From the first close-up, as Monte Brewster at the age of one year, shaking dice with cubes of sugar, to the final fade-out, Arbuckle in his apparently effortless manner creates laugh after laugh. It's purely comedy, quite without dramatic value and replete with decidedly keystone situations but cleverly handled, and very well directed. You'll enjoy it.

DOUBLE ADVENTURE—Pathe

NOW we know where all the nice little automatic pistols went, when the armistice was signed—Pathe commandeered them for this serial. It gets away to a flying start with a perfectly good murder, a drugged heroine and an indestructible hero, known in private life, if he ever has such a thing, as Charles Hutchison.

FRONTIER OF THE STARS—

Paramount-Artcraft

NOT a western story, as one might be led to believe from the title, but a tale of the New York east side, with that excellent actor, Thomas Meighan, as the young gangster who comes under the refining influence of a crippled girl of the tenements, the latter part well played by the big-eyed Faire Binney. Smooth, rapid action distinguishes the plot which, though it verges at times upon the melodramatic, will hold your interest throughout. A good picture.

HIS ENEMY'S DAUGHTER—

Chandler

THERE is little novelty in the theme, but a competent star and cast, and good direction, make this acceptable. It is the story of a man who is betrayed by his best friend, and finds an opportunity for revenge through his love for the friend's child. Helen Badgley plays the child with a natural charm sadly lacking in many juvenile actresses. Vincent Serrano, more celebrated on the stage than on the screen, is the principal, and does very well. The title is the crudest thing about the picture.

RICH GIRL, POOR GIRL—

Universal

THE old story of the twin sisters who were parted—one to be brought up in luxury, the other to know only the hardships of poverty. Of course you know from the very beginning that all the double exposures are simply leading to the finding of the waif and bringing her back to a home of luxury, but that doesn't make the dual adventures of pretty little Gladys Walton any the less interesting. There are the familiar ingredients of gangsters, kidnapers, and a drunken father; but as these are never offensive, you can just sit back and look at Gladys.

(Continued on page 100)



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A Glimpse of the Heights

(Continued from page 58)

East Side—an enigmatic girl with the pure frail face of an angel and the big coarse limbs of peasant stock. Others trailed up the dingy stairs—girls who hailed Aileen with familiar banter; strange boys who blushed and always mumbled "pleased t' meet ya" as Amy introduced them.

It was Garry Kenyon's variation on this monotonous formula which first impressed Aileen with the fact that he was different.

"How do you do, Miss Kelley?" he inquired as he took her hand.

"Just as I please," she thrust in return, thinking him one of A. y's gang who had put on airs to "kid" her.

Looking up at him, she saw the warmth die out of his eyes, knew that her apparent rudeness had been a social error, and took his arm impulsively.

"Come on," she commanded, "we better get in on the punch before it's all drank up."

She led him into the parlor, a place of frowning family crayon, and furniture of the Golden Oak Renaissance period, hazy with the smoke of cigarettes that were fast redeeming its stiff and painful cleanliness, and brightened for the occasion by gay tissue streamers from the five and ten.

Garry brought her a glass of the insipid punch, and she made room for him on the sofa, with an appreciative glance at his suntanned face and athletic leanness.

"Aren't you with anybody?" he asked.

"Here on the sofa?"

"No—here at Miss Knoles' party."

"I come alone."

"So did I."

And only Aileen foresaw that this circumstance of being alone in a roomful of couples would eventually couple them too.

"You don't know Amy real well, do you?" she inquired. "I heard you say 'Miss Knoles'."

He laughed, showing teeth as white and even as her own.

"We went to school together, but she's grown up since and I've moved from the neighborhood," he replied. "And I'm pretty busy now, studying law," he added with the self-importance of youth.

Then the games started. The little parlor was too small for dancing, so the hostess resorted to the amusements of childhood parties. First there was blind man's buff, with Amy as blind man, followed by a blonde milliner as tall and frigid as Diana herself. Then puss-in-the-corner, with a great thumping of heavy shoes and fluttering of skirts, and this naturally led to Ferrets and Post Office. Naturally, the law student and the shopgirl became Garry and Aileen to each other after their first formal kiss.

He took her in to supper, and home afterward. There was no opportunity for talk in the crowded street-car, and she was able for the first time to study him detachedly as he stood beside her, swaying easily as they jerked around the frequent corners.

He was different—this she realized without knowing exactly how. He didn't put on airs, he was companionable without being "fresh," and she had never been treated with such courtesy as he had shown this evening—but yet he had not taken extra pains to make a good impression upon her. She was certain of that—he had been so genuinely natural. She fell to studying his hand. It was uncalloused, clean-nailed, firm and capable. Aileen decided she had never met a boy she liked so well.

And Garry, young pagan that he was, wondered whether he had gone far enough with this shy girl, who didn't seem aware of her beauty, to get the good-night kiss he wanted! His idea of love was a mere sublimated selfishness—chivalrous and protective. to give the lad his due—but essentially

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A Glimpse of the Heights

(Continued)

earthbound. He was twenty then, and two years of worship at the impersonal shrine of Woman had given him only zest for his first amatory adventure, with nothing of abnegation or understanding.

The long ride ended, and when they came silently to the door of the tenement where she roomed, Aileen saw its stark ugliness as though with new eyes and for the first time. In her confusion she dropped her key, and they fumbled for it together, laughing. Their pulsing fingers met, and he squeezed her hand in an instant of daring inspiration. It was not snatched away, and his heart beat faster.

Aileen slipped the key into the lock, half-opened the door, and turned. In the little fragment of time required to do this, she had read her heart, coolly, accurately, and they fumbled for impulse that governs every decision of a working girl of the city.

"We had a swell time together, you and me," she said wistfully, "but you gotta run along now."

"Yes, the best of friends, and all that, you know. I call it a shame. How about Wednesday night—Aileen?"

"I—I ain't got any place to have callers."

"Then we'll go to a show."

"That'll be lovely."

She gave him her hand, and they were silent while his strong fingers contracted around her soft palm. He stepped closer, and she raised her expectant face as a child might have done. With cool untrembling lips she returned his kiss gently.

"Good-night, Garry," she murmured.

"Till Wednesday, dear."

And so they parted.

Declaration and response had passed between them, according to her understanding of the unwritten code that governs metropolitan lovers. Yet they were not bound in even the slightest degree, nor would they be until he had given her the ring. If a further trial of one another should prove unsatisfactory to either, they would fail to kiss at their next parting, and the affair would be ended. Meanwhile, all in one evening, they had met, found each other attractive, and committed themselves to "going together" to the exclusion of anyone else, for such is the time-honored custom of Aileen's world.

While this code had not Garry's allegiance, he understood it sufficiently well to know what Aileen considered his position in the affair, as well as what she considered hers. But the freedom of withdrawal extended to him as well, so he felt no depressing responsibility, but only the thrill of entering upon the first phase of a harmless and charming adventure.

When Aileen reached her room she lit the gas jet and turned to a mirror as instinctively as a homing pigeon heads towards its cote. The face she saw had a charm of its own—bravery engendered by days and nights of loneliness and spiritual starvation,—purity of blue eyes and childish lips. Quiet and wistful it was, but no more alluring or provocative than the chromo of Saint Cecelia over the pink pine dresser. It gave her no answer to the enigma of why Garry had chosen her in preference to the prettier, cleverer, more cultured girl she knew he might have had for the asking.

"A real gent like him," she thought, "to fall for a mutt like me!"

She undressed, pondering while she mechanically folded the green gown into its tissue-lined drawer and stuffed newspaper into her pumps to hold their shape.

If everything broke right, she thought—if they got along with each other—she'd show him that he hadn't picked a loser. It wasn't too late to start in—she could go to night school, and by keeping her eyes and ears open day-times, soak in, somehow, that

breeding for which she had no better definition than "class."

When she finally dozed off into a pleasant sleep, in her heart was still glowing warmly the gratitude which is the greater part of an unsought woman's love.

On Wednesday night Garry was admitted by Aileen's landlady, and her shop-girl acquaintances saw them together on the Avenue. Thus they passed definitely into the status of "keeping steady company."

And what a good time they had that evening! No program of "pop" vaudeville and movies was ever before so enchanting; they held hands shamelessly, rocked with tearful laughter when the comedian aimed a pointed joke at them, and wept in vicarious grief at the sorrows flashed on the screen.

Then came sodas, and the long laughing walk home, when they spread their infectious gaiety freely among the passers-by. A late shop-keeper leaning upon his showcase beamed upon them; a slatternly tenement mother, carrying her beer pail in a black bag, peered after them long and wistfully, and then climbed her stairway slowly, blinking.

It was written so plainly upon their happy faces that the sunny world lay before Garry, awaiting his conquering hand; that love was to Aileen a dew-drenched garden, fragrant and wonderful; and that neither knew these things cannot last forever, or that Youth is Youth because it dies.

So an enchanted Summer fled. Beyond a few impetuous and ill-advised attempts at self-improvement, such as changing her accustomed newspaper for a daily that boasted fewer illustrations and smaller headlines, Aileen's education made no progress. The thought of Garry monopolized her days as Garry himself monopolized her evenings, for successful love, despite all the fictioneers have said to the contrary, is not a stimulus to endeavor, but a soothing narcotic of poppy-like insidiousness.

Unfortunately, the night schools opened on an evening when Garry had gallery tickets for Aileen's first taste of grand opera. She recklessly postponed her enrollment, which she had seriously determined to make at the first opportunity. Later she summoned courage to discuss her problem with Garry—and let any woman who has loved judge of the heroism required to discuss one's shortcomings with one's beloved!

It was on an evening in early Fall that Aileen first broached the subject, after they had finished their plans for that great holiday of the shopgirl—Sunday.

"I know a place over in Jersey," he had said, "where we can walk miles through the woods and never see a house or another soul. How would you like to spend the day alone with the birds and wildflowers—and me?"

"I bet I'd just love it!"

"We'll go for a long hike, and I'll cook lunch on a campfire. Tea, chops, bread and butter, fruit—how's that? And let's see—you'd better wear low heels and things that'll wash out, dear—the woods are no place for party clothes."

"I got a pair of tennis sneakers that'll be just the thing—when you going to meet me, Garry?"

"Is nine o'clock too early?"

"Oh, no—that'll give me lots of time to get ready in."

He held his arms out in mute appeal, and she stepped into them, her hands on his shoulders, her upturned face starry-eyed and tender. The stillness that followed was broken only by an occasional sigh.

"Aileen," he whispered finally, "Aileen"

"What, Garry?"



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A Glimpse of the Heights

(Continued)

"I—I wanted to say how much I loved you, but I couldn't . . . it's too wonderful . . . and too holy."

Her hands crept up to hold him closer.

"Garry—feel my heart beatin', Garry?"

"Yes, dear."

"It's—it's all for you, Garry . . . every beat."

"I know, darling."

"Lissen, Garry—I don't want you should be ashamed of me, never."

"Ashamed of you—the dearest, the most beautiful . . ."

"Hush, Garry—give me a chanct. I ain't in your class—I never had no education. I'm ignorant—and the only good thing I got to say for myself is that I'm wise to it. I'm goin' to study, Garry. I'm goin' to make somepin' of myself."

"What do you mean—exactly?"

"Well—how to talk right, and mostly how to act like a lady without tryin'."

"I could help you with the first part, dear."

"Will you really—will you learn me to talk like you do?"

"Teach you, Aileen."

"That's the word—teach me. I'm goin' to night school, Garry."

"You darling—why, you'll be giving me pointers in grammar in a few weeks. You little bunch of ambition!"

Silence followed, broken by the hollow beat of approaching footsteps. They drew apart as a policeman passed, and when the rhythmic diminuendo of his brogans had died away Garry took her hand again.

"Gee," she exclaimed, "it must be awful late."

"I'd better go now."

He bent to kiss her, and found her cheek wet with tears.

"Aileen—why—what's the matter?"

"Nothing Garry—just happy."

So, content with nothing more, they passed through the supreme moment of their love—both dimly prescient that never again would come this silent and sacred communion that transfigured them and glorified the dingy hallway.

Finally she whispered:

"I hate to let you go, Garry, but—your folks . . ."

"Good-night, darling."

"Till Sunday," she breathed.

"Yes, dear," he promised, and wrenched himself unwillingly away.

He walked to the corner in a luminous trance of glowing visions and exalted resolves that accompanied him throughout his homeward journey. What a dear girl she was, he thought, so sweet and so tenderly beautiful. Her love made him a better man than he had ever been before. (He was only twenty!) She had entrusted her happiness to him, and he would prove himself worthy by his high achievements, by winning a bountiful success for her to share. He saw himself at thirty, the envy of all other young lawyers; at forty, with deferential partners, vast offices, hundreds of clerks, fabulous retainers from great corporations. Aileen should have servants, diamonds, motor cars. They would winter in Florida. . .

At this point he turned into his home street, and the light burning in the living room of his family's apartment reminded him that it was very late. His mother might have worried, he thought guiltily. Snapping the night-latch, he tiptoed into the living room, found her placidly sewing, and was immediately reassured.

"Why did you wait up for me? You shouldn't worry so much, Mother," he protested, dropping his hat on the piano.

"But I didn't worry, Junior," she replied, with more regard for his peace of mind than the truth. It was characteristic of her that

she used no affectionate abbreviations, still calling her husband "Garfield" after twenty-five years of married life.

"I wasn't sleepy," she continued, "and I thought my boy might be hungry. I'll put on the tea—and I saved some of your favorite dessert."

His gray-haired, gray-eyed mother was the daughter of a family whose failing fortunes had brought them to dingy Third Avenue. Here she had passed from youth to womanhood, hating the neighborhood with the bitterness of a girl suddenly deprived of all that had made her teens worth while. After a long period of carefully, systematically weighing the young men of the Avenue, she had coldly selected Garfield Kenyon as the best adapted to quick material success. The moment their honeymoon ended, she had begun to scheme and plan for his advancement, and had now pushed him from an obscure bank clerkship to the cashier's office and herself from Third Avenue to Washington Heights.

She knew, of course, that she had made mistakes in the management of her husband, but consoled herself with the thought that her son should profit by them. He should have a better start, with friendships that were worth while; he should go to college and form associations there that would later be his connections down-town. Her plans for him were so unbounded as was her faith in her generalship.

After bringing Garry his tea and pudding, she pushed over the sugar and cream for his convenience and sat down, concealing her anxiety so well that he chatted easily and unsuspectingly with her until he had finished.

"It's near the end of the term," she said at last, "how are you prepared for examinations?"

"Boned up right to the minute, Mother."

"Then perhaps you'll be first?"

"Well—you know that Moe Levine has a wonderful memory—but I'm pretty sure of second or third."

"That's splendid, Junior." A pause followed, while she sought for an opening to his heart, which she felt had closed against her for the first time these last few weeks.

"You've been a good boy, dear," she said at last, "you've made me very happy."

"I hope I always shall, Mother."

"Some people would call me sinfully proud and selfish, but I think I've got the best son in the whole world."

He blushed, and looked up to be touched by the love that illuminated her face, softening its hard outline and warming her cold eyes with a gentle mist.

"It's always been my ideal," she said. "That a mother should be more than the giver of a living body to her children. I want to lead you as far as I can into the world—to solve your problems, bear part of your troubles, give you an older and wiser pair of eyes to help you see your way through life. I won't be with you always, you know, and I want to feel, when I finally lay down my work and fold my hands, that they have done for you everything they could."

Like many mothers, Mrs. Kenyon had no sense of the unfairness of this attack. She cared only that Garry's impulsive young heart was quick to respond when this chord was touched, and such treatment had never failed in the past. She watched him, alert under her assumed mantle of gentle melancholy.

He toyed nervously with his napkin-ring, looked up and, dodging her eye, down again. She felt a sudden dread that he might withhold his confidence now, for the first time, when it had never before been so terribly, vitally important to have it.



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A Glimpse of the Heights

(Continued)

But he finally lifted a flushed and candid face to hers, and she suppressed a sigh of relief as she prepared to listen sympathetically.

"Mother," he confided, "there's something you can help me with. I—I didn't want to tell you until you'd met the girl"—here Mrs. Kenyon half nodded in appreciation of her suspicion's accuracy—"but I'm—in love. And you'll love her too, when you see her—she's the dearest, sweetest little chum any fellow could possibly have—sort of little and slender and kiddish and wistful, you know."

Mrs. Kenyon nodded. She had planned that Garry should marry wisely, unimpulsively, taking his time to pick the best in breeding and inheritance that was within his grasp, and doing it neither before thirty nor after thirty-five. Summoning her coolness and confidence to meet this sudden menace, she said:

"Tell me more about her, Junior—where did you meet her, and who is she?"

"I went down to Amy Knoles' birthday party, you know, just for the sake of old times on the Avenue. She was there, and she stood out in that cheap crowd like—like a violet in a bunch of sunflowers. Her name is Aileen—don't you think that's a sweet name, Mother? Aileen Kelley."

"Is she one of the Newburgh Kelleys, the American Linen Company people?"

"Oh, no—her family were poor; her father and mother died when she was just a child, and she's been supporting herself ever since. Isn't that wonderful, though?"

Mrs. Kenyon looked away to avoid the candor and trust that beamed in her son's eyes.

"How has she supported herself?"

"Why, she clerks in the same store with Amy Knoles. A five and ten cent store on Second Avenue. And that brings me to the point where you could help, Mother. You see, she's had to work so hard ever since she was just a kid, that she hasn't been able to get much of an education. She speaks—East Side Manhattanese. But she's amazingly bright and eager to improve herself. She's going to night school."

"Has she attended very long?"

"Well, I meant to say, she's going to go. I'm to help her with that part—the book knowledge. But there's all the rest—manners and etiquette and clothes and such—you could do so much for her if you only would, Mother."

"We'll talk it over when she calls," said Mrs. Kenyon, still avoiding Garry's eyes.

"When are you going to see her again?"

"We're going out in the woods Sunday," he answered, "for a long hike. Aileen has never had much out-of-doors, the poor dear."

He rattled on about their plans for the holiday, unaware of how deeply his auditor was absorbed in thought. This must be stopped before it went any further, she decided, but how? Garfield's father was worthless in a matter of this kind. Their Sunday walk in the woods seemed to offer a clue, a suggestion of a plan, but it evaded her tantalizingly. If only Garfield would keep on talking! Suppose he brought the girl home with him Sunday evening, what would happen? An idea suddenly flashed into being, and it was so simple that she smiled. Why, the situation would take care of itself; there would be nothing to do except to keep her hands off and be properly sympathetic when it was all over.

"And I know a little swamp that's just rank with wild berries at this season," Garry concluded, "she's going to have her first chance to eat them *au naturel*."

"But she may be a little hungry at the end of the day, dear," Mrs. Kenyon inter-



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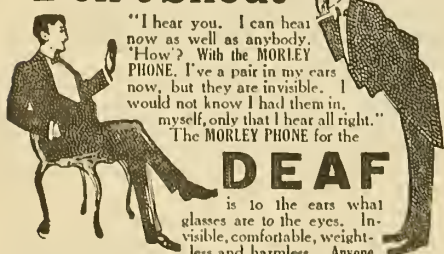
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A Glimpse of the Heights

(Continued)

posed, cleverly and casually adding: "Why not bring her in for a cup of tea and a sandwich on the way home?"

"That'll be splendid," he exclaimed, taking the bait with avidity. "Then you and Aileen can get acquainted—we'll have a quiet evening together—I know you and Dad will just love her."

"I'm sure I shall," his mother agreed, "if she'll only come. But you say she's a shy sort of girl—she may be timid about calling on us in her outdoor things."

"Oh, I'll take care of that," Garry volunteered, "she shan't know she's coming until she's here, so she'll have no chance to refuse."

Mrs. Kenyon rose with mixed feelings, irritated at her son's stupidity, yet thankful for his ignorance and innocence.

"I'll have a little tea all ready for her," she said, "Now you've been up late enough—you must run along to sleep. I'm going, too, so switch off the light."

Garry pushed the button, and put his arm about his mother's waist to guide her through the dark parlor. Before they separated at the bedroom hall he whispered:

"Just think, dear—some day you'll have a daughter as well as a son. Have you ever wanted a daughter?"

Her reply was a revelation—in its implication it summed up this remarkable woman's character.

"Before you came, Garfield," she told him, "I made up my mind to love you just as much if you were a girl instead of a boy."

She half-moved to kiss him, but stopped at the thought of her plans for Sunday evening.

"Good-night, Junior," she said instead.

"Sweet dreams, Mother."

And long before he had ceased visioning and tossing, she had dismissed the problem of eliminating this cheap and vulgar shop-girl from her son's future, and slept the deep slumber of unworried confidence!

It was high, hot noon, and Aileen and Garry stood upon a small expanse of grass, flecked with goldenrod, running down to a ledge of naked granite that marked the cornice of the Palisades. Below them the cliff dropped, a sheer hundred feet of stark precipice, and the wrinkled blue Hudson flowed so near to its base that Aileen saw only a narrow green ribbon of forest between rock and river. The far away sound was a silver thread, and Long Island a nebulous mist of robin's-egg blue that faded intangibly into the horizon. Dominating all was the great expanse of water to the North, sail-dotted and tortured by the paddles of stately white steamers, but calm as if sentient of its consequence.

Aileen threw back her head and flung out her eager arms as though to seize upon the scene and hold it forever close to her beauty-starved soul.

"My," she sighed, "ain't it just too grand for words?"

Garry turned from her in distaste, realizing only the vulgar emptiness of her exclamation. Here, he thought, where he had searched his soul vainly for words to capture but one aspect of all this grandeur, she sought to sum it up in a phrase cheaply redolent of the shop and gutter.

"Gee," she said, turning, "I'm terrible hot."

"Very hot," corrected Garry.

The color raced back to her fatigue-pale cheeks as she pressed her thin white lips together. Garry's constant corrections of her English had irritated her all morning. She had it coming to her, she thought, for being boob enough to ask for them; but couldn't the poor fish see he was spoiling their whole day?

Garry crasped off abruptly through the underbush, an aluminum pail gleaming in his hand. Aileen laid herself luxuriously on the grass, rolled up her sleeves, and opened her throat to the cooler air that flowed up from the river.

When Garry returned he set his dripping pail down upon a flat rock and began to break up hardwood boughs for a fire. Aileen wondered at what was apparently the first lapse in his unflinching thoughtfulness.

"Ain't—aren't you going to offer me a drink?" she called.

"I'm not sure of this water," he flung over his shoulder. "Think I'd better boil it first."

So she moistened her dry mouth with a tender joint of grass and watched him prepare their lunch, then suddenly aware of an appetite, she bestirred herself to lay out the bread and butter, find the salt, and cut tomatoes. This was barely finished when he brought the chops from the fire and arranged them into clumsy, juice-dripping sandwiches.

Followed a silent half-hour of contented munching. At last Aileen smiled her satisfaction across their rocky table to Garry—only to be repelled by what she saw. His mouth was greasy; perspiring over the fire had traced little grime-edged rivulets down his dusty face, and his fingernails were black with char and suet. Instinctively her eyes flicked to her own hands, and their condition earned Garry his forgiveness.

"Where's that non-drinkable water?" she demanded. "We better both wash up."

At the little pool where he had found water, Garry showed her how to use the fine sand at the bottom in lieu of soap. Back at their eyrie upon the cliff, he found an inviting couch of delicate pale ferns, and they abandoned themselves to the soporific after-effects of a heavy outdoor meal.

Dimly conscious of the vast turquoise arch overhead, and the Olympian magnificence of their high nest, they drowsed for a golden hour. Then Garry stirred, found the hard ground irksome, and arose. Here and there a late daisy pied the green of their little mead, and, thinking he might weave a crown, he looked at Aileen to wonder how it would become her fair head.

But he saw only that her outstretched arm was slim-wristed and round, and her breast white as the waist that betrayed its girlish purity of contour. For a long moment he gazed, rapt in the sudden realization that he was a man and she a woman; that love is possession as well as adoration. Then, with a self-denying shake of his head, he turned and strode to their granite table, where, with a great clattering of tinware, he began packing the cook kit.

Aileen stirred, sat up blinking, and called: "Garry! That ain't so nice."

"Sorry, dear," he responded contritely, "I didn't intend to spoil your nap."

The wall that had been between them all morning—built of her irritation at his constant corrections, and of his resentment at finding the city sparrow out of place in the green free forest—was down at last, and both greeted its fall with glad relief.

Aileen spoke with the candor of the newly awakened:

"I been a bad girl, Garry, to get sore at you. But you might come over and love me, 'stead of washing dishes."

She pursed her soft lips for his kiss, and made room for him beside her on the fern. But at the touch of his hot mouth something—not only the careful restraint of thought that civilization imposes, but a corporeal inhibition of arms and pulses as well—seemed to snap in both of them. Garry's protective chivalry, which until now had been the greater part of his romantic nature,

A Glimpse of the Heights

(Continued)

was suddenly forgotten in his imperious need of her; and she knew only that the careful guarding of voice and action called modesty was supremely petty beside this glowing thrill of fiery surrender.

Yet, as there is in all of us the urge of that moral sense which has set man above the brute, so in the hearts of these two was something more fundamental and more deeply seated even than the need of mating. A moment's fusing embrace—then, as at the command of a silent omnipotence, her hands were thrusting at his shoulders; and in that same instant and as at the same signal, his arms fell and he stood back.

His eyes were downcast and evasive; hers, candidly fearless, and there was only the faintest tremor in her voice when she spoke, with an attempt at lightness which might have been successful had he been wise enough to accept its hint.

"We mustn't play on the edge of the cliff, Garry. It's reckless."

She turned away with simulated carelessness, but was halted by the explosion of a muffled sob behind her. Incredulous, she whirled 'round, and discovered him upon his knees.

"Aileen," he implored hoarsely, "will you—can you—ever forgive me?"

Her smooth brow wrinkled in perplexed wonder.

"Forget it, Garry. I know what happened and so do you. Does it make us any the less—decent?"

"Of course not, but . . ."

"It should learn us a lesson, that's all. It has me."

"And me too, but—"

"That's all you've got to admit; forget the rest," interrupted Aileen, whose sure instinct knew that his shame cheapened herself.

She put a period to the discussion by walking decisively to their table rock. He got to his feet, grateful now that she had not prolonged his impulsive exhibition.

"C'mon over and help me pick up this young kitchen," he heard in her clear cool voice. "It's getting late."

So passed their only mad moment, and when at last they stood hand in hand on the bow of the homeward ferry, forgetting their sunburnt faces and tired limbs in the keen cool whipping of the evening breeze, their thoughts no longer dwelt upon it. But in their memories it was a live and perilous thing, waiting to be seized upon and used both as sword and shield in the conflict toward which the ferry carried them. They magnified its importance with the myopia of youth, for it would be years before either would admit that it could have happened with anyone else they had ever known—any other clean romantic lad, any other slim unawakened girl. To Garry especially it was the sign and seal of their predestined mating, and only a dean of psychologists could explain how this had somehow become the feeling that he now had a certain property right in her.

So they drifted toward New York, and toward the battle that is inevitable when a man's possessively selfish heart conflicts with a woman's generous sacrificial brain; and they knew no prescience of the impending tragic comedy, but only that the gracious twilight hid their dusty shoes and leaf-stained clothes, and worked magic glamor with the twinkling lights of the city by the river.

It was at this same moment that Garry's mother laid down her magazine and swung into the foyer hall of her apartment with the vigorous proud step that was characteristic of her. Seated at the telephone, she called a Washington Heights number, and was answered by a fresh girlish voice.



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A Glimpse of the Heights

(Continued)



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"Mrs. Kenyon speaking," she said, "isn't this Lila?"

Followed the usual interchange of greetings and inquiries as to their respective families. Then—

"I rang up, dear, to ask if you would like to come over for the evening. Garfield is bringing a young friend—a girl—in for tea, and I thought Mr. Kenyon and I might prove rather dull company for her."

"Really, I'd be delighted—I'll tear off the sports clothes I have on, and slip into something decent right away."

Mrs. Kenyon made no comment upon this program.

"Then I'll expect you in—say half an hour, dear?"

"Yes, Mrs. Kenyon."

"Thank you, Lila. Good-bye."

Replacing the receiver, Garry's mother studied a moment. Junior had been so dense the other evening—perhaps she should stage more obvious contrast to this gutter-snipe. She rang up some other numbers in rapid succession, and was exceptionally fortunate, considering that it was Sunday evening. Only one of her acquaintances regretted.

Garry's father was in the living room when she returned. His height and weight were as medium as was his income—he was a unit in the class of well-fed, grey-mustached executives who keep cars but drive themselves, and are in turn driven by their women. He blinked as he looked at his wife, and she saw that his eyes and trousers were baggy from his afternoon nap.

"Garfield—you know Junior is bringing that girl friend of his—Aileen is her name—home with him. Please go dress—they'll be here any minute."

Mr. Kenyon permitted himself the slight irritability of a man who knows in advance that resistance is useless.

"Great Scott, Mother, she isn't the Queen Sheba, is she? After a day in the woods, I doubt if she'll look like a fashion plate herself."

A discreetly repressed sigh advertised his wife's patient long-suffering.

"Surely, Garfield—a decent respect for a guest . . . Besides, some of Junior's other friends may drop in, you know."

Active antagonism can be met and crushed, but an impersonal negative argument is unanswerable. Her husband chewed his unlighted cigar for a moment, then

"I'll slip out to a movie," he decided. "I'm not in the humor to dress up for a pair of children."

At least, he hadn't yielded.

Mrs. Kenyon drew a long breath of satisfaction, and visited the kitchenette. Here she gave brief crisp orders, to which her colored maid listened with a deference unusual among present-day servants. Returning to the living room, she picked up her magazine and resumed the current serial where she had dropped it that afternoon.

As she sat in the radiance of the reading lamp, she might have been posing for the Portrait of a Happy Mother, so pleased with her generalship was she, so calmly confident of her victory.

"How come we get off here, Garry?" Aileen demanded as she saw the unfamiliar corner at which they had left the street car. "This ain't—this isn't the Avenue."

He smiled reassurance to her.

"I live near here, and you're so tired that I'm going to bring you in for a cup of tea before I take you the rest of the way home."

She drew a quick breath of apprehension.

"But Garry—I'm not fit to be seen. Just look at this skirt—those muddy sneakers—my hair. And I feel so hot and tired."

"You needn't be afraid, dear. There'll be only mother and father—they'll make allowances. I've told them about you—they're so anxious to meet my wonderful girl."

So, against better judgment and woman's instinct, Aileen yielded to the entreaty in his eyes and permitted him to lead her into the marble hall of the "Hamilton Arms." But when the gleaming bronze elevator appeared, with its neat suave negro operator, not even Garry could dispel her sense of intrusion. She felt her heart hammering away during the upward ride, and after they left the car she surreptitiously rolled her wadded handkerchief between moist palms.

"Hello, Mother" Garry sang out at his door, "Two hungry children out here—" He stopped on the last word with open mouth. Over his shoulder Aileen saw the little cluster of guests in the living room—caught a flickering impression of soft light on gleaming silk, the scintillation of a diamond on a girl's bosom, a firm-featured matron turning without surprise. She went suddenly limp, but after a moment of blank horror her supple body tensed and her resilient brain cleared. It would be easy enough to apologize and leave.

"Hello, everybody," Garry was saying. "I'd no idea there was going to be a party, Mother."

Mrs. Kenyon arose and came out into the foyer hall.

"The girls dropped in late in the afternoon," she said when they were safely beyond hearing. "I was rather lonesome, so I kept them."

Her eyes were on his companion as she finished, and Aileen felt vaguely that the words were addressed to her.

Garry seized the opportunity for the necessary introduction.

"This is our Aileen, Mother," he said, while their eyes met. Then, as their hands touched, Aileen broke out with:

"Mrs. Kenyon, I—I see you got company, and—well, Garry would bring me up; I couldn't talk him out of it. I—I'll just go on home—and visit you some other night."

Mrs. Kenyon smiled, so disarmingly and hospitably that the girl's confusion left her.

"My dear"—and her manner could be most gracious when she wished—"my dear, these are just a few of our neighbors—friends of Junior's. You really must stay and have a cup of tea with us."

Aileen, collected now, could think clearly and invent excuses.

"But," trying to look as wan as possible, "I'm real tired; it was so hot to-day. I've got a headache, too—I'm awfully sorry."

Garry's mother fairly beamed.

"Then, you see, I simply can't allow you to leave until you're rested and refreshed. Give me your hat, dear."

Still smiling maternally, she took Aileen's arm.

"Come with me," she invited, "you'll probably want to wash your hands and fix your hair before tea."

For all her woman's diplomatic adroitness, this mother's masculinity of mind extended even to giving the girl a fair chance. She had determined that Aileen should feel, after her inferiority had been brought home to her, that it was a genuine unworthiness and no mere trick of having been taken at a disadvantage, in an unkempt, bewildered condition. Therefore, after showing her the dainty ivory brush and comb on her own dresser, she left Aileen in the bathroom to improve her appearance as best she could.

So the issue was drawn—now surely an

A Glimpse of the Heights

(Continued)

hour of comparison with girls of Garry's own type would convince either him or Aileen, or both, that their marriage was doomed to failure.

Yet Garfield's mother had reckoned without one thing—the inborn fighting spirit of the gutter snipe. Given the proper sort of human material at the beginning, the turbulent, aggressive Avenue rears its children to be fighters. Their courage is not brilliant, for there is nothing brilliant in long years of grim, unending struggle for the bare necessities of life. Yet in the ability to fight on—hopelessly, unintelligently, yet indomitably—they are surpassed by no thoroughbreds on earth.

Aileen soaped her hands and face, chilled them with cold water, and rubbed her cheeks with a coarse towel. She longed for her dog-eared little handbag, with its cheap livid makeup—but who would have thought of taking rouge for a day in the woods? So, unconscious of how badly her cosmetics would have betrayed her, she bit her lips while she recoiled her hair at the mirror in Mrs. Kenyon's room.

They were very red and slightly swollen when she emerged, but her last look in the glass had told her that her cheeks were just the right pink to set off her blue eyes, and her spun-gold hair was neat if not elaborate.

Then, while she was introduced to Lila Valentine, Jacqueline Morgan, and Fania Shapiro—"our coming great pianist"—poor Aileen tried to feel that she, a free-born American, was as good as any of them—and failed.

She avoided joining in the chatter which sprung up after the introductions. The girls were too well-bred to leave her entirely out of the conversation, but she confined her answers to the merest commonplace. The fear of certain questions brooded over her—where she lived, what schools she had attended, who she knew—and this fear kept her huddled in a corner chair until tea was served.

With the meal, Mrs. Kenyon increased the boldness of her attack. She kept Garry by her side, and placed Aileen across the table from them. Here, she noted with satisfaction, the girl's crumpled blouse seemed unforgivable beside Lila's smart grooming; and Aileen herself appeared childishly immature and undesirable when contrasted with Jacqueline's ripe opulence.

Keeping her eyes upon her plate, blushing often and eating almost nothing, Aileen fought her way through a horrible hour of muffins, sandwiches, preserves, tea and fruit. She tried imagining that her stockings were dry and not horribly damp and clingy; that she was quite accustomed to dropping in for tea at smart homes; that she had bathed. . . . But it was hopeless. Under the circumstances, not even a Yogi could have demonstrated the triumph of mind over matter.

They returned to the living room at last, and Mrs. Kenyon stopped her guest before the open grand piano.

"You children will probably want some music now," she said. "Do you play?" to Aileen.

"No, ma'a—Mrs. Kenyon, I—I'm out of practice," she blurted, flushing at the thought that she had almost called her hostess "ma'an"—as though she were a customer in the five and ten!

And from that instant Aileen's mouth kept hardening, while the danger signals snapped more menacingly in her cheeks and eyes with every passing moment. For the first time since entering Garry's house, she was deliberately thinking things over; and her anger increased with each conclusion reached by her honest, analytical brain.

"Do you play?"—after introducing Fania



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A Glimpse of the Heights

(Continued)

as "our coming great pianist!" Surely a comparison had been attempted there, as well as at the table. And then—in the hallway as she entered—before she had been introduced to Mrs. Kenyon, how peculiarly Garry's mother had explained the presence of guests, directing her words not at him, but pointblank to herself. The composition of the girl-friends' group was suspicious, too—a fashion-plate, she thought bitterly, an experienced entertainer, and a swell vamp. Why, the only thing lacking to show her up completely was a high-brow!

Jacqueline was singing, and when her rich, throbbing contralto had died away, Aileen deliberately coarsened her voice to compliment the vocalist. And astute Mrs. Kenyon, under-estimating her opponent, fell into the trap.

"Won't you sing something for us, dear?" she asked, with that graciousness which seemed so genuine. "All the others have—and I'm sure Fania can play anything you know."

Aileen, not yet sure of her ground, but vibrating to the rage that seethed within her, stammered: "I'm afraid my performance wouldn't be very good after theirs."

"Don't mind that, my dear," beamed Mrs. Kenyon, "I'll probably give a worse one when you've finished."

She appealed to her son.

"Junior, you ask her—I know she'll do her bit to oblige you."

Turning to Garry, Aileen found only frank encouragement in his smiling face. He was secretly disappointed that his sweetheart had made no better showing, and felt only that her voice was charming to him and must therefore be charming to others.

"Pretty please," he begged, "sing 'Side-walks of New York' and show these girls they're not the only orioles in the orchard."

As Fania struck an opening chord, Aileen rose slowly from her chair. Her eyes were wide and level, with no hint of tears, but her pale cheeks twitched with her distended nostrils. Her fists hung pugnaciously; and her straight little body, stiffened by passion, seemed to grow and rise above the taller women in the room, even as her personality now eclipsed them in its dramatic consequence.

Fania, whose back was turned to the scene, rippled her fingers over the keys, evoking the familiar strains:

"East Side, West Side, all around the town,
Boys and girls together—"

A tune of the Avenue and its hurdy-gurdies, reeking of home, odorless of its tawdry pleasures.

"Cut that out," Aileen snapped, peremptorily. Her voice was low, but taut and cold and clear. Fania swung away from the piano, amazement stamped upon her sensitive face.

Mrs. Kenyon started to her feet.

"What is the matter?" she demanded, seeking to take the situation into her competent hands.

And Garry cried: "Aileen—why dear, what is it?" in a shocked and uncomprehending way that eliminated him from the clash. Now it was only woman against woman—and the Avenue against the Heights. Aileen glared at her hostess scornfully.

"You got a nerve to ask me what's the matter!" she burst out. "You framed me, and you know it!"

Mrs. Kenyon grew frigid.

"I really don't understand you," she rejoined.

"Oh, you got me, all right. You know I was ignor'nt, didn't you? And Garry told you where we was goin'—so you knew I'd look, when I got back, like somepin' the

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A Glimpse of the Heights

(Continued)

garbage man forgot to take away—now, didn't you?"

"My dear child—I'm afraid the heat—" "Heat nothin'. Lissen—you sent out and got the pick of your neighborhood in here, so's your son could size me up alongside them. Then you kidded me into comin' in to play the star part in your little show. Had it all figured out that when he saw what a mutt I was he'd get sick—ain't that the truth?"

The vigor, the relentless ferocity, of this sudden attack swept Mrs. Kenyon from her poise, and she took refuge in an evasion.

"Ridiculous!" she cried. "Junior—how can you permit her to insult me? Take your friend home immediately."

For all the outraged pride she threw into this utterance, it was an admission of defeat. After a lifetime of scheming diplomacy and covert politics in the very heart of her family as well as in the social and business world, she had met a better woman.

"All right," cried Aileen, "I'll go—I'll go. And I don't need no help—I ain't intendin' to break up no family. But before I get out, let me tell you this: Some day or other Garry's goin' to get wise to you—and then watch out. If you been framin' his whole life the way you slip the hook into his sweeties—watch out!"

She turned to Garry—not a bit of a lady, but a wonderful woman in that moment. Her flashing eyes dimmed with tears, she gulped, and her voice was shaken by a sob that seemed conquered in mid-throat as she said:

"I can't expect you to take my part against your folks—and I don't want you should."

With impulsive sympathy, he stepped forward, but she silenced him, her slim hand outstretched imperiously.

"I and you would have made a swell team—not! It's all off now. Good-bye, Garry, good-bye."

Her hand had dropped to her side while she spoke, and now it clutched at her skirt as she wavered. Then, as if drawing upon some new and mysterious reservoir of resolution, she straightened, and Garry saw the hand rise in a clenched fist that smote her breast as she turned to run from the room.

"Wait, Aileen!" he shouted, and caught her. Gasping, she struggled to free herself from his arms; and for a moment their bodies swayed back and forth in a conflict as old as human life itself—a spectacle that brought little sniffs of horror from the four ladies who, in that luxurious apartment, watched a man's passion for physical dominance assert itself over the defensive fury of an elemental woman.

At last Garry's strength prevailed, and he turned so that he and Aileen faced his mother and her little group of beautiful satellites. He had each of Aileen's wrists in a firm grip, and she had resigned herself, but without meekness, to the inevitable. Had she been the type of woman to be won by the violence of the cave-man, she would have surrendered to him in that moment; but as it was she submitted with as much defiance as she had fought.

Mrs. Kenyon shrank as she saw that Garry's boyish face had suddenly hardened, for the first time, into a man's. But he did not demand the truth from her, as she had expected. Instead, his look passed appraisingly over the girls' eyes, and found understanding in Fania Shapiro's.

"How did you happen to be here, Fania," he inquired, "this time tonight? Did you just drop in—or were you invited?"

"Garry," Fania replied with a superb smile, "your mother rang me up and asked me especially to come over and meet Aileen."

"Thanks," said Garry simply. "You're a good fellow, Fania."

He loosed Aileen's hands, and slipped his arm about her waist.

"So you were right," he murmured, as much to himself as to her. "Let's go out, dear—I must talk to you."

It was as though his mother had ceased to exist. Defeated but unconquered, she watched them as they left the room, with Garry's dark head inclined loverlike over Aileen's fair curls, and his arm about her slim and yielding waist.

"Perhaps I should leave now," suggested Fania, still with the shadow of a smile playing about her truthful mouth.

"Certainly not," Mrs. Kenyon replied absently. "It really didn't matter, my dear. I'm only an out-of-date mother, who tried to guard her son from his folly—and had her heart broken for trying. Suppose you play something for me."

Still unbending, she sat down stiffly in her favorite chair, and resolutely turned her capable mind to cope with this new crisis in her son's life. And indeed, it was plainly evident even to the inexperienced girls about her that this woman's heart would never break while there were plans to be made and schemes to be devised.

Poor Mrs. Kenyon—she knew of no other way to live!

WHEN Aileen and Garry reached the little park at the foot of the Heights, it was deserted by casual loungers and baby-aiming mothers, and so few were the inevitable sentimental couples that they had little difficulty in finding the privacy of an unoccupied bench.

Garry had been so busy with his emotional resentment, since they left his home, and Aileen with her thinking and planning, that neither had spoken, and both had welcomed the other's silence.

Still quiet, they sat while Aileen waited for Garry's attitude to be defined in words. In a single lightning-like flash of intuitive perception, she had already drawn upon her years of thinking and speculating over the tragedies of woman's mating and had determined upon her course of action. So until Garry should speak and confirm her presentiment of his intentions, she dismissed the situation and sought only for strength to hold to her purpose.

Groping among the black shadows cast by the silhouetted trees, her eyes flicked to the fairy-land of lights that glimmered above and below the dim shore of the distant river, and finally they turned up to the creamy moon that hung serene in the star-flecked sky. And it seemed to her that the moon smirked inquisitively at the unwonted spectacle of these young lovers, sitting so far apart and so indifferent to the insidious appeal of the sensuous night. Aileen's mouth twisted grimly at this idea, and she set her jaw with a little click of teeth that roused Garry from his reverie.

"Dear," he said abruptly, turning to take her hand, "I'm—rather dazed. Two or three things are just beginning to shape up clearly, though, and one of them is—that I hate my mother now as much as I ever loved her."

"O, Garry—don't say that!"

"But it's true. Hear me out, please. I'll never be able to go back and live at home again. She was—treacherous!"

"Well?" There was no upward inflection at the end of the word: Aileen was too dully tired to make it more than a monosyllable.

"I'm going to show her what you are! I'm going to prove to her what I think of you! We'll be married tomorrow, sweetheart, and then she'll have to give me up—or else accept you—and be proud of you!"



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A Glimpse of the Heights

(Continued)

"Supposing, Garry, she—doesn't."
"No matter what happens, I'm a man now—I can support us. I'll give up college and get a job."

"But is that fair to yourself, Garry—leaving out of it all your folks have put into educating you?"

"I'll be the judge of that, dear. At least, if we do that it'll show my mother that I consider the girl I love the equal of any woman in the world."

"But will it make me that, Garry?" With the question, she turned and spread out her little hands appealingly. "Can't you see that the reason why you're so sore at her—the reason why you don't just let the whole business drop without tryin' to give her a black eye over it—is that she's right?"

He lifted a wondering face to look into her eyes incredulously.

"What? You don't mean that, dear—you can't."

"Yeah, she's got me sized up right. I ain't—equipped—to be your wife, Garry. I know it's an awful knock to hand myself, but it's the truth."

"See here," he said abruptly, "that's nonsense."

"Listen," she commanded, "while I talk more like it. S'pose we're married—what then? I admit you're clever, but you couldn't do better'n twenty-five per as a clerk in some law office. Chances are I'd have to keep on at the five and ten so's we could get by."

She was talking rapidly now, in little gasps that fought their way out of her tender young bosom—fought their way against the lure of a personal triumph over his scornful mother, and against the singing call of her heart for this slim young lad whom love had made her own.

"And just think, Garry, they—they mightn't always be only two of us. What sort of a bringing up could I give your kids, I ask you? What do I know to teach 'em?"

"But, Aileen," he rejoined, returning insistently to the only phase of the problem he could see, "my mother turned you out of her house to-night. We can't endure that!"

"We got to, Garry."

"Maybe you haven't any pride, dear, but I have. Do you think I can go back home and admit that I'm just a whipped puppy—without spunk enough to live my own life?"

The girl was silent. All this seemed so futile, so utterly beside the point—and she must save the little strength that remained to her—waste none of it in useless argument: husband it to the last drop so that Garry might eventually be won over to her broader vision.

"You see now that I'm right, don't you?"

She could not answer, and this he understood to be acquiescence. When he saw how limp and frail she had become, he experienced a warm glow of pity and tenderness at the sight, and bent toward her protectively.

"Kiss me," he whispered, "and let me take you home. In the morning we'll be married, and live happily ever after, the way they do in the story books."

"No, Garry—no."

Only a low, scarce-heard moan, her words excited no resentment when they told him he had failed.

"But, Aileen," patiently, as with a child—"well, what do you want to do?"

"We got to wait, Garry—wait 'till you're through college and I'm through night school. 'Till you're a lawyer, and I'm a lady."

He sighed wearily.

"Can't you understand that after what's happened any man—any man with self-

respect—would have to marry you right away?"

She lifted her hands to his shoulders and turned a pale, tense face up to his.

"Garry—can't you see that once we're married it'll be ten times as hard? What with me workin' at the store, an' gettin' your meals and wash, like I did my dad, I'd never have no time to study. I'd never get to your level, Garry—an' would I want to drag you down to mine?"

"But sweetheart—it will be years, maybe—the best part of our lives, and now—we love each other and we're young."

His voice dropped and died; but a moment of her silence, and the surrounding darkness of the intimate summer night, gave him boldness to go on.

"Aileen, do you remember—on the cliff, today?"

She stirred uneasily, and her hands fell from his shoulders. Unabashed, he drew her closer.

"What happened there—doesn't that prove we're the only ones in the world for each other?"

"What for do you want to bring that up—now?"

"Waiting isn't loving, sweetheart. And—we might drift away from each other."

Aileen's eyes closed, and little red spots of light danced before them in time to the hammering of blood in her temples. How unfair and how unjust of him! she thought; and then, crashing with stunning impact upon her already numbed mind, came the idea that it was worthy of his mother!

But what was he saying now?

"—and you'll—want me, again—you know you will. And then in a little while, when we're both tired of wanting and waiting, we'll get married anyway. So what's the use of putting it off?"

She tore herself out of his arm, and as he finished was already upon her feet.

"Garry—what do you mean? Tryin' to bribe me with the cheapest, the least part of real honest-to-God love?"

His sullen reply showed that he was stung by the rebuke in her voice.

"You're no better than I am," he muttered, "you loved me that way yourself, this afternoon."

She drew backward, and drooped limply against the bench thinking . . . and at last she reached the conclusion that in blaming him she wronged him. After all, what had she to offer, beyond a woman's face and body, that he could value?

Not until then did she realize that she was of the finer, and he of the grosser, clay; and that hers was the higher and truer morality, uncontaminated by the Avenue as his was uninspired by the purer air of the Heights. Yet for such is the heart of a woman, she loved him none the less.

But her argument had been right, and her judgment just. So now, with unshaken faith in the pitiless extreme to which her inexorable logic pointed, she steeled herself for the greatest sacrifice of all.

"Maybe I did—love you that way—then," she whispered. After an incredulous silence on his part, and a breathless moment of struggling for strength on hers, she continued, clearer and firmly: "But now—I've just made up my mind—that I don't love you at all."

He sprang to his feet and swayed toward her.

"Why, Aileen," he gasped, "you don't mean—"

But her voice, cold and incisive now, cut him short.

"You can just bet I do," she said grimly, while her unconscious hands were back at

A Glimpse of the Heights

(Concluded)

their old trick of plucking at her skirt. "You got me right, Garry—it's all a mistake."

"I don't understand, dear—"

She had turned away from him, so he did not see the thin little fist rise again and fall heavily upon her breast, as it had done once before that night.

"Then I'll wise you up, Garry."

Her face was downcast, and the hoarse words drifted to him over her shoulder weakly, with no force behind them.

"Did you never think that maybe I was only kiddin' you along, Garry—just out for a good time? Well, that's the truth—on the level, it is."

No answer came from the boy; she sensed his presence only in the atmosphere of hopeless, dull despair that follows the infliction of a sudden cruel wound.

"I wouldn't marry you nor nobody—not while I got the looks to pick up a nice safe fella an' work him for a good time like I did you."

She stopped to listen, but no answering protest came from him.

"I didn't want to hurt your feelings, Garry, honest. But you made me come clean."

From behind her she heard a fumble of movement, followed by an exclamation that was neither a sob nor a groan, but compound of both—something that lent strength to her jaded body and wings to her tired feet. Panting and racked with grief, she ran up the walk, and no sound came from her soft tennis shoes to raise his bowed head.

The short skirt she wore needed no picking up as she ran, so she was able to cover her face with her hands after reaching the street, thus partly concealing the ravages of weariness, exertion and sorrow. Dabbing at her eyes with a handkerchief that was still fragrantly reminiscent of bitter, blue wood-smoke and the fire of their noon-day luncheon on the cliff, she cut a corner and plunged headlong into a hard and muscular chest. Swaying, she would have fallen, had not a sinewy hand set her upon her feet again as though she were a child.

"Where you going, Miss?" inquired the policeman who had sustained the brunt of their collision.

Dazed and blinking, she looked up, and he saw that her face was terrible in the beauty of its simple agony.

"To night school," she said, and passed him.

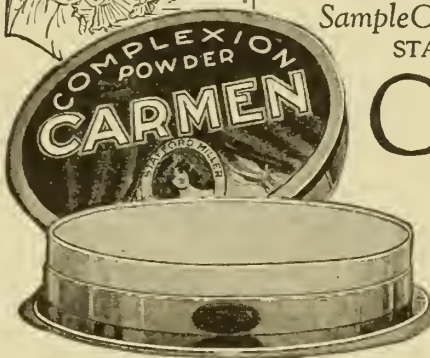
He watched her as she groped her way down the deserted block, stumbling over the inequalities of the pavement—a pitiful little figure that advertised its woe in every limp curve of drooping head and shoulder. She passed into a shadow, and when she emerged into the glare of the next street light, he saw with satisfaction that her back was squared and her head erect.

Borne by the fighting spirit of the Avenue, and walking now with a firm determined stride, she passed from his sight toward the wider horizons that were her undeniable birthright.



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Conchita's Compliment

By

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

I HAD occasion, one day, to go down into the slums and find a little hungry looking kiddie, and bring her up to the Photoplay Magazine offices. She was to take part in a benefit picture that was to be taken—a picture that was to help many another hungry little kiddie.

And so I went down to a place on the Bowery, somewhere below Houston Street, where a certain Settlement House stands. And in the kindergarten room of that Settlement House I came upon Conchita Terranova—who was hungry-looking and thin enough to satisfy the most exacting director. And with the permission of the Settlement House lady and, later, of Conchita's over-voluble, shawl-wrapped, and Italian mother, I bundled her into a taxicab, and started for the large building where Photoplay is located.

Conchita, despite her forlorn looks, was a dear little girl. She snuggled close to me, in the taxi, and thrust a tiny clawlike hand into mine. But to my spoken advances she was strangely dumb—she answered my many questions with a wide smile, and nothing more. Even when I asked—as every grown-up has asked some child, since the very beginning of time—

"Has the kitty-cat got your tongue, honey?" She said nothing. We were passing Madison Square before I came to realize that the child knew no English. And as I knew no Italian, our conversation languished.

And yet, despite our lack of words, we grew to know each other very well—Conchita and I—before our ride was over. By the subtle language of pats, and hugs, and little quick handclaps, we had become great friends.

The trip up in the elevator to the fifteenth floor of the office building was a real adventure to the small girl. But she said nothing—only clung to my coat and smiled up at me. And the people who spoke to her, so kindly, when we reached the offices of Photoplay Magazine, were another adventure. Shyly she touched the skirt of one girl's satin dress, demurely she shook hands with another girl. But still she did not speak; still I had to explain, to those who questioned me,

"She's a little Italian girl. She doesn't understand!"

And then, at last, we reached the inner circle of offices. And Conchita's great brown eyes—the very largest part of her—grew bigger and brighter as she saw the

rugs and the shiny desks, and the framed pictures upon the wall. Her glance roamed about the room and suddenly fastened upon a certain picture—a large portrait of one Charles Spencer Chaplin. And, turning suddenly to me, she spoke her first words in English—words that I later learned were the only ones that she could speak.

"Charlie Chaplin," she exclaimed clearly and distinctly, "Charlie Chaplin! Charlie Chaplin!"

And the expression on her face seemed, to me, a rather perfect tribute!

A GREAT editor once gave me a bit of advice—at the very beginning of my writing days—a bit of advice that I have never forgotten.

"Write simply," he told me, "so that everybody will understand what you're trying to say. Don't be a highbrow—don't try to use big words and upstage expressions. Write stories and poems that the man in the street can understand—if you do that the man in the limousine won't have any trouble with them! But if you write to the man in the limousine the man in the street is mighty likely to pass you up!"

I have thought of the Editor's advice a good many times since the day when he gave it to me. I know a bit more about writing, now—and about people—than I did then. And the more that I know about them, both the writing and the people, the more I realize the truth of what he said to me.

Robert Browning was a great poet—a very great poet, indeed. But I have heard many brilliant people admit that some of his poems were a trifle beyond their comprehension; and I have heard a great many people—who were average instead of brilliant—say emphatically that his verses were quite useless.

"What's the good of a perfect poem," I've heard more than one solid citizen argue, "if nobody can understand it?"

James Whitcomb Riley was not—according to certain standards—a great poet. But I fancy that there were very few people who did not understand and love, his verses. Children cherished volumes of his poetry, and older folk cared just as much for his work as the children did. When he passed away, not so very long ago, the whole of our land was saddened. His death came as a personal loss to many thousands of people.

Conchita's Compliment

(Concluded)

"It was just as if we knew him," I've heard people say. "He told about things we understood, in the simplest way. He never seemed to be showing off, like a lot of poets do!"

In the final analysis I wonder who would be called the most successful man—the most worth-while man of the two—Robert Browning or James Whitcomb Riley? I'm not stating anything as a fact—I'm not even suggesting anything. But I have my own opinion!

I'd rather be a person that folk loved than one that they stood in awe of. I'd rather be a person that people understood than one who caused them, always, to search for subtle messages and hidden meanings. I'd rather be as easy to read as a primer than as difficult to read as line of hieroglyphics.

To me, Conchita's compliment to Mr. Chaplin was one of the biggest compliments that could have been bestowed upon a public character. She was an alien, she spoke a foreign tongue, and yet his name—out of all the English language, came readily to her lips. She knew and loved him with every bit of her little-girl heart.

There are many other stars who have vast followings. There are many other actresses and actors who are finished artists, in every sense of the word. But there are not many who have inspired the warm friendship and love that Charlie Chaplin has inspired!

It seems to me that it's far greater to be a James Whitcomb Riley of the movies than a Robert Browning of the films!

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 68)

M. E. C., LITTLE ROCK.—It always impresses petty people if you act as if they bore you. They will have a great secret admiration for your intelligence. Louise Fazenda has her own comedy company now, releasing through Special Pictures Corporation, in Los Angeles. She is working in the first two-reeler now. Teddy, the celebrated canine, is with her. Priscilla Dean was married to Wheeler Oakman in February, 1920. Priscilla is twenty-four. Tom Meighan is thirty-three.

M. L. K., CHICAGO.—So your mother said I would answer your questions all right, as that was what I was good for. H—mm. Well, it's rather a relief to know that I am good for something. I had doubts on the subject before. Bessie Barriscale is married to Howard Hickman. Address Pearl White at the William Fox studios, New York City.

SOMEONE, HIGH BRIDGE, N. J.—Such is my modesty that if I were writing to myself I should sign it, "Nobody, N. Y." But it takes all kinds to make a world doesn't it? Anyway, Cullen Landis is with Goldwyn and he is married.

AMELIA M., BRAZIL.—Greetings, Amelia! Top of the morning, and all that sort of thing, you know. Think of your writing me all that just to ask if Charles Ray is married. Yes he is, Amelia; and what's more, he's happily married. Clara Kimball Young was divorced from James Young, the director, sometime ago, but she still uses the name of Young for professional purposes. Her new picture is "Hush." No, it's all right—that's just the name of the picture.

(Continued on page 95)

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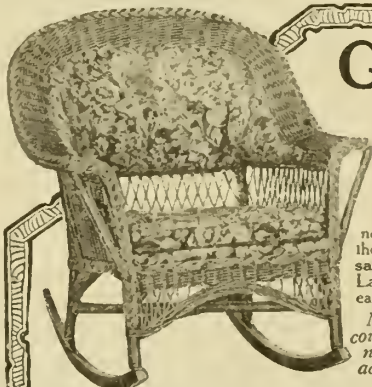
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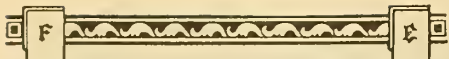
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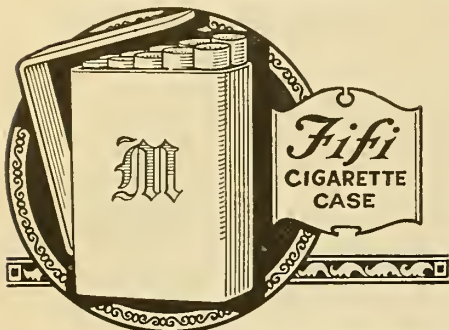
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Why-Do-They Do-It

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, that was stupid, unlike like, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

A Long Journey

ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN in "The Daughter Pays," leaves the Inn during a terrific storm in the dead of night, rushes to her home in a motor, and upon her arrival emerges from the car into a beautiful sunshiny day.

Mrs. S., Hoboken, N. J.

There's Nothing New, Etc.

I DON'T know whether to believe my grandmother or the movies. In "The Mark of Zorro," Lolita, the heroine, when speaking of Zorro (Douglas Fairbanks) says, "He isn't a man—he's a fish."

My eighty-year-old grandmother gave me to understand that such slang wasn't even known in her day, and the time of "The Mark of Zorro" was one hundred years ago.

M. F., Seattle, Wash.

Most Unusual

I pulled the girl out of a tank of water—and she was all wet! I am sure this must have been an error on the director's part, as it is the first time I have seen this happen in the films.

P. I., New Rochelle, N. Y.

B. V. D. (Before Vaccination Developed)

I "Kismet" the excellent detail is somewhat marred by the view the spectator gets of a prominent vaccination mark on the arm of the favorite wife of the Wizard of Mancur. The action was laid 1,000 years ago. I merely mention it.

HARRY E. COREY, Toronto, Canada.

Try This Over on Your Telephone

THERE is something that is done frequently on the screen that I think the directors should be tipped off to. The latest

instance occurred in Fox's "While New York Sleeps." Whenever a player who is talking on the telephone wishes to speak an "aside" not to be heard by the party on the other end of the wire, he almost invariably presses the mouthpiece against his chest, evidently with the idea that this deadens sound. On the contrary, by doing this you can talk successfully to a person who could scarcely hear you under the ordinary method of speaking into the mouthpiece. I always do this when a connection is poor. The one best way to insure the man on the other end of the wire not hearing is to put your hand over the mouthpiece.

VIOLET JOHNSON, Portland, Oregon.

Playing the Piker

I George Fitzmaurice's "Paying the Piper" Alma Tell, as the singer, expects Rod LaRoque, with whom she is in love, to present her with an engagement ring on her birthday. When Rod gives her a diamond bracelet instead, she sorrowfully tells him to leave her. He does—but he leaves the diamond bracelet on Alma's arm. Just when we were all feeling so sorry for her, too!

J. O. E., Fort Wayne, Indiana.

You're Too Particular

I "Good References," when Constance Talmadge applies for a position, her patent leather belt is very noticeable. She leaves the office and a minute later appears at the street entrance, sans said belt. Another moment she dashes into the street after an automobile accident and when she takes the victim's head into her lap, she is again wearing her belt. Little things like this bother me very much.

GLADYS J. CARR Washington, D. C.



Desert Island Etiquette

I REALLY would like to know how one is supposed to act on a desert island. In "Marooned Hearts," Conway Tearle has been marooned for a year on a South Sea Island, when his former sweetheart—a frivolous society girl—is cast up on the same island. In a close-up of Conway, he is costumed in a white shirt that has just come from the laundry, a spotless checked pair of

riding breeches, shining shoes and puttees, and drawing-room hair and complexion. On his cot the blankets and sheets look perfectly new. But—the girl, Zena Keefe, having been on the Island one day, evidently knows what is expected of her by the great motion picture public, for she makes herself the conventional rope dress. Now I ask you!

T. B. M., Syracuse, N. Y.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 93)

MISS SOPHIE, TORONTO.—You recall the old one about the tourist who looked at the volcano and said, "Looks like hell, doesn't it?" And the native said, "How these Americans have travelled!" I hate to tell you that your letter looked like what the tourist called the volcano, but I am only human, and respectfully suggest that you use black ink on white paper in the future, not vice versa. Antonio Moreno, Vitagraph studios, Hollywood, Cal.

L. B. C., PITTSFORD.—Oh, yes, I understand that that couple is very happy. They are more like good friends than husband and wife. Milton Sills is married; so is Jack Mulhall. Eugene O'Brien isn't. But he is still with Selznick, where he made "Broadway and Home." Address, Selznick studios, Fort Lee, N. J. Douglas Fairbanks, Hollywood, Cal.

GRACIA.—Don't call me Oracle; it sounds too much like Treacle, and I never did know what that means. Mary Hay was born August 22, 1901. She's five feet high and appeared in a minor part in "Hearts of the World." This was her only film appearance until "Way Down East" where she had a role of considerably more importance. Her husband, Richard Barthelmess, is five feet seven inches tall and has brown eyes. You're entirely welcome.

ELIZABETH, CLINTON, N. Y.—I like stuffed dates, but I don't know that I'd call them piquant. Didn't you ever hear that word before? I am sorry you are exercised over the fact that you have seen it spelled Pialoglo instead of Pialoglou. I assure you we wouldn't for the world hurt your feelings by leaving off that extra "u"; but if I had been consulted Constance Talmadge would have married a man by the name of Smith or Jones. It would have been so much easier for me. Natalie Talmadge isn't married.

L. D., CHICAGO.—You're sixteen and can't sleep nights because you want to go into the pictures and you don't want me to say you should be spanked and put to bed for having movie ambitions. If you can't sleep I assure you I wouldn't insist upon the going to bed part of the program, but I would insist upon the spanking. If I had a motion picture company, I would give you a job. Since I haven't, I'd advise you to read the story in the May book, "Ride, Swim and Dance," which may help you to decide what you're going to do about your movie ambitions.

E. K. Z., DETROIT.—I am not a personal friend of Kathleen O'Connor; I have only my cold impersonal files to tell me that she is 23 years of age and unmarried. Perhaps it is just as well that I am not a personal friend of Kathleen. She is with Universal; address her U City, California.

M. S., NORTH CAROLINA.—He who admits defeat, deserves it. Frank Mayo has brown hair and gray eyes; born in 1886. Owen Moore has not married again, nor has Tom. Mary Pickford is 27.

H. E. FIELDER.—I am sorry, but I can't give you the name of the picture in which the leading lady is a wealthy woman who goes on a slumming party and meets the hero in a grog shop and later reforms him. There have been so many pictures like that, you know. Can't you give me more details? Aside from the fact that it *must* be an old picture, I have very little to work on.

(Continued on page 113)



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Sentimental Tommy

(Continued from page 41)



It was all very well when Grizel felt like entering into the play, but not so well when she had a mischievous day and would spoil everything by saying, "Don't think I'll go down on my knees to you!" instead of saying, "Good, my prince, how can I thank you?"

NARRATED, by permission, from the Paramount-Artcraft production, directed by John S. Robertson. Adapted by Josephine Lovett from the story by James M. Barrie. Enacted by the following cast:

Sentimental Tommy Sandys

.....Gareth Hughes
Grizel.....May McAvoy
Doctor McQueen.....George Fawcett
Elspeth Sandys.....Leila Frost
David.....Kempton Greene
The Painted Lady.....Mabel Taliaferro
Lady Alice Pippinworth.....Virginia Valli
Corp.....Harry L. Coleman

Always Grizel was a princess and always Elspeth was a devoted slave to Tommy, so discriminately did Tommy cast his players. And always he was a conquering hero, appearing at the right instant to rescue the princess and throw her into transports of gratitude and admiration. Which was all very well when Grizel felt like entering into the play, but not so well when she had a mischievous day and would spoil everything by saying, "Don't think I'll go on my knees to you!" instead of "Good my prince, how can I thank you!"

So with study and playtime, laughter and heart-burnings, the lines of the quaint, childish triangle were strengthened. Elspeth openly adoring Tommy and doing her best to keep his thoughts from Grizel, trembling lest she be supplanted in her brother's affection. Grizel openly flouting Tommy, yet sometimes letting her longing for sympathy and tenderness slip through her mask of indifference, at which times his heart was hopelessly torn between love for them both.

"Why canna ye love each other, when I love ye both?" scolded Tommy to Grizel. She cocked her head saucily. "That's a man's question," she declared, with the uncanny wisdom so far beyond her years.

"That's the very reason we can't love each other, because you love us both! Elspeth wants you all to herself!"

"And ye?" asked Tommy eagerly. "Ye want—"

"I don't want you," she jeered, and ran away toward Double Dykes; calling back, "I want nobody but my sweet mama!" Elspeth, coming up just then, slipped a little hand in Tommy's arm. "Why do ye listen to her?" she coaxed, "Let her stay with her sweet mama!"

"That's fine good sense," said Tommy, always swayed by the one at hand. "Let her hae her sweet mama, and I'll hae my little sister."

But that night Grizel's sweet mama died.

All Thrums went flocking to Double Dykes when it became known that the Painted Lady lay dead there. In life they drew away, virtuously, lest she contaminate them; but Death, the great leveller, had restored her poor body to respectability, so the purest lady might visit her, unrepentant! Grizel looked at them all with bitter, resentful eyes.

"You'll find no dust in this house, nor any kind of dirt," she cried. "My mama was a lady, so clean and dainty and sweet! She was sweeter than any of you!"

She flung herself out the door, sobbing, while they looked at one another with shocked faces.

"A hot-headed bairn. What's to become of her?" one asked, turning to good old Doctor McQueen.

"Hae none o' ye room for a poor motherless bairn?" he shot at them.

"Ye canna expect a body to take in such as her," spoke one boldly. "There's bad blood in her, an' it's bound to come out. Ye'll no be denyin' that."

"Then gae on away, the lot of ye!" suddenly roared the doctor. "I'll see that the bairn isn't left friendless. Since twal o'clock last night I've been thinking what could be done with her."

They went out, abashed at the unusual outburst from the patient old doctor who

Sentimental Tommy

(Continued)

at one time or another had meant life or death to every family in Thrums. Their voices had hardly died down the road when Grizel dashed in, a tense, excited little figure, slipping the loose sleeve of her black frock up to her shoulder and thrusting a slim white arm out to the astonished man. "Can't you cut it out?" she begged, breathlessly. "The bad blood, I mean. I won't mind the hurt. I do so want to be a good girl—and I can't, with the bad blood in me, can I?"

For a moment the stern old doctor looked down into the quivering face of the girl, and his eyes were wet with a mist that they knew but seldom. When he spoke, his voice was very gentle.

"If it could be done, lassie, I would, but there's no doctor clever enough for that. But ye can be a good girl, by the grace of God, if ye'll try hard enough."

"But nobody will help me," she sobbed, helplessly. Then, flinging up her little head with angry defiance, "but I'll be good by myself, I will! I'll show them!"

"Ye'll come hame with me!" roared the doctor, making what he thought was a sudden decision. "I need a housekeeper," he answered the determined shake of her head. "My floor hasn't been scrubbed since the year one, and my socks are full of holes, and my shirts are frayed out at the cuffs. I read when I eat, and drop so much gravy that we boil my waistcoat once a month and make soup of it! And ye won't come and take care of me!"

"Do you really need me?" asked Grizel, in ecstasy. "Oh, then I'll go. It's sweet to have somebody want me!"

So Grizel went to live with the doctor, where she settled down into a delightful little housewife, albeit a temperamental one. In fact life ran along so smoothly and happily that she almost forgot the doubts and fears that had harrassed her. But Thrums brought them back to her, sharply one summer afternoon, when she walked with Tommy to the smithy-post-office. Just as they were about to enter, a voice floated through the open window.

"Aye, Grizel's a bonnie lassie now, but when she's grown, an' she meets a masterful man—one she mistrusts and loves in the same breath, the bad blood will tell!"

Tommy racked his brain for a way to comfort her, and as usual his inspiration came:

"I know!" he cried, his face suddenly aglow. "I can save you. My mother gave me a prayer to teach Elspeth, an' she met such a man. I'll teach it to you."

Reverently, Grizel knelt and repeated after Tommy the prayer of poor, dying Jean Myles:

"God, if I was born to bow the knee to masterful men, and love one, take me to you afore I go to him!"

Her face was transfigured with faith and hope when she rose, but as she looked at Tommy's exultant expression she paled and shrunk back, with horror in her widening eyes.

"Tommy! You're masterful! You are!"

A strange, triumphant feeling seized Tommy. A wave of elation swept his very soul. His ready imagination began to paint vivid scenes of himself, with Grizel, with many women kneeling at his feet, weeping their hearts out for him. But the girl brought him back to earth again.

"An' now I know it, I'm not afraid," she said, "because I'll keep away from you. I'll never speak to you again!"

In vain did Tommy protest and plead. From that time on, Grizel left Tommy to Elspeth, who wondered and rejoiced at the change.

The months went by, and became years,

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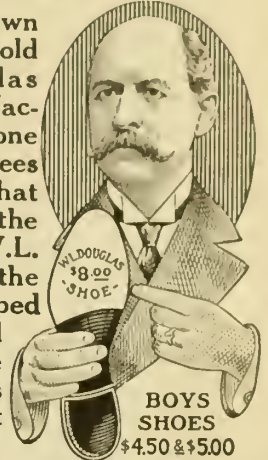
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Sentimental Tommy

(Continued)

and when Tommy was twenty-two years old he took his little sister and went up to London to make his fortune. Thrums shook its head and chuckled at his going. "Wha' can the puir fool do?" they asked. "In spite of a' the schoolin' Aaron gave him, he's guid fra naethin' but to dream an' dream the livelong day!"

"Tommy is the smartest boy who ever went to school in Thrums!" championed Grizel hotly. "He had the sweetest thoughts and the noblest sentiments!"

But the good doctor put in a grim word here. "Aye, the laddie was good at noble sentiments, an' he did not have to practise them. But play acting was the breath of his nostrils. An' he returns, lassie, watch him, as I'll watch him."

"He'll come back to make us all proud of him!" Grizel declared staunchly. And her prophecy came true. Tommy came back in another year's time—a successful author! All Thrums turned out to welcome him, and in their grim, shy way to show their pride in him.

Play-actor, dream-weaver, as always, he came down the steps from the train, with Elspeth on his arm, and bowed to Thrums on the platform. Far back in the edge of the crowd his eye caught the face of Grizel with its old knowing, mocking smile. What wonder that his mind leaped at once to a vision: The famous author, coming back to the humble village, true to his childhood sweetheart, taking her to his heart! Thrilled with the romance of his vision, Tommy followed its prompting blindly. Within an hour he had told Grizel that he loved her, that he had come back for her. So thoroughly did Tommy live in his dreams that he believed his own words.

"But Elspeth?" said Grizel. "I shan't take you away from her. We won't mention our love until she learns to love me, so she is willing to share you with me."

Half-unconsciously, Tommy sighed with relief. This put the culmination of the thing far in the distance. Elspeth would never give him up! He could dream and drift happily through the summer.

But when a month had gone by, little Elspeth surprised them all. Shyly, but firmly, she told Tommy that she wished to be married!

"And leave me!" he gasped, unable to believe his ears.

"To be happy with Grizel," she laughed. "Do you think I am blind, Tommy?"

"Aye, to be sure," he stammered miserably. He honestly tried to thrill at the thought of his freedom, but for once make-believe failed Tommy! Grizel herself was the first to see through him and to reduce him to abject, stammering misery.

"You don't love me," she said, coolly. "It was one of your imaginative flights. You don't want to be married. You were play-acting, as always! Well, you are free. Don't look so tragic. It's distressing to you, but you'll soon fly again!"

Laughing, mocking to the last, she saw him go back to London, waving a gay goodbye from the platform while Thrums looked on and wondered. But that night, locked in her room, the Painted Lady's child sobbed, and prayed, and sobbed again: "Oh God, keep him, help me! Don't let me be bad! Let me be good, even when my heart is broken! If danger threatens him, let me know, dear God and let me save him!"

And God listened!

The end of the story they tell in Thrums to this day: How word floated down from London that Tommy had gone daft over a highborn lady and followed her off to Switzerland, where they were behaving scandalously, though the lady had a hus-

Sentimental Tommy

(Concluded)

band already! And how Grizel, hearing the story, had gone about for a day with a strange, wild look in her eyes, and then disappeared, of a sudden, to come back in a week, all daft and loony, the living image of the Painted Lady at her worst, but bringing Tommy with her!

And how for two years her madness lasted, though Tommy married her straight off, the day they came back to Thrums, in the old house at Double Dykes where she would go. And how the awful realiza-

tion of what he had done to Grizel made a man of him so that he put by his dreaming and his play-acting and loved her and tended her and coaxed her back, at last, to health and sanity.

"An' wha do ye think she said when her first bonny baby lay in her arms?" Thrums always ends the story with this question and answers itself with a chuckle: "She lookit up at Tommy with that little eff-laugh o' hers and says she:

"Tommy, what's a father?"

Plays and Players

(Concluded from page 74)

WALTER WANGER, who has been the production manager of Paramount, has resigned.

Nobody seems to know just why—except the people who do and they won't tell.

What we are wondering is, how Wanger's resignation will affect the affiliation of his wife, Justine Johnstone, with the Realart company, for whom she stars. It's too early to tell yet; but inasmuch as Realart is a step-child of Paramount, and Mr. Wanger is no longer a Paramouter—well, figure it out for yourself.

MARGUERITE CLARK, down in New Orleans, recently attended her very first ball.

You don't believe it. Of course not. But it happens to be true. For Marguerite Clark, although she was one of the celebrities of the American stage for some years, and later a famous film queen, never went about much. She lived quietly with her quiet sister, Cora Clark, in a quiet apartment; and the bright lights of Broadway never held much attraction for her.

Now that she has married a well-known New Orleans-ite, she occupies a prominent place in the social activities of that city. And she went to the big Mardi Gras ball and had the time of her life. Perhaps that's why Marguerite looks so young. She really is.

MISS GISH, by the way, has not yet affiliated with any film company.

Rumor had it that Miss Anne Morgan—Yes, the daughter of the Morgan, who has at various times manifested an interest in the screen—was to take over the completed two reels of "World Shadows," the Gish-Sherrill production, engage Miss Gish and complete it as a propaganda picture. But at the present time nothing has been done about it.

As everyone knows, Ann Forrest was shifted from the middle of Cecil B. deMille's "Forbidden Fruit," to "The Faith Healer."

Agnes Ayres took her place.

Ann was, naturally, a good bit disappointed at the time, though she herself was the first to agree with Mr. deMille that she lacked the physical requirements for the lavishly gowned, exotic, sensu-thrilling "Cinderella - after - the - fairy - godmother-came."

When she saw Agnes on the lot the next day, attired in the gown and adorned by the coiffure originally designed for and worn by Ann, Ann decided to be a good sport. She didn't want Agnes to think there were any

hard feelings to cloud her new triumph, and she wanted her successor to know that she was standing her disappointment like a regular fellow.

So she went up to Miss Ayres and said bravely, "Gee, Agnes, you look lovely, just beautiful in those clothes, and that hair dress is so becoming. You look ever so much nicer than I did."

Miss Ayres regarded her with slightly lifted brows for a moment; then said coolly as she walked away, "Naturally!"

And for a week afterwards Ann couldn't help wondering what had happened to Agnes' sense of humor.

ALLAN DWAN says he has a plan to beat the high cost of production, and he's perfectly willing that everybody should know about it.

The idea is to do away with sets and actors.

Any star, he says, may have the idea for nothing. All that is needed, is a star and a black drop. Any scenario will do, and as many characters as you please may be mentioned, because only one will be used. The following is the story:

Far away on the Island of Bing Bing lived a beautiful maiden, Toy. (Close-up of star).

There was no one in the world she hated as her father, Li Sue. (Close-up of star registering hate.)

But in many ways her life was full because of the wonderful mother love of her mother, Ming. (Close-up of star registering content).

She secretly had a lover—Bill, a manly sailor lad. (Close-up of star registering love).

But on the schooner was a burly sailor—Luke, who coveted Toy and threatened to expose the lovers. (Close-up of star registering mental agony, if possible).

One night he conspired with Li Sue, and agreed to buy Toy for a package of jelly beans. (Close-up of star registering fear).

NOTE—The Great Fight Scene.

But Bill comes to the rescue and knocks Luke and the father on the jaw. (Close-up of star backed against the wall registering glee).

And thus in the golden glow of a Chinese sunset do the lovers find happiness. (Close-up of star registering happiness).

Slow fade, "Finis."



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You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

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The Shadow Stage

(Concluded from page 79)

THE MOUNTAIN WOMAN—Fox

EVERYONE always says of Pearl White, "Oh, she's a regular fellow!" And so the Fox organization decided to do a picture about it. She plays, in this adaptation of a Charles Neville Buck novel, a girl called Alexander who is the pride of the mountain-side, and as plucky a young 'un as ever trod the Cumberland Hills. Romance never enters her head until the picture is nearly over, but then, she capitulates to the wooing of one of the many young men who sought her affections. Charles Giblyn's direction is excellent; the photography striking. Pearl White's best feature to date.

TIGER TRUE—Universal

THE title doesn't mean much, but neither does the picture, so it's perfectly all right. We have here Frank Mayo as a clubman and globe-trotter, who becomes bouncer in a Bowery saloon, all for love of the fair damsel who dispenses free lunches across the counter. Director J. P. McGowan, of serial fame, has crammed fifteen episodes into five reels, so of course there wasn't room for anything else. Mayo deserves better stories than Universal gives him.

O'MALLEY OF THE MOUNTED Paramount-Artcraft

WILLIAM S. HART as a member of the Mounted Police, tracking a criminal through an Owen Wister west—and finding him, only to fall in love with said criminal's sister, which complicates things right considerable. Hart at his Hart-iest; spectacular riding, rapid gun work and hangings before breakfast. A worn plot but with some original twists and, as is the case with the majority of the famed westerner's pictures, without a dull moment. The beautiful photography of this feature deserves special mention.

PASSION FRUIT—Metro

WHY must they use such titles? This is one of the reasons for censorship. A deep dark plot, Hawaiian, Bird-of-Paradise atmosphere—and Doraldina. There's a most annoying villain who exterminates the dancer's movie papa by making him smoke a poison cigar in the first reel, a helpful hero, a loyal band of ukelele-playing natives who pose gracefully under the palm trees, and, we repeat, there is Doraldina. She cannot act, but to see this black-eyed San Franciscan do the hula dance (if you care for that time-frayed article), is worth the admission price.

THE EDUCATION OF ELIZABETH—Paramount-Artcraft

NOT particularly original of plot, but well mounted, is this latest Billie Burke offering, showing the star in one of her most convincing characterizations, that of the much misunderstood chorus girl. There are some tantalizing glimpses of New York theatrical life, back-stage, with the Ziegfeld beauties for "atmosphere." There's an old Southern manor and some Texas oil-fields for contrast. An excellent cast, well directed, gives the story a prominence among this month's offerings that it would not have merited otherwise. Miss Burke is, as always, charming.

WHY TRUST YOUR HUSBAND— Fox

A FRIVOLOUS five-reeler with the blonde Eileen Percy as the jealous wife who gets everything in a dreadful mix-up trying

to keep track of her errant husband. In fact, things become so badly tangled that one is apt to lose interest before they are straightened out again. Very light diet, this, but fairly amusing.

A SHOCKING NIGHT—Universal

THIS represents an earnest effort on the part of Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran to stretch two reels of comedy over five reels of celluloid, and the result, alas, is not to be laughed at. These two comedians whose excellent team work gained them prominence in the two-reel field, are at a disadvantage in lengthy much-padded vehicles.

THE MARRIAGE OF WILLIAM ASHE—Metro

A FIRST-RATE example of what ought not to be done to a splendid story is provided by the screen version of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel. The scenario is wrong, the direction is wrong, the casting is wrong. Outside of that it is a fine picture. Miss Allison has been slated for a role to which she is supremely unsuited, and the one redeeming feature of the whole six reels is the performance of Wyndham Standing as a British statesman. This story of political life in England with its brilliant character sketches should have made a real photodrama, but its many subtleties and possibilities have been carefully overlooked.

THE BREAKING POINT— W. W. Hodkinson

THE breaking point referred to in the title comes when the mother threatens to kill her innocent daughter rather than to permit her to associate with the father's dissolute friends. There are tears and throbs and heartaches for those who like salt-water with their entertainment. Bessie Barriscale plays the kindly earnest woman who marries a selfish irresponsible man, and how she does suffer! If you like Greek tragedies and Russian novels, you will probably like this. It has a Problem.

SOMETHING DIFFERENT—Realart

OF course it isn't at all. Constance Binney is the heroine, however, and that's some comfort. But why is it that all stars wear riding habits? They simply love to do it. A South American revolution, Constance, and Ward Crane's acting relieve the monotony.

WHEN WE WERE TWENTY- ONE—Pathe

AN attractive guardian is a dangerous thing. H. B. Warner leaves no doubt of that. When you hear that this distinguished actor has charge of the destinies of a wayward youth, you won't be surprised to learn that it is the guardian who wins the affections of the boy's fiancée. But he had a rival in James Morrison—who would have run right away with the picture had he a less redoubtable protagonist than Warner. This is good entertainment.

THE OFFSHORE PIRATE—Metro

IF you like adventure, you will find it in this romantic tale, with Viola Dana as the flippant flapper daughter of a millionaire. She runs the gamut of sartorial emotions and shows what a wilful capricious creature a young woman can be—in the films. Very, very light, but nice. It is, by the way, an adaptation of a best-seller's—F. Scott Fitzgerald's—short story.

Portrait of a Lady

(Continued from page 24)

ans of her husband's best friend, her awakening, and her heart-rending repentance beside the bed of the little daughter she can no longer kiss.

Lois Wilson knows and cares as little about "that sort of thing" as any girl I have ever met in my life. She has a humorous disbelief and wholesome contempt for grande passions. The oldest of four sisters, the constant companion of a wise and adored mother, she is by no means a mental flapper, but she has managed to keep her sweet and sane perspective on everything.

In a roomful of people connected with pictures—mostly from the literary end, I heard the question asked the other night, "Whom do you consider the most normal, human, natural girl in pictures, the least affected by the general atmosphere and peculiarities?"

And the answer was, unanimously, "Lois Wilson."

William de Mille, an authority on acting by heredity, experience, and education, a student of dramatic values and a critic of weight, believes Miss Wilson to be the coming great dramatic actress of the screen.

"What that man has taught me!" cries the girl, her face lighting with charming gratitude. "I've learned more under him in a few months than in all the rest of my picture experience—five years."

Yet those five years, playing leads with Warren Kerrigan and other male stars, more recently Wallace Reid and other Paramount luminaries, undoubtedly ripened her camera technique until she was ready for what William de Mille had to give her. She has recently completed "What Every Woman Knows" under his direction, the famous Barrie play which was one of Maude Adams' great triumphs. I was interested to hear Elinor Glyn, watching Miss Wilson go through some of the scenes from this picture on the set one day, express a very great enthusiasm and admiration for Lois Wilson and her interpretation of the Barrie rôle. For Mrs. Glyn is a severe critic, extremely difficult to please.

I do not know Miss Wilson's age—I should guess twenty-five—since the youngest of the four sisters is now in high school—but I feel sure she will be more attractive, more worth watching ten years from now than she is today. She has infinite possibilities, depths.

"Three sisters, a wonderful mother, and a nice bald-headed daddy!" she said laughing, "that's my home life. You don't have much conceit left when you're the oldest of four girls, I can tell you. We were just like 'Little Women,' you know."

"I'm fond of good concerts, good plays, lots of reading, and some swimming and tennis. I'm not very southern in temperament nor inclination, I guess, though I was born in Alabama. Just now I'm running around the block four times after every meal to keep thin."

"Do you have to do it after this one?" I asked apprehensively.

"Just this once—No!"

It is not possible to know a girl like Lois Wilson in a couple of hours, even though your rôle as an interviewer gives you numberless privileges to ask questions and study character.

But the impression I carried away of her was a thoroughly satisfying one—like you feel when you've read a really good book.

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A Seat on the Platform

(Continued from page 28)

The girl's soft, drawing voice rescued him from his painful reverie.

"I'm so glad to meet you both," she was saying pleasantly, with just the right shade of cordiality. "Dad has so often spoken of your wonderful career in college, Dr. Simpson."

(Seba flushed uncomfortably under that flattering "doctor." He had had neither time nor money to study for the degree.)

"We're on our way to Wesley College for Jimmy's graduation," the girl finished.

"And we are going for the big class reunion," Eliza hastened.

Eliza was wondering if the black luck always dogging Seba's steps through life was to be worsted at last. This apparently casual meeting might mean many wonderful things, if Seba were only unworldly enough to utilize its opportunities. Then her heart sank. He was too good, she told herself (with glad pride, after all) to think of using a friendship to his own advantage. He might use it for his poor, or his church, but for himself, never.

She began to feel an emotion that astonished her. It was not anger; it was not despair over Seba's inability to forge ahead for himself; it was illogically enough bitterness against her husband's successful friend. There was injustice somewhere, she thought indignantly and with a painful sense of impotence, her eyes resting again upon that hole in the knee of Seba's best trousers.

The two young people soon returned to their magazines, leaving the old couple to take inventory of the injuries inflicted upon Seba by his fall. The dust on his coat could be removed by a stiff clothes brush, Eliza allowed, but the dirt had been literally ground into the knees of his trousers, and the hole in the left knee—oh, she would be able to darn it carefully with soft black wool; she was an expert by virtue of much practice—but the suit would never look quite the same, owing to the gray dust that had penetrated the material. It was a shame, a cruel shame, she rebelled, tightening her tender lips.

As for Seba, his enthusiasm could not be dampened for long. By the time the train had rolled into Birmingham his volatile spirits had risen again to their usual high level.

John James, Jr. insisted upon taking the valises and putting them into the college bus for his father's old chum.

"We'll probably meet again during the festivities," the young fellow augured cheerfully. "Dad will be tickled foolish when he knows you're here. If you don't see him before Commencement exercises begin, you'll see him then, for he'll be sitting on the platform."

The Maxwells rolled away in Jimmy's run-about.

Eliza's lips were ominously compressed. She was both furious and astonished at the depth of her own wicked feelings. Her dear, good old man! He must go to his class reunion in the bus, and those others, they had a handsome automobile. She had to check herself strongly. She admitted that her faith must have weakened considerably and that anyway she had no business to criticize the Almighty, but she did wish, heaving a deep sigh, that He would run things a little shade more favorably for a good man like her Seba.

"Here we are, Lizzie, right on the Campus. Wouldn't seem at all right if we weren't right on the Campus."

Seba was trembling with eagerness. Like a boy's was the face he turned toward her, beaming with pure happiness. He dragged out the bags and advanced up the path.

A woman sat on the porch, rocking nonchalantly. She stared at them curiously. As Seba put his bags down, someone in the hammock stopped swinging, stirred and sat up.

"Oh, you the Reverend Simpson? Sorry, but my sister came this morning and I had to let her have your room. I'll give you the address of a friend of mine. She can give you a room cheaper than mine. No, I don't think there are any more vacant rooms on the Campus."

Seba's shoulders drooped. Eliza observed it with another compression of her lips. She thought bitterly that it was quite natural to be meeting disappointments; hadn't Seba's whole life been one series of them?

"Lord", she prayed silently, her gray eyes smouldering, "is this my Seba's reward for his long and faithful service? Lord, I just can't hold onto my faith! I can feel it going! Lord, help me!"

"Let's be going along, Lizzie."

The room was four blocks away. Seba had wanted it to be on the Campus so that Eliza would be assured of a veranda seat. Now she would have to view the parade from a sidewalk.

It was disappointing. His shoulders drooped listlessly. His head bowed as if he felt more than ordinarily the weight of many years of service. He withdrew his eyes from his wife's.

Eliza knew the signs. Seba was disturbed spiritually. Eliza knew to the full what the day's experiences had meant to him. His enthusiasm had been crushed; he had begun to doubt the wisdom of their having taken this, for them, extravagant holiday.

She could have thrown herself on the bed with sick, frantic sobs. Instead, she began to fuss inconsequently with her hair, her dress, as women will when confronted by a mirror.

"You'd better see about the tickets for tonight, Seba," she admonished finally. "The Halliday Players won't be sending us box seats for the outdoor performance," ironically.

Seba tried to smile but the attempt was a poor one. He suddenly felt himself an old man, a weak and broken failure. Poor Eliza, what a mess he had made of her life. And how fine and sweet she'd been through it all. So pretty and dainty once, and now he could not even buy her a silk dress; the church had to donate it, as if she were an object of charity. In his case, "Eminent" was a synonym for failure. He rose wearily, and went out.

Eliza sat down, whimpering softly to herself with sobs that wrenched her more because she was determined not to give way to her feelings. Seba was like a child, lost in a great, utterly careless world. It was not that the world wanted to hurt him, but that it didn't realize how fine and big he was, and how sweet, how very sweet.

If she were only able to do something that would result in placing him where he should be, her dear, good old man! Suppose John James Senior were to know how matters stood with Seba? Would he be likely to do anything? Could he do anything? If she could only talk with him! Oh! (And her lips were firm and hard again.) What wouldn't she tell that man! He might be a big man, but Eliza knew a bigger.

After a while she rose, bathed her flushed face in cold water and sat down to wait for Seba. He came in, jubilantly waving the tickets.

"My dear! Only ten seats from the front, in the center! Someone had telephoned for them and then cancelled the

A Seat on the Platform

(Continued)

order. If it hadn't been for that, we wouldn't have had tickets for tonight. I tell you, God always provides, Lizzie."

Eliza was almost inclined, in her furious rebellion, to remind him of his words that night when, after they had settled comfortably into their seats, an usher brought the unwelcome news that the ticket seller had made a mistake and that the owners of the tickets wanted their seats. Eliza felt that Seba's trust in Providence had been grossly misplaced, not only that night, but throughout his life.

She was in a state of rebellion that startled and frightened her because her mental condition was equivalent to a physical shaking of fists in the face of the Almighty. It seemed to her that she had arrived at a point where she could not bear any longer to have her Seba crushed under one thing after another.

"I won't stand it! I can't bear it!" she heard herself saying over and over in her heart as she and Seba walked dejectedly back to their room, ahead of them the drab monotony that they had known so many years, behind them lights and laughter.

"I'm afraid we were unwise to have come up," admitted Seba, holding her hand closer against his side. "I'm getting too old for these festivities. Little things seem to disturb me more than they used to. Perhaps I selfishly thought too much about it. Did you—did you see who had our seats, Lizzie?"

It flashed over her but she told herself it could not be.

"John James, Junior and Meg," Seba told her.

"O—o—o—h!"

A single word, but wailed out from Eliza's inmost soul with poignant intensity. It was too much. She simply could not bear it any longer. Either God had to alter His disposition of Seba's affairs, or Eliza intended to do it for Him. The hand on Seba's arm (that frail arm trembling with the weakness that had descended upon him) clutched at him with such sudden passion that the old clergyman turned a startled face toward her. He thought that most unlike Eliza.

She felt her hand pressed against his heart; her tears started. Her dear, good Seba! Tomorrow she must do something; what, she did not know, but something—.

With heavy heart but determined spirit, she closed her eyes that night after hours of racking thought. Curled on the very edge of the bed (as he always lay, taking the most uncomfortable part of it as he did of everything) slept Seba. Unlike Eliza, he had laid his burdens and disappointments on Another's shoulders. His face wore a peaceful smile, and in his sleep the wrinkles had cleared away magically, until his face looked like a boy's.

Morning brought him his quiet, simple, trusting confidence once more, but dawn carried no solace to Eliza, who was stirred mentally with half-formulated plans. Her soul was reaching out to change somehow the conditions of Seba's life, conditions that daily beat him to earth with a cruelty that seemed calculated by some higher power. That power she hesitated to name, but she did tell herself that God did not care.

She waited indifferently after breakfast for Seba to come back from a visit to class headquarters. When a handsome automobile drew up and the liveried chauffeur leaned back to open the door, she could hardly believe her eyes. Could it be Seba who jumped out like a young man, and came skipping—literally skipping—up the steps?

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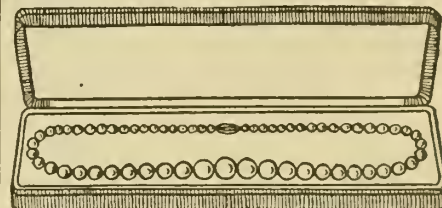
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A SEAT ON THE PLATFORM Page 26
A GLIMPSE OF THE HEIGHTS Page 56

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A Seat on the Platform

(Continued)

"Get your hat, Lizzie! Tie a veil over it; the wind's so strong when you're riding. Hurry!"

"But—"

"You're going to see the parade from this car. Hurry, Lizzie."

Wonderful? Ominously wonderful!

Eliza got her hat and as they drove away she listened to Seba's excited explanations.

The car was John James, Senior's. Seba had met him at the "frat". John James had discovered a room on the Campus for them; it was paid for by someone, Seba didn't know who. He'd told old Maxwell about his church, and the need for a new carpet, and about the pulpit steps that needed repairing, and—and—Eliza could well imagine that he had told everything that the church needed, in the hope of getting for others what he never seemed to dream of asking for himself.

Most wonderful of all, there had been a bunch of the old crowd at the "frat" house and he, "Eminent" Simpson, had been selected to lead his class in the parade to the ball-grounds that afternoon.

"Who says Providence isn't taking care of us?" crowed he triumphantly.

Eliza was reduced to silence. She admitted grudgingly that she *might* have wronged the Almighty by too precipitate criticism. Well, she would see what the Lord was going to do for her Seba!

The parade was characteristic. The ball game Eliza found rather a bore because she couldn't understand it at all. The best part of the afternoon was that when Seba was carried away on his old chums' shoulders, amid shouts and applause and cries of "Eminent!" "What's the matter with 'Eminent'? He's all right!"

It was right after this that someone stepped on the running-board and asked her if she minded his riding back to the Campus with her. Although she had never seen him before, she realized that her prayed-for opportunity had come; she knew that it was John James, Senior who was addressing her.

Never in her life had Eliza talked so eloquently. It seemed to her that at last she was doing her husband full justice. She left no stone unturned to tell of his goodness, his patience, his faith in God's love and justice.

Then she began to tell what the class reunion meant to him. She told how they two had saved and scrimped for it. If there had ever been anything of bitterness in her life, she brought it up now out of the depths of her years of self-restraint and flung it fiercely out upon the air, like the rebellious banner flaunted by a daring anarchist.

"There!" she thought, silent at last from sheer necessity, everything that could have been said having been skilfully drawn out by her interlocutor. "It's out of my system at last!"

"Seba Simpson was the finest man in Wesley College in our day," said Maxwell after a short pause. "He was the best loved, too, and that's saying a great deal. He made a fellow ashamed of meanness and pettiness, somehow, without saying a word; you just felt his big nature by his mere presence. We all thought he'd do great things."

"And hasn't he?" Eliza flung back indignantly, up in arms in an instant. "Oh, it's just because he *is* so big and fine, that people don't appreciate him as he should be appreciated. I suppose," her tone was tinged with bitterness, "I suppose people who have done big things financially consider my Seba a failure. But I—I think him the biggest success in the world."

He is *good*. Everybody who knows him loves him because he is *so good*."

She bit her lips to keep back the tears of excitement, half terrified at her own vehemence.

"Sometimes it takes extraordinary circumstances to show people a man's virtues. I have always known that 'Eminent' would be successful in whatever he undertook. And he undertook the biggest task possible, to be a truly good man. Do you think that I underestimate him, when he has succeeded in doing what other men are afraid to undertake, because they know they can't get away with it?"

Eliza looked up then to meet John James' grave smile. His worldly success had not spoiled a fine man, a man with a true sense of real values.

"His success is far bigger than what the world is pleased to call mine," sighed the coal king. "I wish—with all my heart I wish—that I could have accomplished what he has done."

Eliza dared not ask anything directly, but she began to take heart, in spite of creeping memories—old rebuffs, old disappointments—that would lift their heads to jeer at her trustfulness. Perhaps the coal magnate. . . .

As he rose from his knees that night, Seba made one last observation before climbing into bed.

"Do you know, my dear, that my cup of happiness would be full if I could have—don't smile at my fancy, Lizzie, will you?—if I could have a seat on the platform during Commencement Exercises? Old Maxwell will sit there, of course. It would be the highest honor I could hope to receive from my Alma Mater. A seat on the platform—" and his voice died softly away in a kind of subdued rapture at the mere thought of such a wonderful occurrence.

Eliza did not smile. She was thinking that if such a small thing would make Seba happy, if that was all he asked as a climax to a whole life of loving service, then he should have it, cost her what it might in loss of dignity. She would see Maxwell Senior the very first thing next day; with his influence he could easily have such a little, little thing done for Seba.

Yes, Seba should have what he wanted. She, Eliza, would get it for him. She would not ask the Almighty to do what would undoubtedly appear trivial in His eyes. She would do it herself, without relying further on the old time faith that somehow seemed to have eluded her. She went to sleep, pleasantly conscious that the following day would crown her husband's happiness, as he wished without presuming to hope.

In the morning she slipped out to telephone the fraternity house where the coal baron was staying. The operator reported that he had already gone out and was not expected back until evening. Eliza laughed grimly at herself. She had meant to do so much. With dismay she sensed a kind of defiance and rebellion in that grim laughter. She felt that God must deliberately have doomed Seba to fight down unfulfilled desires. She consoled herself with the thought that Seba had not really expected such a signal honor; he would not suffer for himself as she was suffering for him.

Her bitterness was very near the surface that afternoon, when from her gallery seat she saw the notables filing onto the platform, for among them was John James Maxwell, Sr.

Then the unexpected happened. John James began scanning the house with close attention, caught Seba's eyes, beckoned im-

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A Seat on the Platform

(Continued)

peratively with his charming smile. Seba looked behind instinctively; with characteristic modesty he felt that it must be someone else who was being honored by that public recognition. But Eliza knew. Blissfully happy, she sat up straighter, prouder, content that Seba was to have the one great desire of his good and simple heart.

"You don't mind, Lizzie?" he whispered, rising in a state of fluttered excitement.

"Mind? Of course I don't mind. I'm as proud as proud can be."

She leaned forward to watch him.

He went up the platform steps with shoulders back, head raised, younger by twenty years than he had been the night before. John James, Senior (whose generous endowments had pushed Wesley College into the front ranks of America's biggest universities) rose deferentially to receive the old clergyman and beckoned the president of the college to his side. Eliza saw people staring as they speculated on the identity of the much-honored newcomer. As her heart beat faster, swelling with grateful emotion, a song struggled for utterance within her soul.

"Eminent" Simpson felt that he was moving in a wonderful dream. He sank meekly and humbly into the chair reserved for him beside Maxwell, and listened in blissful contentment to the encomiums the college president uttered as he bestowed degrees upon men and women who had merited by their fine lives or achievements this greatest honor of their Alma Mater.

"After all," he mused dreamily, "I have had more than I dared hope for. It has been exceeding beautiful, the way the Lord has made the way smooth before my feet. All my faith has been justified—and it was so little, so little—less than the grain of mustard seed."

Unconsciously, a beatific smile curved his kind old mouth, and the afternoon sun, striking through the wide open windows, glowed on his white hair until it glistened like a saint's halo. From the gallery Eliza regarded him with deep understanding and contentment.

"Faith!" he mused to himself peacefully, oblivious to surroundings; "Faith in God! He bringeth all things to pass. The smallest thing is not too insignificant for His loving notice."

His folded hands, wrinkled and frail, opened palm to palm as do a child's at prayer. His lips moved slowly.

"I want you to hear this, 'Eminent'," whispered his old chum's voice in his ear, startling him out of his reverie.

Seba turned his head toward the president, who was speaking of someone who was to receive a degree that afternoon; someone whose life had been so modest, so hidden, so unappreciated by the world at large, that it had taken long years to discover his merits; someone whose sweetness of nature, whose purity of heart, whose sincerity of purpose, had carried him such a distance on the way to God that Wesley College purposed in the very near future to proffer him a chair endowed especially so that the dear Alma Mater might give her students the benefit of his fine and noble presence, that could not but be an inspiration to all privileged to enjoy his companionship and guidance.

Seba turned in his chair to seek John James' eyes.

"I would like to know that man," he murmured in an undertone; "He must indeed be a man after God's own heart."

"That man, my friends, is with us this afternoon. So modest, so unworldly is he, that he does not dream what tardy honor is to be awarded his merits at last. . . . Will the Reverend Seba Simpson please step forward?"

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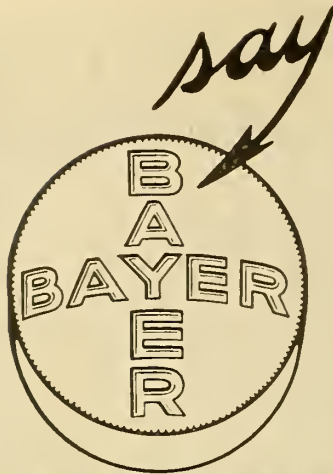
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A Seat on the Platform

(Concluded)

Tense with emotion was the silence pressing down upon the auditorium. Urged to his feet by his old friend's hand, Seba started toward the front of the platform, walking as might a man in a vision. The smile that a moment since had curved his lips was there yet and his eyes looked ahead unseeingly. He stumbled slightly as he went.

All at once, at a few words that came from the president's heart, Seba waked to the vast, sympathetic crowd before him, the crowd waiting for the final crowning act of the unexpected drama. The president extended to him that magic parchment. . . . The trembling old hand almost pulled it from the other's fingers, so eager was Seba to feel the sheepskin's convincing reality. And then, he stood before them all, tears running freely, unashamedly, down his withered cheeks, eyes uplifted to something beyond the domed roof.

Behind him, John James gave a signal. Tremendous, in unanimous chorus, the body of college men in the audience chanted:

"What's the matter with 'Eminent'? He's all right!"

Wild applause broke out all over the auditorium.

Up in the gallery a little old lady in a gray silk dress dabbed frantically at the happy tears rolling down her withered cheeks. She was aware that her lips were moving and that words were issuing from them involuntarily. Her ears strained to listen, as if they were oracular utterances originating from something above her conscious self.

"Faith!" she heard herself saying triumphantly over and over again. "Faith in God!"

The Mode for Spring

(Continued from page 33)

sons is that there are no more arbitrary "fashion decrees" to dictate long coats or rippled jackets for everyone—no matter how suitable or unsuitable the style may be to us. The good work of creating styles to suit individual needs has made tremendous strides in the last few years, and the discerning woman will this year find her individual needs amply cared for.

When new styles are under consideration, the silhouette is, of course, the all-important feature. This spring the fashionable silhouette falls into three clearly-defined classes—the knee length jacket that has a loose under arm and slight ripple at the lower hem, the boxy, pony coat with a cape-like back, and knee length jacket with nipped-in waistline and circular flare. No matter what divergences of collar or trimming or material are used, your suit will be correct if it follows any of these three styles. If you like the ripple peplum on your jacket you may use that also. Some of the peplums shown on the new suits created for youthful wearers are jaunty affairs with double or triple layers and colorful lining that shows a bit at the hip flare.

The type of wraps designed for wear at the winter resorts will continue in favor for wear over thin frocks. These wraps are of two distinct types—the wrap that has a narrow lower line with extreme width at the elbow section, and the wide, circular cape-wrap. The latter has achieved a new line in the spring models by reason of sweeping breadth that, combined with its fulness, makes an instant appeal to the eye.

WE have said for a long time that materials get prettier each season, but it really seems that the manufacturers have outdone themselves this season in the beauty of the fabrics they have created.

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For Boys and Girls Also



The Mode for Spring

(Continued)

The Oriental dyeing of crepe surfaces is one of the original ideas put forward, and the most beautiful and startling colors are being used for materials as familiar as flannel, duvetyn and tweed. These fabrics in the high colors will be used for sports coats to be worn with pleated skirts of twill or sports silk. Incidentally, silk velvet in colors will replace the black velvet coat that has been a favorite for several seasons back.

Among the colors for the new wool jackets to be worn with pleated sports skirts are American beauty, plum, jade, turquoise, tangerine and apricot. Fine black and white striped skirts will also be worn with these high-colored jackets. The wraps that show the narrow lower line are being made for spring and summer wear in fleecy fabrics, the camel's hair weaves and wool velours in pastel tints predominating. These fabrics are also being shown in faint gold, mandarin and pumpkin yellows that are a delight to the eye. There are also reseda greens, and some lovely new olive tones shown, while a new periwinkle blue serves to bring color values close to the realm of fine art.

Contrasted fabrics will play an important part in the fashion scheme for spring wear, so there is a capital chance to make a stunning suit or frock of two garments that have outlived the mode. For collars, brushed wool will be a prime favorite and brushed silk or fringed fabrics with sufficient body to simulate fur will attain high favor according to the advance indications.

Speaking of fur, the usual summer furs will be worn again. Chinchilla-squirrel is being shown extensively by the smart houses, and other favorites are ermine, beige or white caracul, and lynx.

SKIRTS are wider. No, I did not say *longer*. Apparently we have gone out of the germ-collecting business for all time. At any rate, there is no indication that skirts will drop to our feet, although in this regard one must use one's own discretion and good taste. Certainly, the extremely short skirts are not in good taste for street wear by any one. They are not only permissible for evening use, but continue in favor. In fact, I like to wear my skirt short. But in skirt widths there is a change. It is not a decided one, for last season's styles showed which way the fashion breeze was tending. While there are a few straight line models displayed by the leading creators of skirt fashions the circular, flaring mode is without doubt the skirt of the hour.

The fuller skirt width is achieved in a variety of ways. One charming model that I saw recently showed clusters of fine side pleats alternating with wide box pleats, the whole attaining a four-yard circumference. Pleated or circular skirts will be the correct thing this summer to wear with the revived "blazer," which, by the way, is now called a club coat.

In the new materials for separate skirts one of the most striking innovations is the use of peasant stripings of the various Balkan states. This has found favor with the leading designers both in this country and Paris. Roumanian peasant cloth has been used by one smart dressmaker and it is shown made up in circular fashion without a hem and the lower edge simply fringed. One of these could be made at home with very little trouble, and the result is both practical and picturesque. For hot weather wear there is a great deal of eyelet embroidery on the skirts, Madeira, Philippine and Porto Rican designs being favored.

Lucien LeLong of Paris is making some of my spring and summer gowns. M. LeLong has what he calls my "cambrics,"—fitted linings from which my gowns are built.

When he knows that I want some afternoon, or dinner or evening gowns, as the case may be, he sends me sketches of these costumes that he has designed for me, together with a sample of the material to be used, trimmings, buttons, in fact everything that is to be used in the dress with the exception of the thread to sew it. From these sketches and materials I make my choice and cable him what I want. The gowns are then made to fit my cambrics—there are no fittings or anything else to take up my time—and the gowns reach me, barring unavoidable delays—on the day scheduled.

Of course, no spring wardrobe is complete without a tailored frock, and this spring will see the one-piece gown in quite as high favor as it was last year. During the autumn a few dressmakers tried to introduce the heavy Oriental weaves, but met with indifferent success. This spring, however, sees Oriental crepe in the lead as a dress fabric. One of the reasons advanced for its popularity is the fact that it is especially adapted to the new peasant sleeve and the dropped shoulder line, also that chiffon or lace combines with it extremely well. Upholstery fabrics and other materials that we have always considered adapted only for draperies are being used by the French dressmakers for inset panels or to outline tunics on the frocks of serge or tricotine.

If you want to furnish up last year's navy blue or black gown and make it very smart, try embellishing it with tiny cord ornaments or rows of buttons in gilt, silver or Oriental red. The favored trimmings for brown frocks seem to be dull green, plum, or dull gold embroidery. Incidentally, the dominant color note for spring frocks in all the soft materials is gray. The smart houses are featuring gray frocks in every imaginable color tone, developed in crepe de chine, heavy crepes or duvetyn. A beautiful gray duvetyn that one of the French houses sent over recently to an American wearer is a tunic model, mounted on a sheath that adheres to the straight silhouette. There is a two-inch belt that loosely girdles the low waist line, while the front of the tunic skirt is embroidered in Chinese motifs of wool in tones of jade, plum, pale yellow and black. The bell shaped sleeves have linings of plum-colored crepe.

In cotton frocks you may go as far as you like this year—the weaves are beautiful and the colors are taken from the silk color card and as faithfully reproduced as they are in the most gorgeous silks. There are literally hundreds of delicate hues to select from. One maker of organdies has one pattern alone that comes in sixty-three shades, ranging from the palest hue to the very deepest tint. There are sheer organdies that are entirely new, both in pattern and check, and one new brocaded organdie that reproduces the patterns of old-fashioned damask. Dropstitch voiles are being used in many of the French frocks, and there is a new English print called "tropical print" that shows all the colors of tropical landscapes and sunsets. Can you imagine anything more exquisite than a frock of this material, cut with a full skirt, round bodice and with deep collar and cuffs of white organdie? Brown swiss will also be much used in thin frocks for practical wear, and, of course, all the tones of gray are shown in the new swiss materials.

The dominant note of the blouse that is to be worn with the tailored suit this spring is conformity to the color of the suit with which it appears. In the field of specialization the batik blouse is more than holding its own. For wear with the gray tailored suit there are lovely new gray blouses that show considerable embroidery. Last year's



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The Mode for Spring

(Concluded)

lavish use of bead embroidery is not continued this year, but wool and silk seem to be the favored embroidery materials. Sashes are a feature of many of the new blouses, and the pleated frill and the fluted edge of fine lace also have place. There is a pretty idea shown in having the fronts and sleeves of a semi-tailored blouse fastened

with crochet ball buttons, in sleeve link fashion. While a few high collars are shown the greater majority of the blouses for summer continue the sensible fashion of a round or V-shaped neckline. Sleeves also vary, and will be elbow length, long or three-quarter according to the material used and the purpose for which the blouse is intended.

The Spiritual Future of America and the Movies

(Continued from page 37)

could be reached they must as usual be submitted to the judgment of representatives of the seventeen thousand distributors or agents, who hold the entire picture industry in the hollow of their hand.

I would not do the slightest injury to these very good people; they are trying honestly to do a difficult job. But I think they are mistaken in supposing that they represent the average opinion of the directors of all the motion picture houses, just as the latter are in turn very often mistaken when they presume to interpret the average opinion of their clientele.

If these scenarios had been innocently imbecile and sweetly impossible, like those they ordinarily see, they would have recognized them as being of the sleepy type of story that they are accustomed to furnish their patrons every day, and they would have made no objection. But in the face of these unfamiliar monsters, lacking the customary harmless silliness, carrying new ideas about which were entwined logical and human plots, and withal perhaps a bit of fresh fancy—in the face of these unknowns who thus threatened to open the windows and admit a breath of fresh air into the movie theaters they shrunk back in terror. Unanimously they voted no, and thus the good intentions of the most intelligent of the producers were blocked.

That is the state of things, and that will continue to be the state of things as long as no other step is taken to break the vicious circle in which the cinema is revolving. Above all, and by its very nature, the cinema ought to be an art, but because of the enormous capital required it has become simply an industry. (It is, in fact, the fourth or fifth industry of America.) The business men who direct it are only now beginning to suspect that if it founders as an art, it will founder even more disastrously as an industry. And so to save this new art there must be help from the outside, intervention from above—for it is unlikely that it can save itself unaided and escape from the narrowing circle in which it will surely die of fatigue, like the unhappy marching caterpillars mentioned by Fabre, the entomologist; which, placed on the rim of a bowl, never think of climbing down, but follow each other round and round until they die of weariness and hunger.

Such intervention, incidentally, is just as needful in the theater, which is in an equally alarming condition in America. But what form must it take, to be really effective? America, theoretically a democracy in which all are equal, has raised up, as all peoples do, an aristocracy whose tastes are eagerly adopted by the masses, and whose leads are submissively followed. This aristocracy is an aristocracy of money—which is no worse than any other kind, for like all others it is in its beginnings the result of a natural selection in a commercial or industrial community, which depending from what point it is regarded (a subject which we have not the time to discuss here), may be considered either superior or inferior to those centers which make wars and form courts.

However that may be, it can be truly said that this aristocracy of millionaires has

in the past, perhaps more than any other aristocracy in history, given frequent and magnificent testimony of good-will, disinterestedness and generosity. It has founded hospitals and charitable institutions that are unmatched anywhere, it has built universities, laboratories, libraries and observatories that are unrivalled. The only regret is that too often its liberality has lacked discernment and discrimination, and particularly that so comparatively small a part has been devoted to the artistic education of the American people. Now what the American people chiefly lacks, though it has so many other qualities that Europe has lost, is just that discrimination, that taste and sensitiveness in literary and artistic matters; and this lack renders it not only incapable of appreciating the art of the old world, but even prevents it from understanding and respecting the natural beauties of its own land; so that there is grave danger, if care is not taken, that America as a whole will become as ugly as the outskirts of New York or Pittsburgh, where life is no longer endurable except to mechanics and laborers. Even in glorious California this characteristic and disturbing thing is happening, and there is a threat of complete deforestation. Now the moral and spiritual future of a race, and by the same token its happiness, is much more closely bound up with its artistic appreciation than is commonly realized. But this theme calls for an elaboration which we cannot indulge in at this time.

To return to the practical question, we must, I believe, appeal to this aristocracy if the film is to be saved. The sacrifice required of it is insignificant compared to those it has made elsewhere. It need only set a good example, set up a sort of artistic jury, create an honor roll of good films, give its support to these latter, patronize them, give them a kind of official sanction which, coming from above, would be more effective than all the advertising that the most lavish promoter could devise.

Moreover, a sort of "model studio" might be established, whence would issue only such films as had horrified the seventeen thousand distributors; films that would not be merely endless repetitions of the same tales, the same effects, the same situations, but which, built wholly from new material, would carry a somewhat loftier thought, or a new idea, a new grace, or a new emotion; or perhaps simply an ingenious combination of material less stale than that commonly employed.

It would be worth while likewise, I think, to found a sort of museum or Pantheon or Louvre for truly fine films. There could be preserved, after rigid selection, the masterpieces of the screen. For it is undeniable, that already this art, though born only yesterday, has produced certain pages, certain moments, certain movements, certain pictures, that are not inferior to many masterpieces of the past in literature, painting and sculpture. Such films would be exhibited there periodically; and thus everybody might take lessons in beauty, just as in a museum.

Every large city should have such a

The Spiritual Future of America and the Movies

(Concluded)

Pantheon. It would provide an educational force far more effective, more vivid, more universal and more penetrating than the schools, universities and museums; and the hundredth part of the vast sums hitherto spent, more or less uselessly, on artistic instruction would more than suffice for such a purpose.

It would be money well spent. It should be borne in mind that the movies are destined to supply the moral, religious, political, intellectual and artistic education of America. At no time in history has there been such a means of influencing the spirit of men, and particularly of women and children, as the motion picture affords. We cannot yet realize the effect which this education by pictures will have on the spirit of our children. But it is reasonably certain that it will be more impressive and more lasting than we imagine, even in our wildest dreams. All man's education, all his thoughts and sentiments, are really formed from pictures. Pictures are much more powerful than writing or speech. Everyone can see a picture, and interpret it in his way; it is as irresistible as example. The motion picture is life, magnified and extending over a limitless field, it is the accumulated example and experience of thirty men and thirty years of life, concentrated in a single moment. I repeat: all ideas of duty, justice, love, right and wrong, happiness, honor, luxury, beauty, all ideas concerning the goal of life which are now being formed in the minds of your children, are ideas implanted by the movies, and these same ideas will in turn produce the men who will be the America of tomorrow. Do you think the spiritual nourishment which is now being lavished upon them will make the sort of men you want? The question is an important one—and a disturbing one; the more disturbing because while it is true that the movies have not been frankly and willfully immoral hitherto, and while it has done no worse than to teach silliness, platitudes, false sentimentality, bad taste and ugliness—things that are deemed (wrongly) to be harmless—we may not trust that it will always be so. Today, because of the tremendous moral strength of the American people, because of their sound race-stock, their honesty and their religious background, the heritage of former generations, the pictures must be moral and honorable if they are to be accepted by the public; they are still held in the right direction by the masses. But will it be always thus? There are already certain indications that make one fear it will not; in which case the movies would become the most terrible instrument of demoralization ever known. This would be the more deplorable and more criminal in that the masses have demonstrated, by their approval of works which, though clumsy and incomplete, spring from the choice of the producers, proving that the public's aspiration is infinitely higher than these people choose to believe.

Sight-Seeing the Movies

(Continued from page 31)

your mama, you'd better stay away from May. But she's an awful disappointment to a guy in my position. She never does a thing I can talk about."

The bus stopped in a patch of fragrant sunshine.

"What's the matter?" demanded a plump and pessimistic lady from Kansas.

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Sight-Seeing the Movies

(Concluded)

singing all about, you see the House of Green Gables, the Home that Douglas Fairbanks built for Mary Pickford, the house that shelters the greatest romance of this century. That's where Doug and Mary were married after Mary went up to Minden, Nevada, and got her divorce from Owen Moore. Doug's wife got a divorce about two years before.

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What They Think About Marriage

(Continued from page 22)

I do or intend to do and I know I can always depend upon his judgment. I do not feel that, as an actress, I am neglecting him. I have my hours for work—as he has his. We both have an interest outside of our home—just as many, many married people have today. Both have their work; but that makes them better pals and better lovers.

Rupert
Hughes:

Why center the pointing finger upon stage people? To my mind the only way to judge if

their marital differences are more numerous or more intense than those of other people, is to look at the domestic trials and tribulations of those other people. I refuse to consider stage people as a curious body, in any way different from other human beings, or their marriages to a greater percent unhappy. As far as "temperament" enters into the question, there have been shoe clerks who could not sell shoes because their wives came into the stores and made scenes. There have been business men who could not succeed because of their flirtatious dispositions, but the public does not call this "temperament"—that is the only difference. There is as much flirting between the small town housewife and the iceman, as between the actress and her male associates. Again, in many cases, the actors and actresses experienced their marital difficulties before coming to the stage. Many of them were divorced, deserted, or otherwise suffered from domestic trouble beforehand, and became happy and useful on the stage.

"Temperament," which is said to stand in the way of happiness in the lives of married stage folk, is as much in evidence in old college professors and Doctors of Divinity as in the most petted darling of the stage I have known. Taking the fact that there are people on the stage who might better be washing windows, and window cleaners who might better be interpreting drama, it appears impossible to me to confine the quality called "temperament," and commonly held to be the cause of the screen artists' domestic differences, to the man or woman who happens to be earning his or her living on the stage. The dramatic career, like every other career, is both a trade and an art. All sorts of people succeed or fail, or merely

Studio Directory

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal active ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

ASSOCIATED PRODUCERS, INC.,

729 Seventh Ave., N. Y.

- (s) Maurice Tourneur, Universal City, Cal.
- (s) Thos. H. Ince, Culver City, Cal.
- J. Parker Read, Jr., Ince Studios, Culver City, Cal.
- (s) Mack Sennett, Edendale, Cal.
- (s) Marshall Neilan, Hollywood Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
- (s) Allan Dwan, Hollywood Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
- (s) Geo. Loane Tucker, Brunton Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

BLACKTON PRODUCTIONS, INC.,

25 West 45th St., New York; (s) 423 Classon Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ROBERT BRUNTON STUDIOS,

5300 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

CHRISTIE FILM CORP.,

6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS' CIRCUIT, INC.,

6 West 48th St., New York;

- Mildred Harris Co. and Anita Stewart Co., 3800 Missiou Boul., Glendale, Calif.
- Louis B. Mayer Studio.
- Norma and Constance Talmadge Studio, 318 East 48th St., New York.
- King Vidor Production, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
- Katherine MacDonald Productions, Georgia and Girard Sts., Los Angeles, Cal.

FOX FILM CORP.,

10th Ave. and 55th St., New York; 1401 Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

GARSON STUDIOS, INC.,

1845 Alessandro St., Edendale, Cal.

GOLDWYN FILM CORP.,

469 Fifth Ave., New York; (s) Culver City, Cal.

HAMPTON, JESSE B., STUDIOS,

1425 Fleming St., Hollywood, Cal.

(s) HART, WM. S. PRODUCTIONS,

1215 Bates St., Hollywood, Cal.

HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS,

Santa Monica Blvd. and Seward St., Hollywood, Cal.

METRO PICTURES CORP.,

1476 Broadway, New York; (s) 3 West 61st St., New York, and 1025 Lillian Way, Hollywood, Cal.

PARAMOUNT ARTCRAFT CORPORATION,

485 Fifth Ave., New York.

- Famous Players Studio, Pierce Ave. and 6th St., Long Island City, N. Y.
- Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal.

PATHE EXCHANGE,

25 West 45th St., New York; (s) Hollywood, Cal.

REALART PICTURES CORPORATION,

469 Fifth Ave., New York; (s) 211 North Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.

ROBERTSON-COLE PRODUCTIONS,

1600 Broadway, New York; Currier Bldg., Los Angeles; (s) Hollywood, Cal.

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO.,

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What They Think About Marriage

(Continued)

earn a living thereby. It is a tiresome and wornout falsehood to state that an art which does more than any other to humanize life and teach sympathy, is an art that ruins its devotees. I am sick of hearing the eternal repetition.

Corinne Griffith:

It seems to me that marital happiness is possible between two artists or an artist and a woman or a man not an artist in the accepted sense of the word. As a matter of fact, I think that the word artist has been very much abused. It generally refers to one who excels in literature, in music, painting, acting and so forth. But to my mind, an artist is anyone who does well his given work and brings 100% efficiency to the task. There is no reason why an artist, either an actress or a musician who marries a business man, we will say, should consider herself in any sense greater than he.

Success in matrimony is built on a foundation of mutual respect. I know stars in the motion picture world who are married, and while their husbands are not in a profession that is generally acclaimed as among the arts, they are, however, men who are driving forces in business. They are as far up in their line as the actress is in hers. Unless the artist is absolutely buried in her work and purely selfish, she should find in her husband's environment a diverting interest. She can give him sympathy and practical help and also she should find in him and his work a potent antidote against vanity and selfishness. She should cultivate an interest in something other than herself. Why not her husband?

Theodore Roberts:

An artist is human and, as such, should marry if he wishes.

Louise Glaum:

Marriage would be all right if it weren't for men and women! One might be able to weather marriage itself artistically, but mothers-in-law and such-like appendages, would assuredly wreck the bark of matrimony or the lighter shell of Art. One may carry the cross of loneliness many times in renouncing marriage, but I think Madame Glyn is right and that domesticity, while excellent in itself, is apt to take so much of the mind, heart and vitality that it will rob Art of the spontaneity and glory that it should have to reach greatness.

Wallace Reid:

Of course to give your real opinion on a question like that, you have to begin with a six-page

apology and explanation to your wife if you happen to be married. I am—and I do.

But impersonally, and excepting my own case which I consider as the exception which proves the rule, I believe marriage for artists is not the best thing in the world. You can't be fair to what the average woman expects of a husband, and at the same time live the life which will give you the greatest experience, the greatest inspiration and the greatest knowledge of life and its ways.

But of course my wife isn't an average woman.

Constance Binney:

Marriage is a career. The stage is a career. One is as important, vital and big as the

other. I think it best for an actress to put off marriage until she becomes really successful. Professionals, especially, must give

all they have, of time and strength, to their work, which is exacting above all other. An actress belongs to the public and to divide time with her husband and the public is not a fair bargain for either.

As I contemplate possible matrimony it seems to me that I would want to marry a man upon whose judgment I can depend—a man who will be first a pal and then a husband. It is not true that artists do not think highly of marriage. If you will stop to consider the matter, all of our biggest and most successful artists of the theater and screen are happily married. Take the Barrymores, Caruso, Norma Talmadge, Nazimova, Margaret Anglin, Grace George, Alice Brady, Mary Pickford—and oh, any number of others! Doesn't their experience prove the point I am trying to make?

Bebe Daniels:

Don't know yet. My personal investigations will allow me to testify only on one side

of the case.

But I've a sneaking idea that while I believe artists should be free to devote their whole lives to art, everybody ought to try being married at least once.

If they don't like it, they needn't stay that way.

Marriage for artists as a permanent institution I am against and agree in theory with Elinor Glyn.

Marriage as an experience is a great idea. All artists ought to try anything once.

Douglas MacLean:

I can only say that I believe thoroughly in marriage for everybody in the whole wide world.

Gouverneur Morris:

I cannot see any difference between motion picture people and other people. Therefore, I do

not feel one can tell them they should not marry. There are undoubtedly bad husbands who are screen stars. And there are bad husbands who are not screen stars.

Marriage is a good thing generally. Why deny it to the interpreters of plays, just because they flirt with each other on the screen for your amusement? Isn't that better than flirting secretly with someone for their own amusement?

Art is a severe task mistress, in that I agree. Unhappy marriage is stultifying, of course. But happy marriage is the most glorious thing in the world and my observation has not shown me anything to prove that marriage has not just as good a chance to be successful on the stage or screen as in any other walk of life.

Billie Burke:

I am just leaving for Palm Beach with my little daughter Patricia, who has a cold, and my

husband, Florenz Ziegfeld.

We have taken a place down there for several months. I am going to forget there is such a thing as a theater, or a studio, or work. I am going to devote myself entirely to Pat, who is the most blessed baby in the world, anyway.

Now you know what I think about marriage.

Catherine Calvert:

I believe an artist can make matrimony a success whether he or she is married to another artist

or just an average person. My happily married life with the late Paul Armstrong is ample proof, at least to me. Our arts—acting and playwriting—were co-dependent.

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What They Think About Marriage

(Concluded)

There is nothing more inspiring than a husband-and-wife combination: both artists and both achieving expression through each other's help. Where genius or art is one's measure in a family of two an entirely different situation exists, but I believe whether the man or the woman is the artist that marital happiness is 80% up to the woman. If she is the genius of the two, unless selfish to the core, she will relax through interest in her husband's profession. She can hold him and help him, for genius should never be one-sided. When not following her art she has the man she loves to occupy her mind. Where the man is the genius and the woman a quiet little mouse, again it is strictly up to her. She can stand still or follow him to the heights just as she wishes. Women concentrate on love while to men it is just a part of their life. With normal intelligence and no one to think about but her genius husband, the woman who cannot create domestic happiness deserves to lose him.

Fred Niblo:

Elinor Glyn was married. Her splendid art testifies against her. A mental review of great artists, writers and actresses seems to me to show that most of them have been married.

Betty Blythe:

I'm happily married! But I believe this—the state which will give you the greatest measure of content, freedom mentally and physically,

and lift from your shoulders the burden of worry and care, is the one you should choose.

Often, as in my case, marriage brings that content. In many cases I am sure it does not. But I do believe Madame Glyn is right when she speaks of the husbands and wives who do not understand each other. That is why I advocate marriage in their own profession to actors and actresses.

Hobart Bosworth:

Madame Glyn must remember that, in citing Paris, she admits the Continental or European

point of view.

We have a conventional outlook upon such matters.

I frankly say that the chains of marriage are often the worst things in the world for the freedom of spirit necessary for any kind of creative work. On the other hand, the deep man-woman companionship which is even more essential, comes to us now only with marriage.

Therefore, it is at least the lesser of two evils.

Edward Knoblock:

As a general rule, I agree with Madame Glyn. It needs an exceptional temperament to combine

art and marriage, without injury to one or the other, because art and marriage both make the utmost demands on an artists' sense of duty.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 95)

PATRICIA, MASS.—What's that? You were about to begin your letter with praise when you read over last month's *Photoplay* and saw that I have all the praise that ought to be given to one man. Patricia: just what do you mean by that? Richard Barthelmess is his right name. He is temporarily appearing for Paramount, as *Youth* in George Fitzmaurice's production of "Experience." Mary Hay, his wife, is singing and dancing in Ziegfeld's musical comedy, "Sally," on Broadway. You can get in to see her if you know Mr. Ziegfeld very well, or you might get your Congressman to reserve a seat in the second-balcony for you, sometime in 1922.

MARY C., INDIANAPOLIS.—There are so many little girls named Mary who write to me, that I can't be expected to remember all about them. However, I believe you are the bobbed-haired bantam who once honored me with her picture and a box of fudge. Am I right? Ralph Graves played opposite Dorothy Gish in "Little Miss Rebellion." He is now working for Griffith in D. W.'s new "personally-directed" production, "Flaming Lamps," another Limehouse-Nights tale in which Carol Dempster, Tyrone Power, W. J. Ferguson, Vivian Ogden and others also appear. Bob in again anytime.

ELIZABETH, KANSAS.—Can't guarantee that those stars will write to you personally and not turn your letters over to their secretaries. It depends upon your letter. I should think. Douglas McLean, Thos. H. Ince, Culver City, Cal.; Harrison Ford, Talmadge studios, N. Y. C.

C. P., RANDOLPH, TEXAS.—Never try to analyze a woman. Particularly a charming woman. Just look at her, that's all. Gloria Swanson was born in Chicago. I don't know

whether she was really christened Gloria or not, but the name fits, so why worry? Mary Miles Minter, Realart. Viola Dana, Metro. Viola is twenty-two and is four feet eleven in height.

MICKEY, HAMILTON, OHIO.—I know that Margaret Loomis was a dancer with Ruth St. Denis before she became an actress in films, but whether or not she ever taught dancing in Tiffin, Ohio, I have no idea. She has always lived in Los Angeles as far as I know. She isn't married. Shirley Mason is married to Bernard Durning, an actor and a director.

DIANA, HOLLIS, ILL.—So you need a new riding habit but you can't afford it. Well, I should advise you to get the walking habit. Herbert Rawlinson is at present working with the Anita Stewart company. Address him at the Mayer studios, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.

M. M. H., ATLANTIC CITY.—Bless your heart—now you know I read all my letters. I have not intentionally neglected you or your city on the Atlantic, because I like you and I like Atlantic City. Never mind—you just keep on writing to me, whether you have any questions to ask or not. It's against the rules, but we have got to prove 'em by exceptions once in a while. Please come again and often.

H. H. B., FORT WORTH.—So you have a cold. What are you doing for it—coughing? Roscoe and Maclyn Arbuckle are not related. Maclyn just closed an engagement in New York City in a play called "Daddy Dumplings" and is now a member of the all-star cast of a new drama, "In the Night Watch" in which also appear Robert Warwick, Jeanne Eagles, and others. Viola Dana and Antonio Moreno are not engaged.

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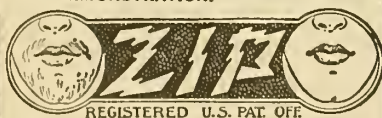
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Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

DOROTHY B., FLORIDA.—Nobody can do as much as you can do for yourself. You want "lots about Niles Welch?" Presuming you want to know everything I can tell you about him, here goes: he was born in Hartford, Conn., in 1888; attended Yale and Columbia Universities, but not at the same time. He was offered a part in a theatrical production, accepted, played in stock for three years, and then joined the Vitagraph company. His latest picture is "The Spenders." He's married to Dell Boone.

PERMANENT READER.—Edith Storey has not returned to the screen permanently. She made one picture and then dropped out again. Wish she'd come back; everybody likes Edith. Maybe she'll see this and write to me; in which case I'll pass the good words on.

ELLA M.—You think that money can do anything. You mean that you would do anything for money. Moreno isn't married; he's one of our last remaining eligibles. Long may he wave. He's thirty-two. Gloria Swanson has reddish brown hair. Carmel Myers is twenty years old and unmarried. Edith Johnson and William Duncan appear together in serials. It is rumored that they are engaged to be married, but so far as I know the ceremony has not yet been performed. Address both at western Vitagraph.

VINCENT L. M., BROOKLYN.—Here is the cast of Tourneur's "Treasure Island," released by Paramount-Artcraft: *Jim Hawkins*, Shirley Mason; *Mrs. Hawkins*, Josie Melville; *Bill Jones*, Al Filson; *Black Dog*, Wilton Taylor; *Pew*, Lon Chaney; *Long John Silver*, Charles Ogle; *Israel Hands*, Joe Singleton; *Morgan*, Bull Montana; *Merry*, Lon Chaney; *Captain Smollett*, Harry Holden; *Squire Trelawney*, Snyder Dean; *Dr. Livesey*, Charles Hill Mailes.

V. V., PENNSYLVANIA.—Oh, don't find fault with girls for wearing those short skirts. They cover up their ears, you know. June Caprice with George Seitz in Seitz's first Pathe feature, "Rogues and Romance." The Seitz company went to Spain for the exteriors for this. June is with Pathe permanently and is now going a new chapter thriller, "The Man Who Stole the Moon," also under the direction and playing opposite that young wizard, George B. Vivian Martin doesn't give her age.

E. L. Y., LONG BEACH.—Some women, like some horses, will never travel in double harness. So if I were you, I should henceforth devote myself to some other young lady of more tractable disposition and tolerant views. Theodore Roberts was *Grand-pap Ketchel* in Mary Miles Minter's Realart release, "Judy of Rogue's Harbor". Kathryn Williams is married to Charles Eyton; they live in Hollywood.

MARY OF NEW BRITAIN.—Well, I suppose most of my correspondents are young ladies. But what can I do. I can't help it if I am popular, can I? The artist who made that drawing at the head of the first page happens to be a very good friend of mine. If you girls only knew it he's a very good friend of yours, too. Roscoe Arbuckle is divorced from Minta Durfee. I have heard it rumored that he is to marry again, but have no confirmation of it. Dorothy Gish is married to James Rennie. He is making "Spanish Love" in the play of that name in New York but I suppose he made American love to Dorothy. Rennie was born in Canada, but he has lived in America for a long time.

WILLIAM JOSEPH.—Speaking of Stevenson—which we really weren't, of course—he used to say that, before he married Fanny Osbourne, he "lived like a pallid weevil in a biscuit." I am not married, either, but I hardly think I should describe my existence like that. Elmo Lincoln's last address was Great Western Producing Company, 1600 Broadway, N. Y. Bebe Daniels, Lasky studios, Hollywood. She is twenty years old, and, so far as I know, heart-whole and fancy free. Eva Novak, Universal City, Cal.

PAT, BERKELEY, CAL.—My soul—I just read that a bill was to be introduced to prohibit heels more than one inch in height. Not that I wear high-heeled shoes myself, you know, still, it seems to me that's carrying it a bit too far. Marguerite Clark is Mrs. H. Palmerson Williams in private life, she denies the report that she is leaving the screen permanently. She just made one picture for First National, "Scrambled Wives" and may make more. She has no children.

FRANK H., BOSTON.—You are almost correct. "Someone in the House" has been filmed, but it is done by Metro and not by deMille. Wallace Reid is not in the leading role, but Edmund Lowe is. Gaston Glass has a French accent; and he is entitled to it because he was born in France and began his stage career there with Sarah Bernhardt.

MARY P. R.—Those "everlasting" avowals are out of date. The Modern Wife now says, "I'll love you for one year, with option of renewal." Priscilla Dean did not play in Griffith's "The Love Flower." Miss Dean happened to be very busy working in Universal's "Outside the Law" at the time; besides, Miss Carol Dempster had already been engaged for the part. Priscilla is married to Wheeler Oakman; Carol isn't married at all.

M. L., LA CROSSE.—Harry Lauder is reported as having said, when he heard the many stories about his thrifty habits, "Some people are supposed to save up for a rainy day, but apparently many think I am expecting a flood." Lila Lee is nineteen and unmarried. Address her, Ethel Clayton, Gloria Swanson, Jack Holt, and Thomas Meighan at the Lasky studios in Hollywood. Lila appears opposite Meighan in "The Easy Road." Katherine MacDonald, her own studios, Girard and Georgia Streets, Los Angeles, Cal.

L. C. SHINN, PORTLAND.—It is customary to enclose twenty-five cents in asking for a player's picture. You may be able to reach Ferdinand Pinney Earle in Hollywood, Cal. Glad you like the Magazine and my part of it. Write again.

J. E. O.—Don't you believe in pull. If there is such a thing, it's your own push that gets it. And I am not speaking pugilistically, either. George Walsh left Fox for a while, but he is again with that company, I understand. Address him at their eastern studio. Address is in our Studio Directory elsewhere in this issue.

AMY B., WEST AUSTRALIA.—Stewart Rome? Is it possible you may mean Stuart Holmes? If so, he may be reached care of Edward Small, Inc., 1493 Broadway, N. Y.

JOHN F. C., PAOLI, PA.—Is Bill Hart supplied with cowboys? Well, that I don't know. You might write to Hart himself, at his studio, Bates and Effie Streets, Hollywood, Cal., and find out.



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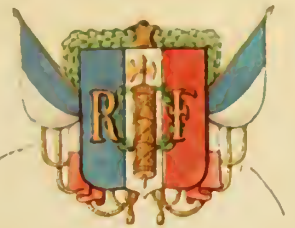
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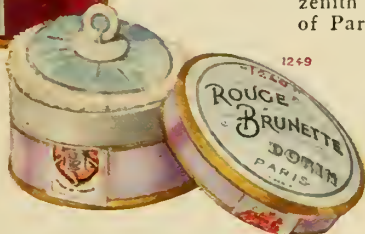
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1920

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The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine.

PHOTOPLAY

June
25c

*What Picture
Will Win Photoplay's
Gold Medal?*

See
Page 33

June
Caprice



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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

VOL. XX

No. 1

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Make this your reference list.

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The Gold Medal Picture of 1920 Is Your Choice!

ON page 33 of this issue, appears an announcement of interest to all movie-goers. This announcement contains a suggested list of fifty photoplays produced in America in 1920 and ranking, so we think, at the top.

Perhaps, to your way of thinking, the best of the year is not among those fifty. At any rate all readers are invited to clip the coupon on page 33 naming the picture they think is the ultimate best of the last year's output.

To the producers of the picture receiving the greatest number of votes, the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Medal of Honor will be awarded. Vote this month and vote next month.

The Honor Medal Picture will be your choice.

Two More Short Stories of Real Distinction

TWO of the cleverest and most unusual stories that have been entered in the \$14,000 prize story contest will appear in the July issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

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Studio Directory

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal active ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

ASSOCIATED PRODUCERS, INC.,

729 Seventh Ave., N. Y.
(s) Maurice Tourneur, Culver City, Cal.
(s) Thos. H. Ince, Culver City, Cal.
J. Parker Read, Jr., Ince Studios, Culver City, Cal.
(s) Mack Sennett, Edendale, Cal.
(s) Marshall Neilan, Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
(s) Allan Dwan, Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
(s) Geo. Loane Tucker, Brunton Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
King Vidor Production, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

BLACKTON PRODUCTIONS, INC., 25 West 45th St., New York; (s) 423 Classon Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ROBERT BRUNTON STUDIOS, 5300 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., 6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORP., of America, 370 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.

FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS' CIRCUIT, INC., 6 West 48th St., New York;

Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven, Prod., 1420 La Brea Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Anita Stewart Co., 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.
Holubar Productions, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Louis B. Mayer Studio, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.
Norma and Constance Talmadge Studio, 318 East 48th St., New York.
Katherine MacDonald Productions, Georgia and Girard Sts., Los Angeles, Cal.

(s) Chas. Ray, 1428 Fleming St., Los Angeles. FOX FILM CORP., (s) 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York; (s) 1401 Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

GARSON STUDIOS, INC., 1845 Alessandro St., Edendale, Cal.

GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 469 Fifth Ave., New York; (s) Culver City, Cal.

HAMPTON, JESSE B., STUDIOS, 1425 Fleming St., Hollywood, Cal.

(s) HART, WM. S. PRODUCTIONS, 1215 Bates St., Hollywood, Cal.

HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

INTERNATIONAL FILMS, INC., 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C. (s) Second Ave. and 127th St., N. Y.

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York; (s) 3 West 61st St., New York, and 1025 Lillian Way, Hollywood, Cal.

PARAMOUNT ARTCRAFT CORPORATION, 485 Fifth Ave., New York.

Famous Players Studio, Pierce Ave. and 6th St., Long Island City, N. Y.

Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal.

PATHE EXCHANGE, Pathe Bldg., 35 W. 45th St., New York.

REALART PICTURES CORPORATION, 469 Fifth Ave., New York; (s) 211 North Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.

ROBERTSON-COLE PRODUCTIONS, 723 Seventh Ave., New York; Currier Bldg., Los Angeles; (s) corner Gower and Melrose Sts., Hollywood, Cal.

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

SELZNICK PICTURES CORP., 729 Seventh Ave., New York; (s) 807 East 175th St., New York, and West Fort Lee, N. J.

UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, 729 Seventh Ave., New York.

Mary Pickford Co., Brunton Studios, Hollywood, Cal.; Douglas Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.; Charles Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave.; Hollywood, Cal.

D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York; (s) Universal City, Cal.

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, 1600 Broadway, New York; (s) East 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., and 1708 Talmadge St., Hollywood, Cal.

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison, of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really can and simply haven't found it out? Well, come to think of it, most anybody can tell a story. Why can't most anybody write a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the mistaken ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. Today he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality today.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts, and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of Tomorrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer? Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet, if, by some lucky chance they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given their imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

BUT two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "knowhow." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard often turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

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"With this volume before him, the veriest novice should be able to build stories or photoplays that will find a ready market. The best treatise of its kind I have encountered in 24 years of newspaper and literary work." — H. PIERCE WELLER, MANAGING EDITOR, THE BINGHAMTON PRESS.

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hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't I learn to write?" Who says you can't?

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Alfred Cheney Johnston

THEY have called her "the most photographed girl in the world." And Martha Mansfield is endeavoring to eclipse her own record by becoming a full-fledged star, with all the extra close-ups coming to an individual luminary.



Alfred Cheney Johnston

OF COURSE she couldn't be a water baby forever. She had to grow up sometime. Marie Prevost is now appearing in comedy-drama, and it would not surprise us in the least to see her name—someday—in large and bright electrics.



Alfred Cheney Johnston

SHE'S a whimsical, imaginative little girl to whom a motion picture studio is a wonderland of romance and delight. Work, to her, is just an excuse for make-believe. And why not? Madge Bellamy is—honestly—only seventeen.



Alfred Cheney Johnston

YOU can't call a Young Person like Betty Hilburn an ingenue. Betty, on the screen, acts very much as Young Persons act in real life. And that, as everyone will tell you, is not conducting oneself according to tradition.



Alfred Cheney Johnston

THERE are a few celebrities in the history of the world about whom it is impossible to write anything new. That is why, in presenting Miss Mary Pickford—or Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks—we simply say, "Her new portrait."



Alfred Cheney Johnston

IT wasn't so long ago that the name of Betty Compson was known only to those who followed the course of custard-pies in the shorter drama. Now—she has her own company, and eminent authors write stories for her to emote in.



Actual photograph of gown *after* washing with Ivory Flakes.

This gown with statement of original owner on file in the office of The Procter & Gamble Company.

Would you think this gown was photographed after washing?

Send for free sample

with instructions for the care of delicate garments. Address Section 45-EF, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Yes, it was washed—in soap and water—after it had been worn and cleaned several times—and it came from the suds as you see it in the picture; flesh silk, flesh chiffon, printed white georgette crepe and white silk lace as charming as ever.

Its owner says that she would not have dared to wash such a gown with anything but Ivory Flakes. She

knew, however, that she could trust it to the Flakes, because they are genuine Ivory Soap, the purest soap that can be made, flaked for instant, easy, rubless hand-laundering.

So long as Ivory Flakes washes harmlessly such a frock as this, you may be sure that it is absolutely safe for the blouses, lingerie, and other dainty garments that require frequent washings.



IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Makes pretty clothes last longer



The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine

PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XX

June, 1921

No. 1

Sex Through the Ages

IT has been proposed to film the Bible, but the main title and its subdivisions would never do. The great work itself might appeal to the selling agents if it were three-sheeted as "Droll Stories of Judea." The account of the flood could best be put across by something a little suggestive, as "What Happened on the House-Boat?" Solomon and his thousand wives invite a snappy headline like "Should a Husband Tell?"

Away with these fanciful distortions! Here are real ones: The name "Du Barry" would of course have suggested nothing to the theatrical rabble that looks at pictures, so that great photoplay became "Passion." Realart's murder of "In the Bishop's Carriage," one of the best-known titles within recent fiction and stage memory, is little less than a crime against art. It was replaced by the mandlin "She Couldn't Help It." Pinero's "Iris" was pepped up into "A Slave of Vanity." "The Admirable Crichton" became "Male and Female." "The Profligate" was turned into "The Truth About Husbands," "Cinderella Jane," a well-known novel, into "The Mad Marriage," "Emergency House" into "The Plaything of Broadway," "The Man from Toronto" into "Lessons in Love," "Mrs. Mallaby's Mistake" into "The Bachelor's Blush," "Athalie" into "Unseen Forces," "Sorrentina" into "Puppets of Fate"—and so on, and on, and on.

But in one quarter of the film heavens a new dawn glimmers. When they gave Dr. Arthur Schnitzler's "The Affairs of Anatol" the unutterably silly name of "The Five Kisses," the desecrators paused, aghast at their own malfeasance. Then they did an enormously daring thing—they asked the fans themselves, through the exhibitors, which name they preferred—and they preferred that obscure, foreign, meaningless though original title, "The Affairs of Anatol"!

Momentarily, at least, the retreat of this particular band of suggestive titlers has become a rout, for their selling department has ordered them not only to remove the red ribbons from their typewriters, but to refrain from buying any title that lugs the fleshly lure even in the original!



Strauss-Peyton.

JULIAN ELTINGE: a new portrait! The foremost impersonator of beautiful women in the world, Mr. Eltinge has returned to the films. He first brought his famous feminine characterizations to the shadow stage four years ago, introducing at the same time "Bill" Eltinge, who scored a personal success entirely apart from his impersonations. His new photoplay will be a version of one of his most notable stage successes.

(Below) illustrative of his theory of simplicity, Urban placed this lofty cathedral pane behind the heroine—Marion Davies—achieving an impressive picture.



REVIVING ROMANCE

NOT Egypt, nor the Middle Ages, nor an expanse of the Spanish Main served as the background for these scenes, but a New York studio—formerly a beer garden, within hearing of the elevated's roar. The artistry and imagination of Joseph Urban recreates for the screen these vivid pictures of a bygone day.

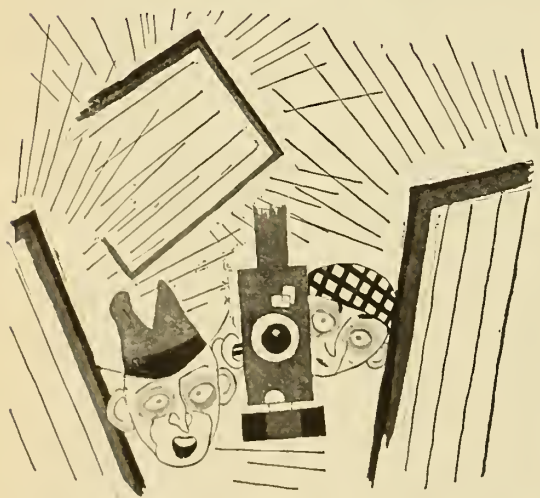


A setting of rare illusion is that provided by Urban for the medieval marriage scene for "The Bride's Play"—shown at the top of the page. The rich atmosphere of the luxurious Middle Ages is faithfully conveyed to the silver sheet.

The Nile scene (at the left), which is only a flash in "Buried Treasure." Joseph Urban surrounded Marion Davies with such beauty as Cleopatra herself might have envied.

The Seven Stages of Fox

By
RALPH BARTON

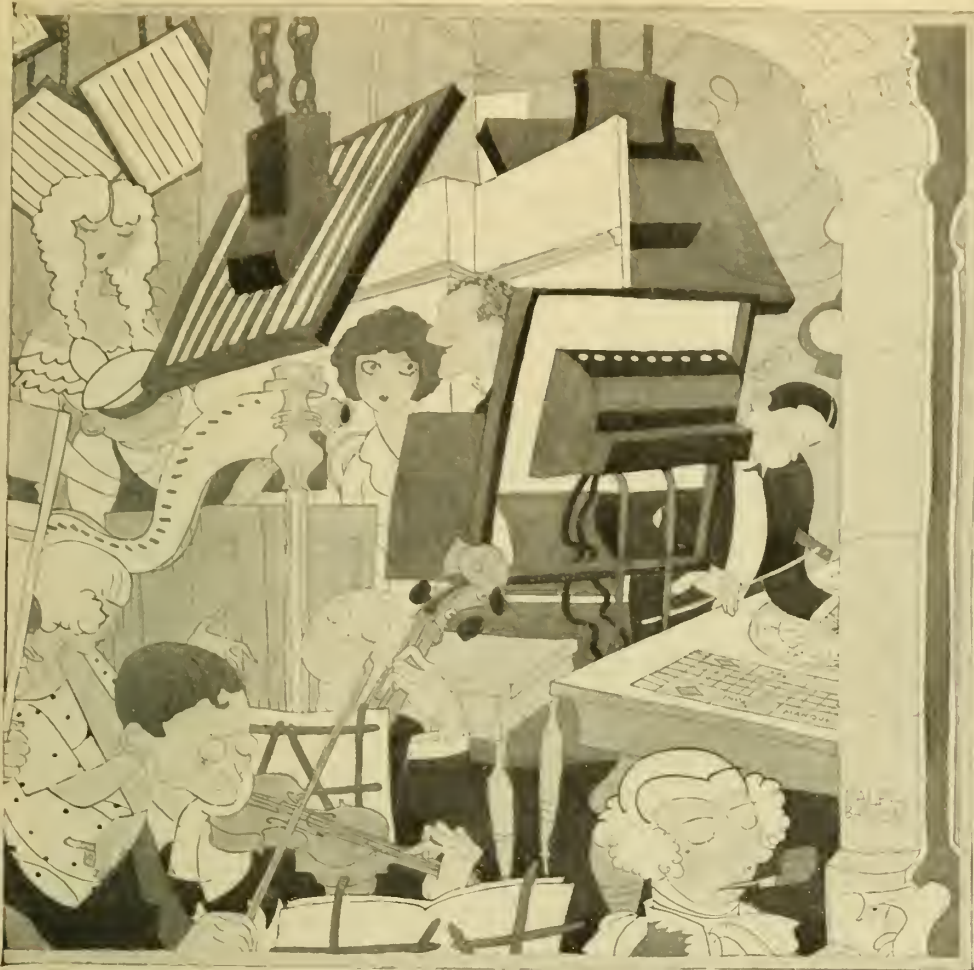


Any film star's outlook on life. And then they say they don't earn their salaries! Even cameramen look green under the lights. Take your girl around a studio and have a look at her. If you still want to marry her, it's love.



It is easier to interview Rockefeller than to enter a studio.

Pearl White is now leading the simple life of a dramatic heroine in six reels. She is even submitting to a little direction by Charles Giblyn. That's more than any serial villain ever got away with when Pearl was the princess of thrillers.



ARE your nerves in good condition? Heart all right? Do you like football games, mountain climbing, and personally conducted tours about boiler factories? Any one or a combination of these simple pleasures? Then come along on a little sight-seeing excursion to the William Fox studios at Tenth Avenue and Fifty-Fifth Street, Manhattan, on an unusually quiet afternoon. If you follow the film from left to right you may get a faint notion of what it's all about. Beginning at the farthest corner: A Dive. Director Edward Sedgwick is giving a little lesson in serial etiquette to *The Gang*—you know the *Gang*—for an episode in the long life of that light-fingered gent, *Fantomas*. Next in order, Violet Mersereau, trying to find out which one of the Seven Stages of Fox she is in. Then Bill Farnum's private orchestra—Bill is never temperamental when they are playing, but then Bill is never temperamental anyway. Halfway between the harp and the Cooper-Hewitt, Marc MacDermott's mustache is working overtime. Finally: a layout of gaming tables to turn the ghost of Canfield green with envy—to say nothing of the Prince of Monaco, assorted extras and stagehands, etc.



Bill Farnum gives one last grin before calling it a good day's work. And the S. Y. T. cuddled so contentedly in his arms, rouses herself reluctantly and sighs, "Goodness—how I love my work!"



Mrs. Mary Carr—playing just one more of those mother parts before the Reformers decide that anything so wickedly suggestive to innocent youth as the idea of Motherhood should be firmly and immediately suppressed.



Sweet custom-built upholstered chariots, waiting for to trundle them home.

A Photobiography

Elinor Glyn's Impression.

it which come near it—I would have preferred to have studied her personality first, and have written something especially for her.

She will excel, in the future, in tragedy,—in deep emotion where there can be no possibility of action. As the

two best moments she ever showed, in my opinion, were when she cried on the garden seat in the park in "Something to Think About"—and crouched in the straw, in the same play.

She has one quality which I think supreme in human beings—she has *Courage*. Imagine what it meant to go down in that pit among the lions—in "Male and Female"! Think what it will mean to be in close proximity to the rattlesnake in this "Great Moment," and remember, *fear* shows through the eyes—no matter how the muscles of the face are controlled, and no such expression is coming through hers on the screen, because—she knows no fear!

She has another virtue rare in the female character—she does not talk all the time!—and she never says unkind things about other women.

I always stand back and review people in the abstract when circumstance is going to bring them into close touch with me, and I do not give an opinion until I have studied them fully, although one forms in my mind, the first time I look into their faces. We have now worked together for two weeks and "on location" (twenty-two hours on end—without sleep, lately!) and *I like* Gloria Swanson. Make deductions from all I have said, and you will understand what tribute this means!

The small Gloria doubtless cherished a wholesome resentment against all photographers. When one is five and has a new doll to play with it is silly, to say the least, to get all starched up. But at the age of fifteen the whole thing takes on a different aspect. Particularly when one is wearing one's hair up for the first time. The center picture was taken along about the time Gloria Swanson decided to break into the movies via Essanay.

There is an uncompromising seriousness about a baby! They are always—at eighteen months—so very dignified. It must have annoyed Gloria Swanson exceedingly to have stupid people poke and tickle her in the hope of bringing a smile to that cherubic countenance.

TO see Gloria Swanson on the screen, no one would realize the exquisite, tiny creature she is. She looks to be quite a tall woman—but off the stage she is only "a slip of girl"!—with perhaps the loveliest eyes I have ever seen. They are strange eyes, not altogether occidental, which gives them their charm—blue eyes, up a little at the corners, and with lashes half an inch long. Nothing of the "saucer in the middle of the cheek" type which so irritated my sculptor friend when he was shown photographs of chocolate box beauties! Her eyes hold all possibilities—and when life and its experiences will have begun to churn the soul, wonderful magnetism will come through them. And even now, in her first fresh youth, they stand apart from all the other eyes on the screen.

That is why I like to look at her, and watch her playing the part of my "Nadino"—I feel that she has an old soul struggling to remember its former lives—not young—young—like this Great America.

She is often unsmiling—often even sad. Someone said in my hearing the other day—"I wonder what Elinor Glyn would look like if she smiled!" . . . That is the bond between us perhaps; we both have up-at-the-corner Slavonic eyes, and we neither of us smile—much! I do not think that she has yet had a part which has done her talent justice. I am not even sure that "Nadine" is such a part—although there are several "moments" in

of Gloria Swanson

Let's skip a few years, then observe the young lady at the left: Gloria Swanson, a queen of slapstick comedy, a movie mermaid of the Mack Sennett school.



She hadn't realized her dramatic ambitions by any means, until she was given her big opportunity in Cecil deMille's "Male and Female" (above). In the oval, the dazzling, superbly gowned and sophisticated Gloria Swanson of today and "The Affairs of Anatol."



Of course, before she played *Lady Mary* to Tom Meighan's *Admirable Crichton*, she had to make her deMille debut with Elliott Dexter in "Why Change Your Wife."

And now—stardom! in a story written especially for her by Elinor Glyn, "Her Great Moment." Milton Sills is her leading man.

Another Entry in Photoplay's \$14,000 Fiction Contest:

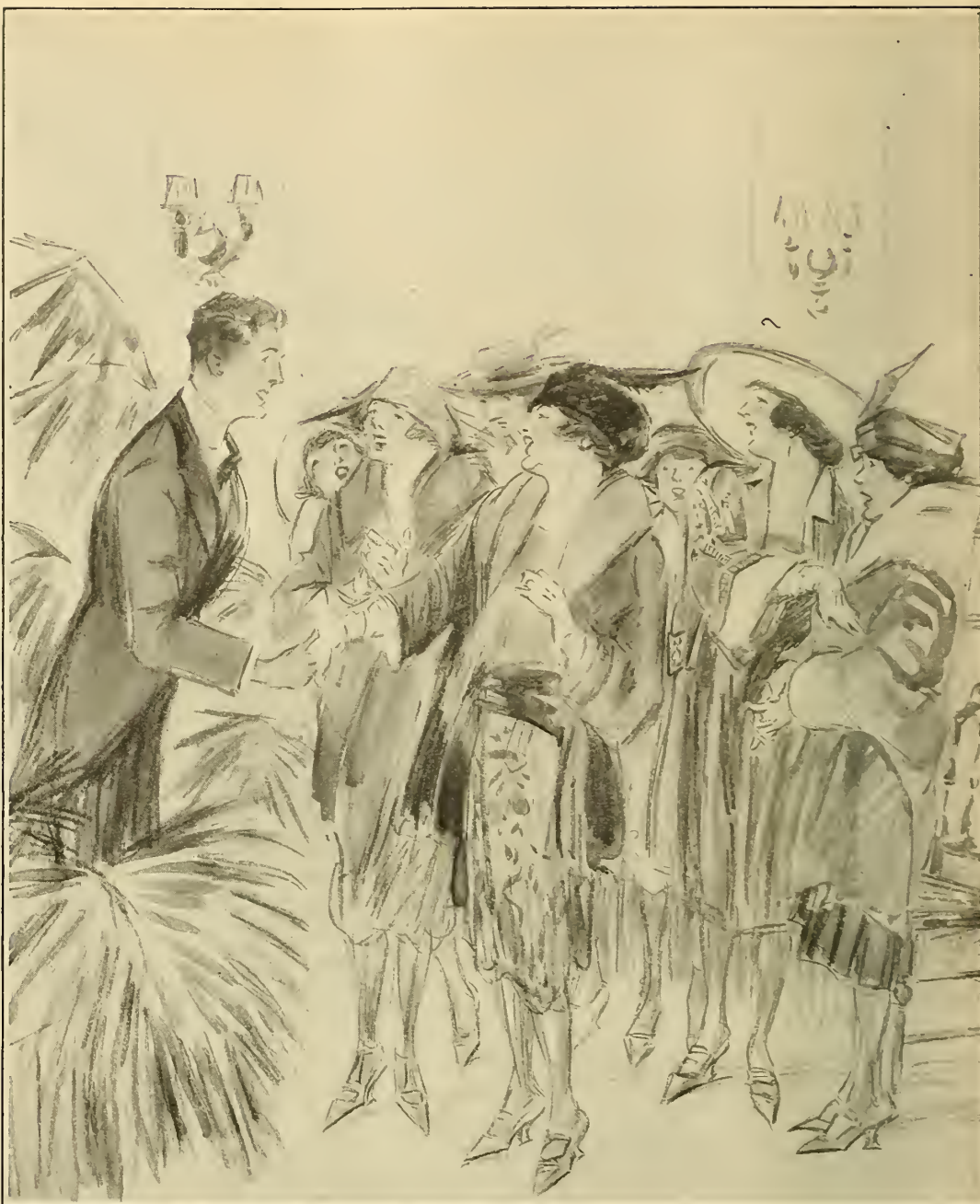
"I FEEL that the presence of our distinguished guest this afternoon marks a significant advance in the cultural development of this club; that his address will awaken us to fresh effort in bringing to our city the great minds that are inspiring and cheering the world today."

White-gloved hands discreetly applauded Mrs. Willoughby Hill as that august lady seated herself. They pattered again as the object of her eulogy arose and faced a roomful of upturned faces, the flower of the Woman's City Club, drawn together for the opening lecture of the autumn season.

From her seat at one side of the room, Betty Trainer, watching the slender young Englishman as he proceeded with his talk on "Modern English Poetry," was glad that she had come. Mrs. Willoughby Hill's lions generally bored her, but this one was proving an exception. It was not that he roared louder or more melodiously than most lions; there was quite another reason. As a matter of fact the British poet squashed down on his a's so they seemed unreasonably broadened, his discourse lacked punctuation, he spoke in a series of dashes, spilled out his words. Nevertheless he managed during this process to spill some rather good things. Also he was an attractive looking young man with a trick of blushing that was not unpleasant. However it was neither the pulchritude nor the youthfulness of the speaker that made Betty glad that she had come. There was a much more important reason.

Ultimately came the rustle of pretty frocks as their wearers relaxed, the usual incoherent murmurings that mark the end of attention in an assemblage of fashionable women, and the audience was led up individually to meet the lecturer. Mrs. Willoughby Hill, whose greatest asset was a good memory for names and faces, acted as mistress of ceremonies. Betty hung back to the last, watching the undeniably bored and equally polite young Englishman shake hands with woman after woman. She wondered what he was really thinking the while, and, unbidden, came to her the memory of a series of cartoons setting forth the feelings of people and things ranging from those of an eighteen months old baby to the sphinx. Idly she tried to place the English poet in his proper intellectual niche between the infant and the emblem of mystery.

Mrs. Willoughby Hill bore down upon her.



The young Englishman was being talked to by two exclam-
longed to put both hands in his pockets and rest. He turned

HANDS ACROSS

By ELMER BROWN MASON

"How pretty you look, my dear. Come and meet Mr. Tyne, he is charming."

Betty followed obediently. The young Englishman was being talked to by two exclamatory women no longer young. Betty could feel that he longed to put both hands in his pockets and rest. He turned and mechanically extended one hand as she approached.

"Mrs. Trainer, Mr. Wilson Tyne," declaimed the hostess.

"How d'you do, Mrs. Trainer?" the Englishman asked, with polite inanity, and then catching up the name again, "Mrs. Trainer! . . . Are you . . . er . . . that is to say, are you by any chance a connection of Selwyn Trainer?"

"He's my husband," answered Betty proudly.

"Oh I say now—how unusual! We admire him so much you know.—'Voices!'—perfectly splendid, if you get what I mean?"



story women no longer young. Betty could feel that he and mechanically extended one hand as she approached.

THE SEA

Illustrated by May Wilson Preston

Before you begin this story,
forget everything you have
ever read about poets.
This one is different!

—oh, ripping!" and he blushed with embarrassment and looked more than ever as if he wanted to put his hands in his pockets.

"My dear," exclaimed Mrs. Willoughby Hill, an about-to-pounce look in her eyes, "fancy not knowing that your husband was a poet, that you had married an Englishman!"

Betty ignored the first question to answer the exclamatory sentence.

"Selwyn is *not* an Englishman though he certainly is a poet."

"Ra-ther," agreed Mr. Wilson Tyne.

Mrs. Willoughby Hill looked distressed. Poets that were not English were outside her mental conception. Of course there must be American poets but they were not quite, well not quite, quite . . .

"Oh," she exclaimed politely, if a trifle vaguely, "how nice of you old world masters, Mr. Tyne, to know of our young men."

Oh, he thought that it was 'unusual' that I should be married to you."

"I think so myself and I'm awfully grateful," Selwyn Trainer answered promptly. "Still I don't quite see how he reached that conclusion."

"And Mrs. Willoughby Hill thought that you must be an Englishman—because you were a poet."

"That I don't follow at all." He looked vaguely distressed.

"Don't try to, dear," advised his wife. "Incidentally Mr. Tyne is coming to tea tomorrow. . . . Oh, here are large plates of excellent food smiling at us!"

"You are more of a poet than I am," Selwyn Trainer insisted; "I'm famished."

After they had been smiled on by the proprietress and beamed on by the waitress, the poet and his wife walked up

"I'd like to meet Selwyn Trainer awfully, you know," suggested the young Englishman with direct simplicity. "Be able to tell people at home that I had met him."

"Then indeed you shall," answered Betty. "Come to tea tomorrow at five if you care to."

"Ra-ther," gratefully acquiesced Mr. Wilson Tyne.

BETTY and her husband met at the Public Library on Forty-second Street, walked down Fifth Avenue to Fortieth and then west to a little restaurant where they were to dine. They had discovered it themselves, so that it had a special charm for them. The food was served, vegetables and meat together, on the same plate, and there was a kind of feeling that the place was glad to have you there. Betty once demanded from her husband the logic from which he evolved this theory—she was rather strong on logic, though she frankly distrusted mathematics—and he offered the size of the plates as indicating a welcome. Anyway, the charm was there and the food was unquestionably good and also cheap, a regrettable but necessary requirement of the Trainer pocket book. A fresh-cheeked Irish girl took their order and then Selwyn Trainer turned back to his wife.

"Did you have a pleasant time, Betty, my wife?" he asked.

"I'm not sure," she answered judiciously. "He was rather a nice young poet—I *know* that he wanted to put his hands in his pockets—and he was pleasantly uneloquent. Still I'm not sure.

Seventh Avenue as far as Forty-fourth to see the lights. There was a brand new one, that evening, a smiling Esquimo with a long crackling whip driving two dogs whose legs twinkled realistically, while above them white Northern lights fanned out across the sky. The Trainers watched it delightedly for fully five minutes before they went down into the subway for home. It had been a pretense of theirs for a long time that the lights of the White Way were conceived and produced at enormous expense for their benefit, hence they always welcomed a new one as a personal attention. Perhaps it was just this kind of day dreaming that made Selwyn Trainer a great poet.

IT was very pleasant in the Trainers' little apartment. The roar of the elevated came up to them like the roar of the sea; the warnings from the horns of automobiles were as various in sound as the cries of sea gulls. Betty was knitting happily on a long gray golf stocking, her husband was "reading something over again." He laid down his book and looked up at her.

"It's all sheer beauty," he said.

"Yes, dear," Mrs. Trainer agreed absently. She wondered if the stocking would need more yarn. She hoped not.

"The River Yan, the tolulu-bird, and Go-By Street, I mean," he explained, "Especially Go-By Street."

Betty glanced at the book the poet had laid aside, let her knitting fall, again said: "Yes, dear."

"Yes, it's sheer beauty," the poet repeated, warming to his theme. "But, then, there is beauty in everything, it's all around us. Take that picture theater we went to on a roof of Broadway, last week, for instance! Well, it was beautiful. The dim light with the background of India; temples and trees; the brass owls with their winking eyes; and the people silent and interested with cigarettes twinkling here and there, and, above all, a canary in a cage singing out its heart. It was beautiful, yes, beautiful!"

"Isn't it a far cry from Lord Dunsany's 'Tales of Three Hemispheres' to a movie roof garden?" asked the poet's wife, her eyes affectionately on his.

"No, it isn't," he stated positively, "nor is it a far cry from Broadway with its lights twinkling; its cascades of fire; its gigantic electric kittens madly chasing spools of thread; its absurd manikins doing setting-up exercises—not to mention the new Esquimo—to the land of Singanee where the female slave empties her basket of sapphires at dawn into the abyss where dwell the golden dragons. Yes, there is beauty in everything, and most of all, Betty, my own, in you!"

"You're a dear," answered Betty, blushing and dimpling at the same time—something very few women can do, "and I'm very glad that I married you. It's a shame everyone can't see things as you do—but, then, everyone would be a poet," she added as an afterthought.

Selwyn Trainer rose to his feet and took a pipe from the left hand upper drawer of his desk. Betty braced herself, she always had to brace herself against the first two or three whiffs—after that she got used to it. The poet's taste in tobacco

was not aesthetic. He was also wanting in other respects in the supposed attributes of poets: wore his hair short, his clothes were neat—rather painfully so, he always knew where everything was in and on his desk, and, in halycon days late passed, shook a mean but desirable cocktail. And yet he was unquestionably the greatest American poet of the day, quite possibly the Ages may remember him as *the* greatest American poet.

The pipe going satisfactorily, Selwyn Trainer came back to his chair and took up the conversation where Betty had dropped it.

"Yes, isn't it a shame that people can't see beauty when it's everywhere about them? Great heavens, how much happier they'd be! Think of being so blind as not to appreciate Broadway at night! It's a shame! Simply a shame!"

"Yes, dear," said Betty, but it was not a perfunctory "Yes, dear." It was a "Yes, dear" vivid with inspiration, and she proceeded to put this inspiration into words, "Why don't you teach them to appreciate and enjoy this beauty-in-everything as you do?"

"I have tried," the poet answered. "My last book of verse . . ."

"A wonderful book!" Betty interrupted, "Perfectly wonderful—and more!"—Indeed it was thanks to it that her poet had been able to ask her to marry him—"But that isn't exactly the way to do it, these days, you should talk to them."

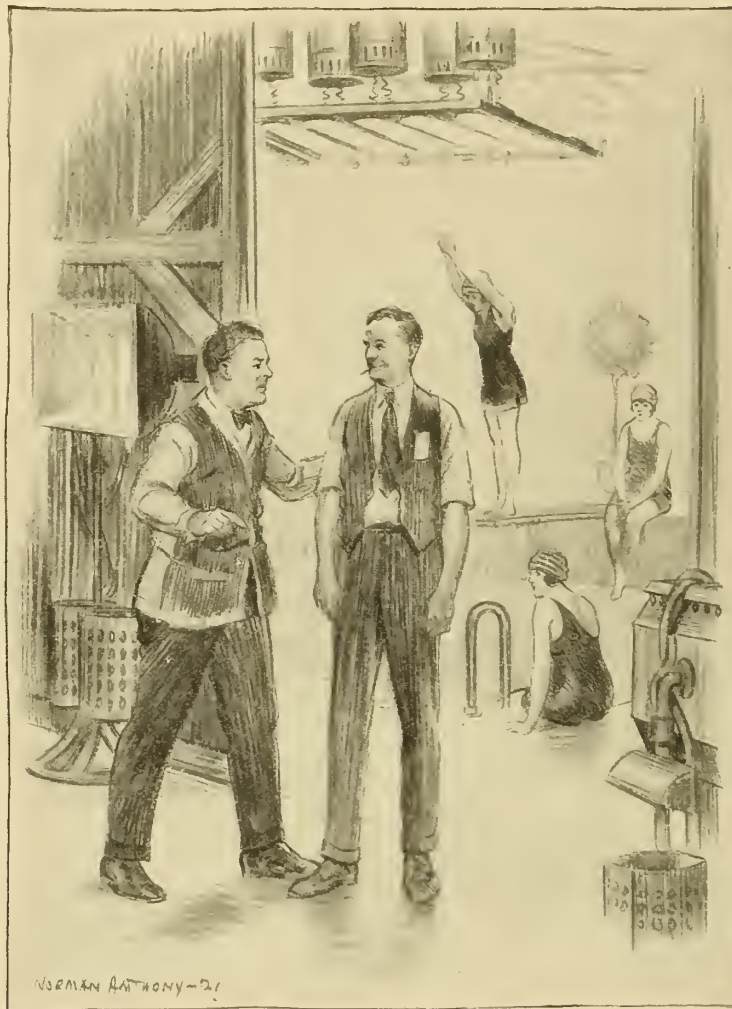
"Talk to them!" repeated the poet, "I don't see . . ."

"Yes, talk to them," reiterated Betty, in her turn warming to her theme. "Give lectures. Get everyone in a big hall. Madison Square Garden might do, and tell them to look about and see as you do. Think how they would thank you!"

"The gratitude of the tired business man surfeited with musical comedies," laughed the poet, but it was a false laugh. His imagination had seized hold of the picture, he was visualizing the scene. . . . It was the end of his first lecture, came the little silence that is so much more flattering than applause. Then the sound of hands beating together. He could see them as well as hear them: swiftly vibrating flashes of white like darting pigeons—the simile pleased him.

"I'm afraid, my dear, that I don't qualify as an orator," he said lamely, coming back to the present.

Betty sniffed and picked up her knitting. The poet turned back to his book.



Director:—"Say—lend me your bathing girls a minute for this society ball scene, will you, Mac?"

WILSON Tyne turned up promptly for tea, the next day, under his arm a well-thumbed copy of "Voices," which he at once asked Selwyn Trainer to autograph. His attitude towards the American was rather that of a private in the British army to his overlord, the Company Sergeant-Major. Betty, quite left out of the conversation, nevertheless beamed upon them. She came to the general conclusion that poets as a class were much younger than their age, mere infants in fact. These two acted like two shy small boys trying to make friends. Selwyn Trainer asked the Englishman—a trifle wist- (Continued on page 96)

"Dorothy likes to spend money," said Lillian. "I fear poverty. I have resolved that when I am old I shall have more than one dress and three hundred dollars."



The Gish Girls Talk About Each Other

To
ADA PATTERSON

had one. Our father died when we were babies. It seems odd for Jim to come in to breakfast in his Japanese kimono. I didn't know men wore such things, at least in the morning."

"Japanese kimonos? Yes, indeed, they're emphatically the thing," Mrs. James Rennie assured her.

"You think a man's handy to have about the house?"

"Yes, to drive nails and tell you about stocks and bonds and to put the waiter in his place," rejoined Miss Gish of the wide, wistful eyes.

"And what do you think of your sister being single? Would you like to see her married?"

"Yes, why not?" Dorothy flashed her answer. She is as swift of speech as the tragedienne is deliberate.

"Kipling said something about travelling faster if you travel alone, didn't he?"

"I don't believe that," from Dorothy.

"Didn't Duse say that one should live life fully, round out one's existence with every legitimate human experience? I stand with Duse. Still"—one of those little grimaces that delight her audiences—"Lillian may become the old maid of the family. Mother always chided me because I had to go fishing for anything in my trunk or bureau drawers. Lillian's bureau drawers and trunks are always models. If any of her things were displaced,—or should I say, misplaced,—it would be a calamity."

"Do you ever quarrel?"

"No." Lillian Gish spoke with her quiet, last-word-on-the-subject manner. "We have never quarreled because we respect each other."

"Not even when you directed your sister in a motion picture?"

"No. We knew that each was working for the other's benefit. Dorothy followed my directions as she would any other director's. We were both pleased with the result. The picture, 'Remodelling a Husband,' was a good one. But I shouldn't want to be a director. I am not strong enough. I doubt if any woman is. I understand now why Lois Weber was always ill after a picture. Directing requires a man of vigor and imagination."

"What are your points of greatest difference?"

"Dorothy likes to go about. She mingles with people. I don't."

Mrs. James Rennie wagged her side-bobbed head. "I must be among people. I need them. I think it helps me in my work. I watch how they do things and (Continued on page 104)

"ALL we have in common is our mother," said one of the most unlike sisters in the world.

Lillian Gish spoke. The young tragedienne whom John Barrymore has called "The American Bernhardt" sat staidly in a chair according to the accepted relation of chairs and sitters. Dorothy Gish, the comedienne, perched on hers. It must be chronicled of Mrs. James Rennie that she sits on her feet. She is more comfortable so and neither her sad-eyed sister, nor her mother, nor her bridegroom ever reproves her for the acquired in childhood habit. It's a part of her and none of the family wants to lose any part of Dorothy.

The sisters had promised to talk about each other to me. They had agreed to tell the truth, frankly, as they saw it. The time was a recent Saturday afternoon. The place was the apartment occupied by Mrs. Gish and Lillian. Hard by was that of the recently made Mrs. James Rennie with her handsome young lord. Yes, at the Hotel Savoy, although the address of the pair is 132 East Nineteenth Street. "We give teas at the Nineteenth Street address but live here," said the bride. "It will be so until we have thoroughly furnished the apartment."

"What do you think of your sister's marriage?"

Lillian Gish of the wide, blue, thoughtful eyes, that register such depths of feeling on the silver sheet, adjusted herself and the skirt of her girlish blue serge suit on the gilt backed chair.

"I approve it," she said. "It is fine to have a man about the place. It is the first time in my recollection that we have

THE SMART GRADUATE—GRAY VS. BLACK



THE number of elaborate frocks—somewhat along the lines of that worn by the flapper shown at the left—that are now languishing in school wardrobes in New York can hardly be estimated; but it is a better place for them than the backs of the girls for whom they were intended.

There is a time and place for elaborate clothes, but the time is not until you have completed your studies and the place is not the school room. Your skirt may be cut to fall in a straight line from the waist, or it may swing full in the new circular mode, but if you have reached the graduation age don't wear it up to your knees and do wear sleeves that are long enough so one recognizes their purpose. You have doubtless already discovered for yourself the correct and charming costume for the smart young girl, pictured below.

The Observations of
Carolyn Van Wyck

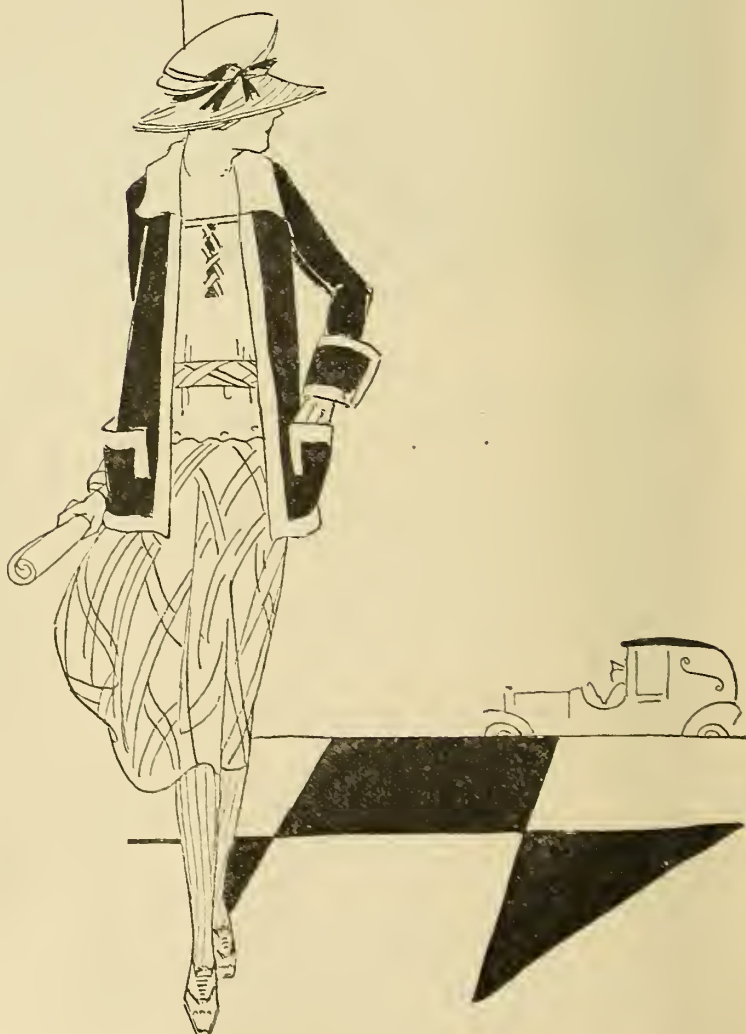
THIS is the first of a series of observations by Carolyn Van Wyck, who will in the future conduct PHOTOPLAY'S Fashion Department. "Carolyn Van Wyck" is the nom de plume of a well-known New York society woman—a recognized authority in matters of dress, and famous for her good taste. She will be glad to answer any question you may care to ask her on the subject of feminine charm, whether it concerns clothes or coiffures, cold creams or chapeaux! Address Miss Van Wyck in care of this Magazine. If you wish an answer by mail, enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Otherwise your questions will be answered in PHOTOPLAY, beginning with the next issue.

SUITABILITY—the art of having the time, the place and the girl in perfect harmony—is the keynote of the smart young girl's wardrobe, for school or graduation. The girl who places emphasis on smart simplicity in her commencement gown is the girl who may know that she is suitably and beautifully dressed.

In the smart private schools of New York, the daughter of a man who is many times a millionaire will wear a simple cotton blouse, serge skirt, lisle or wool stockings and comfortable walking shoes. For graduating day her gown will be a crisp organdie or soft batiste or voile.

No silk stockings or expensive frocks are worn in these schools, and French heels are taboo until the school girl's education is completed and she is formally presented to her mother's friends. More than that, if you are attending one of these schools you may not take any expensive raiment with you when you visit friends over the week end—your suit case is inspected to see that none of these evidences of bad taste appear.

If you are a school girl and wish to be really smart, you will not commit the *faux pas* of wearing a silk frock in the school room, and you will leave silk stockings for the day when you bid adieu to class routine.



STOCKINGS—THAT WELL-POWDERED NOSE



DO you want your skirts to appear longer than they really are? Or shorter? The stockings that you wear will give either effect. If you feel that your gown is a trifle short for the street you should wear grey stockings. This color has the effect of shortening and may be worn with good effect by women whose limbs are rather long, as the young lady at the right above will convince you. Black stockings have a lengthening and slenderizing effect, especially if they are without drawn work or other decoration. If your ankles have lost their youthful curves do not think that you can improve their appearance by wearing thick stockings. The thinner your hosiery the more slender will your ankles appear.



THERE is nothing quite so exasperating to the feminine mind as the consciousness of a nose that refuses to "take" powder and that persists in maintaining a shiny rather than dull finish. If yours has this bad habit, try rubbing it gently with a good vanishing cream, wipe off the cream with a soft cloth and then dust the nose with powder. If vanishing cream does not agree with your skin, there are several good make-up creams on the market that will have a similar result, but do not expect powder to remain on your complexion—and especially your nose—unless you give it something to which it may cling.



THE lines of the new tams proclaim that distinction is a simple matter. Equally smart for street or sports wear are the spring models, and they run the whole gamut of colors from demure black velvet and modest tones of grey and brown to vivid orange and gay scarlet. Suede, velvet, soft leather of various kinds, duvetyne and velour are shown in a fascinating array, and there are also many of the dashing knitted models to match the summer sweaters. Priscilla Dean is shown above in the smart tam of brown leather that she made with her own nimble fingers and wears with such charming effect on the screen.

THE PERMANENT WAVE—NEW HAND BAGS



© Underwood & Underwood.



Hairdressing by Alex.

ART supplements nature when it comes to distributing curling locks, as the accompanying pictures will testify. This is not an instrument of torture at the left above, but the method used to give one's hair a permanent wave; at least, a wave that will last from six to nine months—which is permanence in this rapid age.

Heat and steam are applied to the hair through the tubes, the method requiring from fifteen to twenty minutes to each curl. The system, as described by one of the experts in the work, includes a careful examination of the hair to determine its texture and the amount of heat that may be safely used. A shampoo also precedes the curling process. This wave will last through all vicissitudes of weather until the new crop of hair makes it necessary to again have recourse to the tubes. One curling of this kind is said to have no injurious effect—as there is a new crop of hair to work on for the next wave. The prices charged by all good hairdressers for this type of work is based on the number of curls required.

Gertrude Vanderbilt's coiffure, as pictured at right above, is a convincing proof of the beauty that the permanent wave lends to straight tresses.



SOME NEW BAGS



Courtesy of
Bonwit Teller & Co.



FOR wear with your tailored suit or smart spring frock, there are hand bags that will delight your soul with their beauty, and conquer your practical qualms with their complete utility. The envelope bag, you must know, is the accepted thing. It appears in leather for more practical purposes or in exquisite affairs of moire and plain silk. Below at the right is a festive little bag, equally suitable for shopping or afternoon use, in black moire with black silk tassels giving an added air of jauntiness. There is a place for one's initials on the silver clasp, if you wish to feel that the bag is indisputably your own!

THE envelope bag, you will understand when you carry one, has the triple advantage of being lovely to look upon, compact, and convenient. You cannot say as much for any other type of hand bag. For instance, what could be more delightful than the bag of looped beads shown at the right above? But you can carry it only when your costume matches its air of fluffy smartness. It is good for dinner and evening use. An almost ideal hand bag, if there is such a thing, is the one at the upper left, which you have probably been looking at all the time—of beads in a conventional design, developed in tones of yellow and blue.

Announcing

THE PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

MEDAL OF HONOR

Why it is needed — What it will mean — How YOU will award it.

WAR has its crosses, the exhibition its ribbons, the athlete his palm, and literature its Nobel prize. So far, there has been no distinctive commemoration of singular excellence in the field of the photoplay. After long consideration PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has determined to permanently establish an award of merit, a figurative winning-post, comparable to the dignified and greatly coveted prizes of war and art.

The Photoplay Magazine Medal of Honor will be awarded for the best photoplay of the year.

It will be awarded to the producer—not to the director, not to the distributor—but to the producer whose vision, faith and organization made the Best Photoplay a possibility.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has commissioned three of the most celebrated artists in America to submit designs for its Medal of Honor. It will be of solid gold, and will be executed by Tiffany and Company, of New York. With the passing years—for it is to be an annual affair—it will become an institution, a lasting tribute of significance and artistic value.

Perhaps the most important feature of this announce-

ment is the identification of the jury which will make the selection. Like Abraham Lincoln's ideal government, the photoplay is by, of, and for the people; and any decision as to its greatest achievement can come only from the people. The million readers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE are to choose the winner—they and no critics, editors, or other professional observers. These million readers are the flower of fandom—the screen's most intelligent public—yourselves.

Fill out this coupon and mail it, naming the picture which, after comparison and reflection, you consider the finest photoplay released during the year 1920. These coupons will appear in four successive issues, beginning here. All votes must be received in PHOTOPLAY's New York office not later than October 1st. Below is a list of fifty carefully selected photoplays of last year. You do not necessarily have to choose one of these, but if your choice is outside this list, be sure it is a 1920 picture.

Choose your picture because of merits of theme, direction, action, continuity, setting and photography, for these are the qualities which, in combined excellence, make great photoplays.

Suggested List of Best Pictures of 1920

Behind the Door
Branding Iron
Copperhead
Cumberland Romance
Dancin' Fool
Devil's Pass Key
Dinty
Dollars and the Woman
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
Earthbound
Eyes of Youth
Garage
Gay Old Dog
Great Redeemer
Heart of the Hills
Huckleberry Finn
Humoresque
Idol Dancer
In Search of a Sinner

Jes' Call Me Jim
Jubilo
Love Flower
Luck of the Irish
Madame X.
Man Who Lost Himself
Mollycoddle
On With the Dance
Overland Red
Over the Hill
Passion
Pollyanna
Prince Chap
Remodelling a Husband
Right of Way
River's End
Romance
Scoffer
Scratch My Back

Something to Think About
Suds
Thirteenth Commandment
Thirty-nine East
Toll Gate
Treasure Island
Trumpet Island
Virgin of Stamboul
Way Down East
Why Change Your Wife?
Wonder Man
World and His Wife

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

Editor Photoplay Magazine, 25 W. 45th St., N. Y. City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1920.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name _____

Address _____

Occupation _____



Wife and Husband of a Celebrity

WHO is the pretty little girl with Mr. Barthelmess?" asked a caller at Paramount's Long Island studios. "That's his wife," was the answer.

"What—*that* baby?" exclaimed the visitor.

Mary Hay is, as a matter of fact, still in her teens, and Richard isn't exactly in the Methuselah class himself. He is

playing *Youth* in George Fitzmaurice's production of "Experience," and she is singing and dancing every evening and matinees in a musical comedy on Broadway. But Mary found time to journey from Manhattan to Long Island City, to watch her husband work; and discuss—probably—the servant problem as they perch upon a Cooper-Hewitt "bank."



"I feel that God is very near me and that all this is God's Cathedral!"

THE WOMAN GOD CHANGED

On an island of redemption in the South Seas,
two souls learn the true meaning of love and sacrifice.

By

GENE SHERIDAN

IT IS a sultry fevered morning in the tropics with a blood shot sun struggling ineffectually against the clouds rolling up thick with thundering menace. The air is dank, spiced with a compression of smells, overwhelming in the density of it. It is as though the day was dawning on the tragic finale of a progressive hovering gloom coming down on the South Pacific in a nightlong advance of hot-breathed spirits of titanic evil. As the morning drags on, the sky is more deeply overcast. The diamond sparkle of the waves around the reef dims to a gleaming of dull silver, and dulls from silver to tarnished lead. The blues of the distant peaks and slopes come creeping in, driven by a blackness behind them pushing closer and closer. There is an electrical tenseness in the air. It seems that any moment may be the last of the world. The lightning flashes with a blinding, all-pervading light. Then comes the rain and the wind. Land and sea are a hell of the elements. The hurricane screams through the palms and the giant surf roars over the rocks. Then as suddenly the wind ceases, fades to a breeze and is still. The rain pours thicker torrents for a moment and stops. The clouds break and, new-

born, the sun shines out on the rippling sea and fresh emerald green of the jungle. A bird calls a few tentative notes and flits to the top of a swaying plantain. It is as the first day of Earth. In that hour it seems that sunshine and peace shall be eternal.

That is a morning in the Marquesas.

And that it seems to me is the elemental story of the Woman—Anna Janssen. But it was just Janssen they called her. If she had another name it didn't matter. By that name she was known in the chorus on Broadway, by that name she was known to Alastair De Vries, a certain rich man who bought her as a bauble of joy with his empty riches, by that name she was known on the police blotter after that night, and by that name she was sought by Officer Thomas McCarthy, the detective who brought her back from the end of the world for New York justice.

There was some of the blood of the Scandinavians in Janssen, the slender and sensuous feline blonde of tapering curves and the kind of allurements that drags a man on like the fascinating danger of high places. Her face was the orchid-flowered perfection of blossoming of her body. Its beauty was underlaid

with a poisonous passion as significant with peril as with pleasure.

That was the Janssen then, not the Janssen that McCarthy brought back to the Tombs and a trial for the murder of De Vries after four years of adventure so remarkable in its movements that it was only surpassed by the adventures of soul which threaded through it.

The trial was the reigning sensation of the city, just as the swift death of De Vries and the disappearance of Janssen had been, almost half a decade before. The crowd in the court room heard the preliminaries of the case with a patient expectancy. They were thrilled and led on through the routine by the remarkable picture of Janssen sitting there silent in the prisoner's dock. She was not the Janssen they had fancied her to be. She sat immobile, sad, wistful and thoughtful. There was an ascetic resignation that seemed to dominate her even against the impending horror of the vengeance of the electric chair.

The blue eyes of Janssen looked out from a face with a stoic calm alien to a woman of Broadway. The milk and roses skin and dimpling cleverness that had made her a season's queen of the Great White Way was now tanned to a translucent golden tint. This was another Janssen. What made her so? The people wanted to know.

There was an almost monotonous commonplaceness to the court fans in the selection of the jury, although there was an element of interest in the deftness of Donegan, for the defense. He seemed ever searching the talesmen for something that words could not extract. Now Donegan was famed as the greatest genius among criminal lawyers. His defenses were always sensational and often successful. The word went about that he had taken Janssen's case without fee.

The earlier witnesses established rapidly the routine facts of the case. From maids and waiters came the story of the luxurious life of Janssen in the studio apartment that De Vries had given her and the story of that last party where after three months of bliss he had taken fire with a new flame and slipped away to the Cafe Oriental for a rendezvous. The belligerent district attorney swiftly brought out the details of the climax—how Janssen, with a revolver under her coat, had followed; how, standing in a doorway, she shot De Vries to death when he arose in angered surprise, interrupted at his infidelities. After that, the waiter-witness said, she had vanished as a shadow goes when the lights are turned up.

There was impatience and disappointment in the audience and surprise on the judge's bench as Donegan allowed these witnesses, one after another, to leave the stand without a word of cross-examination for the defense.

"Is he throwing her down? Is he double-crossing her?" they whispered one to another. Donegan sat with eyes half closed, imperturbable.

"Officer Thomas McCarthy to the stand." The bailiff called loud and clear. The court room stirred. This was the copper who brought her back.

A man who looked both young and old stepped to the witness stand and stood with his right hand up as he took the oath.

"— the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me God."

The district attorney made it clear that he felt the proof of the murder was complete and that he called McCarthy only to establish formally the identity of Janssen, the prisoner. His statement had hardly been uttered when Donegan was on his feet demanding to be heard.

"Irregular," the judge ruled, but nodded his toleration, even as he spoke. "Surely you will have your opportunity in due course."

"The opportunity is opportune only now," Donegan responded and taking advantage of his opening continued. "Your honor, men of the jury and Mr. District Attorney, I could have obstructed the course of this trial at any point by cross-examination that twisted motives and tangled testimony until you were as uncertain of the truth as Pilate. But I have done none of these things. I have made no haze of doubt about honest facts, because they are true. I admit them freely."

The courtroom stirred in amazement. What was the matter with Donegan? Had he gone mad? Was he deliberately betraying his client?

"Gentlemen," the attorney continued after the pause that let the drama of the moment sink in, "a crime is not an instantaneous affair. What goes before is important, but no less important than what follows. What has been the effect on the prisoner, on the world, on the time?"

"And we are all here to one purpose. The object of all of us is to see that justice is done. I have examined no witnesses and I shall examine none. But I ask the latitude of the court, and in the name of that Justice whose servants we are, one and all, that the witness, Officer Thomas McCarthy, be allowed to tell his own story in his own way, relating facts that may not seem germane to the case but which are as pertinent as the pistol with which the crime was committed."

There was a hesitancy on the part of the district attorney and the court, but Donegan's request was granted.

"The district attorney," Donegan turned to the jury, "is calling McCarthy to prove the identity of Janssen. McCarthy is an officer of the City of New York. When he has given his



Janssen drew back with fear and wonderment in her face.

testimony for the state he will have testified for the defense—and I shall have proven that the chorus girl who killed Alastair De Vries is not the woman in the prisoner's dock."

Eyes turned to McCarthy, a medium-sized man who looked a giant because of the perfection of his stature, the bronzing of his skin and the rippling muscles that betrayed every movement under the ill-fitting new department store suit that he wore. McCarthy looked a man who would have waded into a war with bare fists, but here he was obviously paucic-stricken.

"Tell your story in your own way, McCarthy," Donegan prompted, and turning to the jury explained, "Officer McCarthy has had no one but my client to talk to for some years, and he has difficulty finding his words.

"Shut your eyes, McCarthy, and tell it as though you were talking to yourself."

Tediously and painfully the recital began.

"The commissioner sent for me, I was on the vice squad then when the trouble was about the graft at the Raines Law hotels. He asked me if I was on the square and I told him I was and I guess he believed me. He asks me was I ever mixed up with a woman and I says 'No.'

"'Why weren't you?' he asks me, and I says, 'My folks come from Ireland and when I was a kid I could go to confession without holding out and I guess I can now.' So he tells me that Janssen had been found by th' French in Tahiti and I was to go there and bring her back, dead or alive. 'If you come back alone, come in cold storage and I'll pay the freight on your body,' the Commissioner says, 'and that'll be all, McCarthy.' And that was all. I goes to Tahiti."

The silence of the courtroom grew deeper until the ticking of the great clock sounded loud and monotonous. Every ear was strained to catch the words of the detective's story. In painstaking and often halting recital he led them with him off into the strange quest and adventures of the South Seas.

In Tahiti McCarthy found that everything was not as he had expected it when he left New York with papers and writs to claim his prisoner. The steamer on which McCarthy arrived docked in the morning at the island capital and was to sail in the afternoon. He expected to pick up Janssen and catch the same boat away.

"But there was too much of this 'belle prisoner' stuff," the witness explained. "The American counsel was ill and the French Commissioner wasn't enthusiastic about my visit."

McCarthy went into a graphic recital of red tape delays about the matter of extradition that made him miss the boat, discovering at the last moment also that Janssen had not been put under arrest by the authorities. With the graphic words of the witness, his audience was transported. The scene was Tahiti.

"COME, we will dine," invited the bowing Commissionaire, who led the storming New York detective from his office out into the town. After dinner together they drifted into a dance hall resort frequented by the motley cosmopolitans of the South Seas port.

A woman, mostly nude and abandoned of gestures, was dancing in solo over an illuminated platform.

The Commissionaire stood in rapt attention, responding with nods and smiles to every sensuous movement. His fascination with the lithesome blond dancer did not escape hardboiled McCarthy.

The dancer turned and faced toward them, then sighting the Commissionaire leaped down through the tables and flung herself at him, arms about his neck.

The Commissionaire was torn between his delight at the dancer's greeting and the painful necessity of explaining McCarthy, who stood with official stiffness in an attitude of disapproval by his side.

"Mademoiselle—may I have the honor to present my friend—Mister McCarthy."

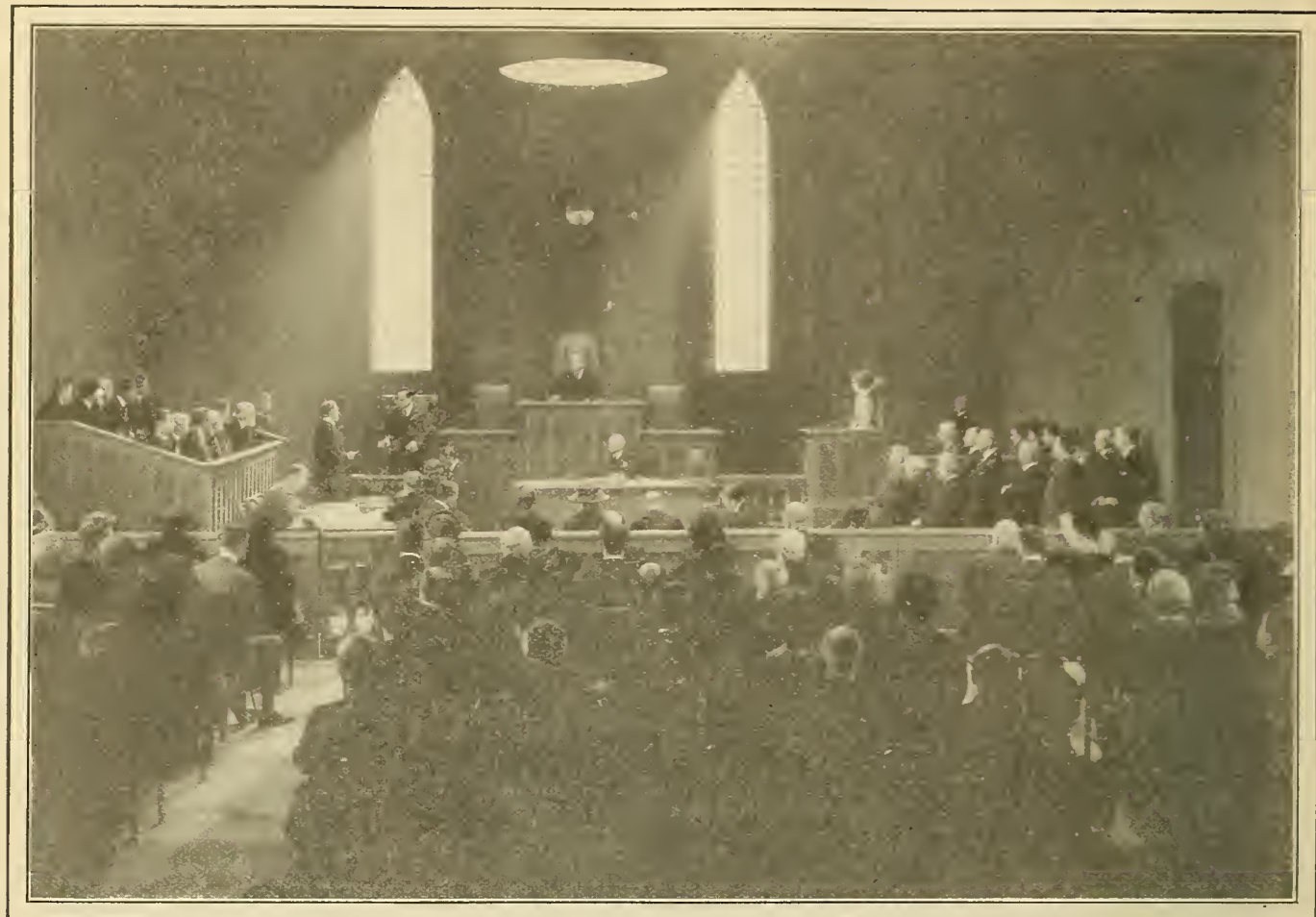
Janssen drew back, with fear and wonderment in her face. She looked sharply at McCarthy. There was challenge in her eyes.

"Oh, I'm the copper from New York that's come to bring you back for trial, that's all."

Janssen felt the earth swept from under her feet. Justice was pursuing her from the other side of the world. What was her all-powerful friend the Commissionaire doing? Why had he permitted this? She faced him with flashing eyes. They spoke the indictment of her code of the honor rooted in dishonors. McCarthy in his plain square-toed way felt all this with the keenness of simplicity. At last the Commissionaire spoke.



She looked sharply at McCarthy. There was challenge in her eyes.



The ticking of the courtroom clock rose into the stillness. The seconds came as measured steps of Fate. Janssen's head inclined forward . . . was each marching moment bringing her closer to the chair?

"Mistaire McCarthy will be my guest for a month, until the next steamer sails—perhaps by that time—." A shrug of the expressive French shoulders finished the sentence with a thought that did not dare words.

A round of laughter from the listening hangers-on of the dive stung McCarthy. His Irish was up.

"My prisoner and I leave here tonight on a trading schooner for 'Frisco," the copper fired back at them, taking Janssen by the wrist as he spoke.

The crowd surged around. They did not know the issues. It was enough that this man from out of the world of law and convention had invaded their refuge, kingdom of golden beaches and hectic nights. They were against him and for the woman, with the instinct of the hunted against the hunter.

McCarthy's voice lulled in his recital and the ticking of the courtroom clock rose into the stillness with its inexorable monotony. The seconds came as measured steps of Fate. Was each marching moment bringing her closer to The Chair? A life for a life! Janssen's head inclined forward and her eyes were cast down. Pursuing accursed memories! The Janssen that was. McCarthy pulled himself up and started afresh. They were back in distant Tahiti, living again the past.

Down on the waterfront in the deepening dusk of the tropic nightfall the New York detective led his prisoner to the gangplank of the waiting schooner, the protesting, menacing mob at his heels and the distraught Commissioner in attendance, inwardly cursing extradition and crying effusive farewells to the prisoner.

With the schooner out to sea, Tahiti far behind down the horizon, Janssen went ahead on the only resources that she knew, the allurements of a physical charm without conscience. The old captain seemed most likely to be of possible assistance.

Alert McCarthy always hovered near. Not a chance for one whispered word did he permit. He smiled at the curses from Janssen with which his vigilance was rewarded.

Janssen was shown to her stateroom. McCarthy pocketed the key. She looked at him questionably.

"No, I am not going to lock you in. There are plenty of other keys and plenty of islands where they could put you ashore, in the night."

McCarthy unrolled a mattress before the door, folded his coat for a pillow, and sat down to take off his shoes.

With a toss of her head that was expressive both of defiance and despair and impatience, Janssen turned back into her stateroom and shut the door.

It was deep in the dark hours on the rolling ship that lifted to the long ocean swells of the wide reaches of the Pacific when McCarthy sat bolt upright, suddenly awakened by the opening of the door of Janssen's cabin.

There she stood in a filmy dressing gown, looking down on him with frowns and smiles. There was wickedness in her air. He looked hard at her.

"You're not comfortable there, McCarthy—why don't you come inside?" The invitation was framed in whispered words not half so significant as her nod and glance.

"No—Janssen—you can't trick a New York copper that way."

The door slammed and McCarthy lay back.

When the day dawned there was a great running to and fro on the ship. Smoke was rising from a hatch.

McCarthy halted a deck hand.

"There's a fire in the hold alongside a cargo of ammunition."

In the haste of desperation the sailor hurried away. Janssen looked from the retreating seaman to McCarthy. She blanched with fear as she sought to spell out the next turn of destiny.

The old ship's Captain appeared, shouting orders to man the boats.

"What if it's too late, McCarthy!" Janssen's voice trembled. No longer was she self-confident, challenging, defiant.

"I'm scared, McCarthy—please—please put your arms around me, like I was your sister." (Continued on page 100)



Edward Thayer Monroe.

ONE of the few distinguished actresses of the legitimate who has won equal recognition on the screen: Elsie Ferguson. She is vitally interested in every phase of film-making, and is not content merely to talk; she works, always, for an artistic consummation of her ideals. Paramount recently announced the production of "Peter Ibbetson" on the silversheet, under the direction of George Fitzmaurice, with Elsie Ferguson and Wallace Reid sharing dramatic honors. It is good news.



THE LIKENESS HOUND

SHE thinks she looks like Norma Talmadge and declares her guest resembles Wally Reid.

THE FIRST-SHOW FIEND

IT looks like an evening of indigestion for Jones, whose wife is rushing him through dinner so they won't miss the first show.



Norman Anthony 21

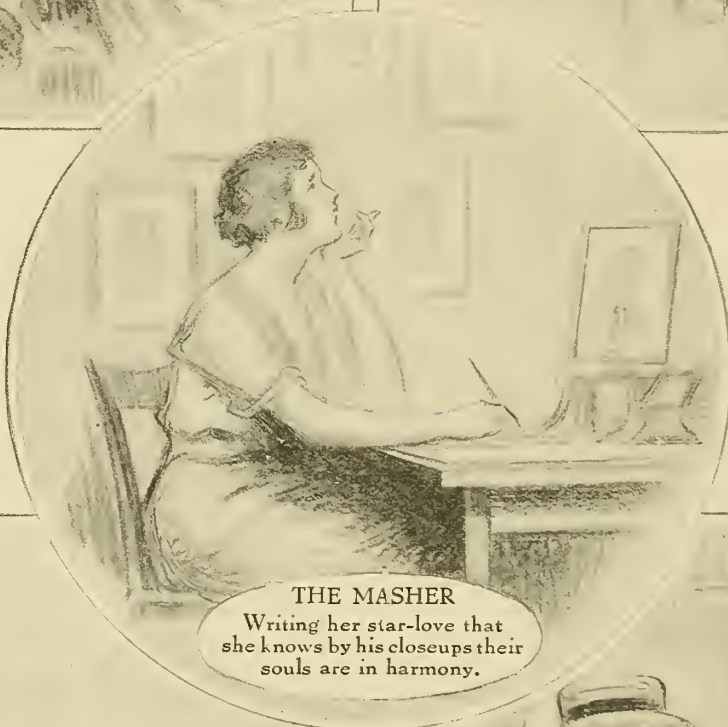


THE GOSSIP

SHE knows all the latest scandal about the stars. (Here is how a lot of it begins.)

THE SCENARIST

AUTHOR of ten rejected photodramas, who can't understand how the great producers get away with such inferior material.



THE MASHER

Writing her star-love that she knows by his closeups their souls are in harmony.





WEST IS EAST

A Few Impressions
By DELIGHT EVANS

IT was Very Early
In the Morning.
The Few People who
Were Gathered There
In the Lounge of the
Very Smart Hotel
Were Awfully, Awfully Tired.
A Langorous Lady
In Sables
Was Trying
To Swallow a Yawn.
Two Flappers
Sat and Sighed.
"I Told him
I Couldn't Think
Of it," Said one.
"You Did
Quite Right," Said
The Other. And That
Was All they Said.

It Was
Only Eleven-Thirty.
Soon
The Revolving Door
Moved—Slowly and
Sedately as
Became a Revolving Door
In that Very Smart Hotel—
And in Walked
A Tall Man.
The Sabled Lady
Sat Straighter;
The Two Flappers
Stopped Sighing and
Stared. I Thought that
He Must Be
A Prince or a
Premier or Probably Even
An Emir.
Everybody was Bobbing About
At the Desk where he
Went, and the Clerk Said,
"Your mail, Mr. Dexter."

It was Up to Me.
I had to Do It.
I had Come to See him, so
I had to Cross
The Sabled Lady and
The Flappers, who
Looked at Me Curiously
And then
Gathered their Capes About them,
And Strode Away.
The Lady
Was Yawning Again, and
One Flapper was Saying,
"So I Told him I Simply Couldn't"—
And the Other Said,
"You did Just
What I would have Done!"—

Elliott Dexter looks
Like the Elliott Dexter You Know—
Only More So. He
Was Only in Town
For a Few Days, and he
Had Been Seeing
Every Play in New York.

So I Asked him
What he Thought of
His New Picture,
"The Witching Hour."
"Oh," he Said,
"I Didn't See It. I Went
To See 'The Kid' Instead.
Isn't Jackie Coogan
Great?"
Just when you Think
He Must be Very Dignified,
He Smiles.
That's All—Just Smiles.
But it's Enough.
I Like him—everybody does.
He finished "The Affairs of Anatol"
On the Coast—he plays
Max in it.



"I like Elliot Dexter—everybody does!"

Max is About the Only Thing
That Mr. deMille has Left In
For Mr. Schnitzler to Recognize.
I Can Imagine Mr. Schnitzler
Saying, when Max comes
On the Screen:
"My boy!"—or something like that,
With Tears in his Eyes.
Mr. Dexter likes California.
"I wouldn't want to work
In New York," he Smiled.
"In fact, I wouldn't
Work in New York."
He Said he Thought
That the deMilles were
Great, and that
Charlie Chaplin's a Real Genius.
But he Didn't Say a Word

About Elliott Dexter, though
I Waited and Waited.
Whenever I Mentioned Mr. Dexter,
He Began to Look Bored.
So of Course
I had to Change the Subject.

YOU Couldn't Reasonably Expect
That any Girl as Pretty as
Betty Compson is
On the Screen, would be
Beautiful in Real Life.
I am Very Reasonable.
So when I
Saw a Gorgeous Little Girl, I
Clutched Something and Gaspd,
"You aren't Really
Betty Compson!" and she Smiled
And Said, "Oh yes,
I Am," and I Couldn't Very Well
Contradict her. You See, she
Dresses Just
As Carolyn Van Wyck says
The Smart Young Girl
Should Dress.
And she has
The Most Enchanting Giggle—she
Is the First Girl I Ever Met
Who Giggled Enchantingly.
And she Said:
"It will be Such a Relief
Not to Have My Own Company,
Any More."
"What?" I Shrieked. "You
Didn't Say"—
"Certainly. I am Only Too Glad
To Let Somebody Else be
The Boss.
I Used to Sign the Checks and
Supervise the Sets and
Select the Casts, in addition
To Doing a Little Acting
In My Spare Time. But Now—
I'm Going to Play in
All Stars Casts, now and Then."
You see, she
Signed this Contract and
At First she is Going
To Be the Star of
Her Own Pictures. But
Sometime when
Cecil deMille or
William, or
George Melford
Wants
Miss Compson
For a Part, she
Will Play it—providing
She Likes the Part.
They
Are Saying
That she will Be
"Peter Pan" when
The Barrie Play
Is Filmed.
And she
Will Make one Picture
A Year in New York—
And I'll See her every time
She Comes this way!



© Underwood & Underwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Treman; the first formal portrait for which they have ever posed together. Irene Castle Treman says: "To be happily married, at least one of the parties to the marriage must have a beautiful disposition. My husband has!"

How To Be Happily Married!

By
IRENE CASTLE

As told to
Ada Patterson.



Campbell Studios.

Irene Castle once said that as soon as the dancing craze was over, she wanted to live in a small town and have all the animal pets she wanted. Now she is realizing that ambition.

TO be happily married, at least one of the parties to the marriage must have a beautiful disposition. My husband has. In consequence, we are supremely happy.

Fancy a man being so unselfish that when he knows his wife is going to dine that evening with another man he sends her a big bunch of orchids to wear, and a bottle of champagne to add sparkle to the dinner! That is what my husband does.

There is his latest letter. I have been away from home three days, and I have had six letters and telegrams, and orchids every day. Fancy a man who, when some little disturbing incident occurs, says to his wife: "Don't be excited about it, dearest. It will make you ill and unhappy." That is what my husband does.

No woman can scold such a man. No woman can quarrel with a man who just looks adoringly at her and smiles whatever she says. That is what my husband does.

Fancy a man who when his wife grows restless and wants to go away for a while, says: "Very well, dear." Even though business keeps him at home. That is what my husband does.

When the head of the Castle School of Dancing came back from London, she told me how interested England is in the dance, that it is as deeply interested as this country was seven years ago, and told me that London wanted very much to see me dance. I was interested. I had not intended to dance again, but I had not anticipated this. It would only be for eight weeks. The amount offered for the engagement was flattering. I talked to Captain Treman about it. He said: "Of course I shall miss you terribly, but if it will make you happy I want you to go!"

How can a woman feel toward such a man? Grateful, of course, and adoring! And no matter what her temptations, she would never be unfaithful or insincere.

A great many persons ask, or write me: "How can you endure the quiet life of a small town?"

I not only endure it, I enjoy it. That life includes all the things that are essential to my happiness.

Ithaca is a town beautifully situated. My love of beauty is fed by the hills and woods about it. Our home is exactly

what I would have chosen. It is a simple enough home at Cayuga Heights, but it has one tremendously large room. It was a lecture room, for the former owner. It is sixty feet long. We use it for a living room, but it serves for dances we want to give or for any sort of assemblage we want to arrange in our home.

Of course Cornell College is at Ithaca. That adds interest to the life.

For the first time in my life I have all the animals I want. I have twelve dogs and four horses and a village of birds.

Friends ask me what I do. I am busy all day. There are my household duties, and the care of the animals, and I am teaching dancing to one hundred and eight children in Ithaca. They are children whose parents cannot afford to send them to dancing school. I teach them twice a week.

You remember the first time we met? I told you that as soon as the dancing craze was over I wanted to live in a small town and have children and have all the animal pets I wanted? I am realizing that ambition. The children haven't come, but there are the home and the small town and the animals.

I have known Robert Treman since we were children. We used to be neighbors and friends. Then Mr. and Mrs. Treman

moved away and took their son with them. The families visited occasionally but distance and the years seemed to flow in and separate them. The families continued to be interested in each other but we did not often see each other.

My first meeting with Captain Treman after we were grown up was in the South. He was stationed in camp there and I was doing work as an entertainer. The old interest of our childhood seemed to come back at sight. Now and then we met after that, occasionally, in New York or in other cities where we both happened to be. Once we were both in Europe at the same time and we came back on the same steamer. That

seemed to settle our future. You know how much sentiment may creep into an Atlantic crossing. How well people become acquainted in a brief time. When we left the steamer we both seemed to understand that our lives would join.

When we talked about marriage I said that I must have my own way. He promised that I should. I told him that my life had been nomadic for so many years that I wasn't sure that I might not feel the stir to wander about the world. He said if I did I might go. I told him that I was marrying him for his wonderful disposition, the most wonderful and beautiful I have ever known.

(Continued on page 109.)

Oh, Henry!

HENRY FORD denounces the motion picture industry as something run and degraded "by the Jews."

Nothing is older nor more primitive than class persecution. In attacking a class as a class, or a race as a race, Detroit's compendium of universal knowledge aligns himself with the average intellects of the sixteenth century, a time when the best people believed the world flat—as they say Henry does to this day—had never heard of bath-tubs, thought flea-chasing the greatest indoor sport, and were willing to burn their neighbors for saying the wrong prayers.

Now PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE holds no family brief for Israel. It wishes to publicly resent Mr. Ford's accusation because it is an insult to contemporary intelligence, for any form of condemnation which denounces a whole people is contemptible, archaic, and a menace to civilization.

It is true that Jewish bankers and business men are largely interested in the financial end of the picture business. The business end of pictures is by no means exclusively Hebraic—but, there are in it many Jews; and the Jew from time immemorial has been given to trade and barter and finance. He is always to be found in the skirmish-lines of exchange, and to discover him vitally concerned in any new enterprise is more a sign of its institutional soundness than otherwise. But, in the picture business, who inspire the policies and control the productions? Who furnish the fiction which is woven into electric drama? Who direct? Who act? Those religious or irreligious persons who, in a general and distinguishing way, we call Christians. And this

is especially true of directors, who hold an overwhelming balance of production power at this moment. The Christian, so-called, has a monopoly of everything except photoplay finance, and it would be ridiculous to assert that Jewish cash caused the making of propaganda pictures, or low-class pictures, because an art which caters to public taste—and the photoplay caters to public taste more than all the other arts of the world together—could not be controlled in that manner for a single day.

No one will more quickly admit the faults of the photoplay than those who love it best. It is young, primitive, healthy, ruthless—with all the faults and all the God-like power of youth. But a man who curses it because it is partially administered by a single race is as dangerous as an African voo-doo doctor treating a case of typhus. The art-history of the modern world is all in line with the contemporary record of the photoplay. The Jew, racially, is not adept as a creative artist. His record as an interpreter is much better, but his record as a patron of the arts is best of all. Dramatically and musically, the Jew has been the man behind the artist—frequently to his own profit, but sometimes quite the reverse—for more than a hundred years.

Next year, for some reason peculiar to himself, Henry Ford may declare war on the Methodists. The year following, he may break out violently against the negroes. The year after that, he may turn his bombs and press-agents upon Czecho-slovakia.

What next, Mr. Ford?

JAMES R. QUIRK.

VAMPS OF ALL TIMES

As seen when a modern spotlight
is turned upon ancient legends.

By

SVETOZAR TONJOROFF

II. APHRODITE.

A CONTEMPORARY French writer, Pierre Louys, has made a profound study of Aphrodite and her times. The description which he wrote a few years ago of the worship of this lady in the Lighthouse district in Alexandria definitely fixes her status as one of the most successful Vamps on record.

What Aphrodite wanted most of all was to be worshipped by every human being capable of loving. This purpose she pursued with relentless determination and a resourcefulness that fills us with admiration although it does not fully satisfy our moral sense.

The story is told by the society writers of the time that this Queen of the Vamps was the daughter of a left-handed alliance between Zeus, father of gods and men, and a sea-nymph on whom he acquired the habit of calling. When Aphrodite was born in the sea-nymph's bower at the bottom of the Aegean, she quickly floated to the surface—rose-pink, snow-white and dazzlingly pure, the loveliest of all womankind, whether mortal or immortal.

Of her childhood we have scant details. But the gossip of the gods would indicate that she proved a precocious child. As a flapper in a short chlamys, she exhibited an unexpectedly strong inclination for the society of male gods. In her last year at the Pallas Athene fashionable finishing school on Mount Olympus, she mapped out a plan of campaign that was destined to be whispered about with many a wink and many a nod by both gods and men, to say nothing of women.

It was during this same closing year of her school life that she crocheted a magic girdle called the "cestus." This girdle in later years she was in the habit of lending to any young girl who, like herself in her innocent maidenhood, seemed to be dreaming dreams of which the fulfillment was retarded.

After her graduation a keen competition arose among the gods for her hand. From this rivalry even the married gods were not excluded. For the gods of Olympus had anticipated the teachings of Mohammed by several thousands of years. Every god was in the habit of adding to his staff of wives whenever the fancy prompted him and luck favored him.

But Zeus had definite matrimonial plans for his beautiful daughter. He conferred her hand—but not her heart, as it afterwards appeared—upon a god who had helped him in his

business. The name of this god was Hephaestus, or Vulcan, as the Romans preferred to call him.

Hephaestus was the first artificer in gold and other metals, and the first iron master of his time. He had a great iron foundry in the sub-cellar of his country home on the island of Lemnos. The roar of his forges and the clang of his anvils could be heard miles around. The Romans thought that all subterranean upheavals were the work of Vulcan; hence they derived the words "Volcano" and "Volcanic."

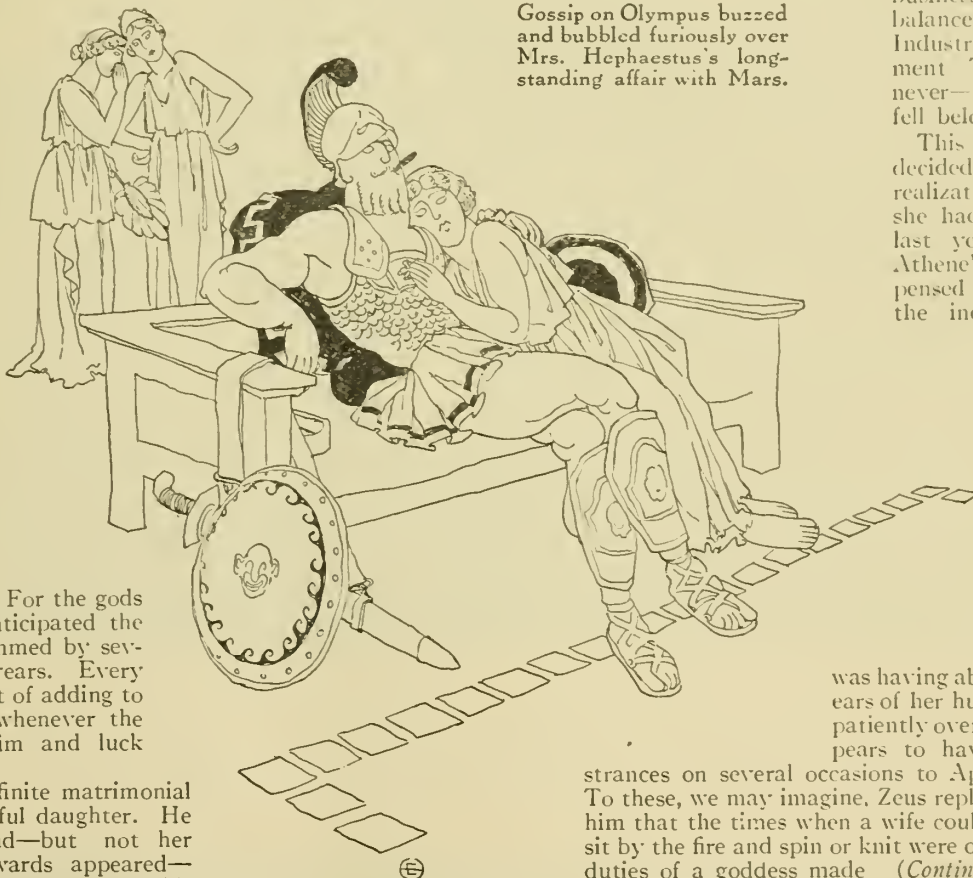
Among the big contracts on this gentleman's books was the construction of gold and silver palaces for all the gods of the Olympus colony, including his father, Zeus. For Zeus he also made the golden thunderbolt which he holds in all the statues or sketches of him that have been handed down to our time.

The society writers' reports of Aphrodite's wedding to this enterprising goldsmith and iron master indicate that she failed to register much pleasure at the alliance. To begin with, he had a bad limp, the result of a quarrel between his father and his mother Hera when he was a youngster. He had a heavy touch and an awkward presence. Then, too, if all reports are to be credited, he was not always careful to remove the smudges of his foundry from his clothing when he came home at night. Moreover, he was Aphrodite's half-brother on the father's side; but little things like that seem to have counted for little in the romantic life of the gods.

The young bride solaced herself, however, with the knowledge that he was doing exceedingly well in his business and that his balance at the Olympus Industrial and Development Trust Company never—or hardly ever—fell below seven figures.

This great wealth she decided to employ in the realization of the dreams she had dreamt in her last year at Madame Athene's. Having dispensed by marriage with the inconvenient vigilance of a chaperone, Aphrodite now started out on an extensive course of educational travel in Europe and Asia.

Stories of the gay times she was having abroad reached the ears of her husband as he bent patiently over his anvil. He appears to have made remonstrances on several occasions to Aphrodite's father. To these, we may imagine, Zeus replied by reminding him that the times when a wife could be expected to sit by the fire and spin or knit were over, and that the duties of a goddess made (Continued on page 94)



Gossip on Olympus buzzed and bubbled furiously over Mrs. Hephaestus's long-standing affair with Mars.

CLOSE-UPS

Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

Socialism in Art. It doesn't seem to work. At least not in the country in whose language "*Das Kapital*" was formulated by the expatriate Karl Marx. And doubtless this will be a sad disappointment to the ideal communists who have always insisted that whatever the vagaries of the struggle for provender and place, Art is of its essence a non-competitive and spontaneous expression.

The German state of Mecklenburg-Schwerin last year founded a nationally-owned picture concern, under the general management of the mechanical expert of the State theater.

Let us see what happened to it.

According to the New York Herald's advices: "The lesson cost Mecklenburg-Schwerin more than 1,500,000 marks." The first thing that the mechanic-manager did was to engage a second-rate stage manager from Berlin at a cost of 50,000 marks per year. Then, as soon as rehearsals were under way, he went on a personal strike for the title of "Regierungsrat," or State Councillor. Dependent does not say whether he succeeded in clubbing his way into the council, but at any rate his "strike" tied up the producing organization for a term. A photographer was imported, at 180,000 marks a year—and whatever its value beyond the Teutonic frontier, in Germany a mark is a mark and the standard of monetary value. Next, the director is accused of making a ten per cent commission on all supplies, and a couple of comedy notes in his mismanagement are supplied in the statement that he compelled all hands to smoke a brand of cigarettes that he sold, while nearly every rehearsal was enlivened by tirades from his wife, who accused him of flirting with the actresses.

And so on and so on to the release of the first and only film—whereat a great and general laugh. This communal masterpiece was a mixture of meaningless views and impossible scenes. Not a member of the trade would take it for exhibition, and the director confessed that he had only recently seen his first "movie," and had evolved all his cinematic ideas from the same place that the German philosopher of the fable acquired his notion of a camel—from his inner consciousness.

What He'd Been Doing. We may call him Charlie. He approached Director Badger, of Goldwyn's, on a bright morning in January. "I'm tired of the part I've been playing the last two

months," said Charlie, "and just for a change—just for the change, you understand—I'd be willing to take that little role of the waiter in those cafe scenes." Badger looked him over. Badger was in a hurry. Charlie looked intelligent, and determined. He played the part. Rather well, too. "By the way," remarked the director, at the close of the day, "you said something about doing one thing for two months—and being tired of it. What part have you been playing?" "The part of a man sitting on a bench waiting for a job," answered Charlie.

Typewriter Stars. "This is the day of the author" is a line glibly knocked out on many a reportorial Underwood, but just how big a day it is for the authors is realized, apparently, by few of the people who comment on it. They mean, usually, that the author is coming into a true exercise of his powers on lot and location; that his stories are no longer macerated at the will of any ignoramus who handles them; that in the presentation he is treated in as dignified and considerate a manner as the director and the principal actors; that back in the producer's office his groundwork is, at last, being considered of some consequence.

But what probably pleases a great many authors as much as any part of this, or all of it put together, is the author's new financial consequence.

As recently as "*The Birth of a Nation*" a price of \$1,000 or \$2,000 for the film rights to a popular novel was considered very good indeed. Now, the film rights to any contemporary and fairly successful work of a known fictioneer bring from \$15,000 to \$20,000. An unusually successful novel ranges upward, in film price—upward to \$50,000 or more. There are several popular stage plays being held at \$100,000. And these prices will be paid. Astute publishers buying the short stories of well known men and women are bargaining for the film rights in advance of publication, at prices ranging from \$3,000 to \$10,000 per short story—and not often are they secured at the lowest figure. The author's name has really come to mean so much that for a name—just for a name—many manufacturers are willing to purchase short stories and novels almost sight unseen, and at magnificent figures.

Which is of course wrong, but it is the natural and to-be-expected back-swing of the pendulum.



Alfred Cheney Johnston

YOU will never hear Allan Dwan prate about "My Art." He has always been too busy making pictures. He believes in the photoplay as an art and as an industry, but he doesn't waste his time telling everybody about it; he expresses that belief in the ideals embodied in his dramas. Dwan is a sane director. His enthusiastic imagination is tempered with an amazing fidelity to the realities. If you remember the earlier Douglas Fairbanks films, notably "Manhattan Madness"; the vivid and adventurous "Soldiers of Fortune"; the whimsical "Luck of the Irish"; the thunderingly dramatic "The Scoffer"; that splendid celluloid hazard, "A Splendid Hazard," you have acknowledged Dwan's versatility, energy, and devotion to detail. He has his own company and his own studio—but he works as consistently today as he did when he pursued the varied careers of electrical engineer, actor, and scenario writer.

MOTHER-IN-LAW STUFF

The author of "Pigs is Pigs"
has entered this original and entertaining story in
PHOTOPLAY'S Fiction Contest.

By
ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

THIS mother-in-law joke is pretty well played out. It is not worked much any more. The mother-in-law has changed her nature, as the leopard changed his spots, and as a subject for jokes has passed away, like the hoopskirt and the Harlem goat.

The average mother-in-law no longer comes across lots with a four-foot stride to jaw the ears off daughter Essie's husband. Nowadays she draws on a pair of silk stockings, gets into a misses'-style, ankle high dress and goes merrily to the movies with Essie's sixteen-year-old daughter Gladys. Or she comes over and knits a sweater for Essie's boy Tom, while Essie goes to the Shakespeare Club.

Only in the wildest and least cultured parts of America does the mother-in-law linger in the untamed state, as the snow clings long in the dank hollow of the hill and the cactus abides in the raw gulch.

For example: Orgus Hucks came over the low ridge, following the old, brier-tangled wood road, and climbed the rail fence into Peabody Crump's place by the black way. This brought him into the cow yard, where the dusty, trampled ground was messed with scraps of fodder cornstalks and old wagon tires and other things unlovely. Orgus dodged into the weatherbeaten cowshed and peeked out.

The cowshed needed a new roof. It leaned indolently against the clay bank of the hill. The gray boards of its walls were warped and some of them were missing. The hay that protruded from the mow was poor stuff—too much daisy stalk and too much dock weed. That was what was left of last year's crop—this year's crop promised to be worse: more weeds and less timothy.

The whole place was like that—mighty shiftless. Wherever there was a roof it leaked; wherever there was a post it was askew or flat on the ground. Shiftless—that's the word for it. Fences down, garden weedy. Poor trash.

From the door of the cowshed Orgus Hucks looked out cautiously. The day was the seventeenth of August, Sunday, 1919, and the last red liquor had gone off sale June 30th of the same year in that township and the total moment had caught Orgus Hucks so utterly short of cash and trade stuff and credit that he had not been able to do his proper share toward relieving the Carleyville saloons of their surplus stock.

WHAT he could buy he had bought. Computing roughly, he had estimated that what he had been able to buy would last thirteen months and two days, but it was all gone already, except the mean, cantankerous grouch of it. Orgus still had that in his system, and he was sore and disgusted and boiling up with all the ugliness of too much bad whiskey and the thought that the saloons were not liable to open again for five million years. Life was not worth living. He had not washed or shaved or combed his hair for four weeks. For three weeks his wife had told him what she thought about it, unassisted, and then his mother-in-law came over the hill and helped her daughter tell him. She was a good helper, too, that way. For two days Orgus stayed out in the barn, then he went up to the shed on the sheep lot and she went up there and jawed him, and then he went to the far side of the woodlot and abode in the hog shelter until he was so mad he wept.

At first he did not see Peeb Crump but he guessed Peeb was around the place somewhere, or within a mile or two of it, because he heard Peeb's mother-in-law talking to Peeb like

a dutch uncle, just the way his own mother-in-law had talked to him. From the cowshed he saw Peeb's wife's mother come to the back porch and kick a bramah hen seven feet into the air, and throw a dishpan of water at Peeb's hound, so he guessed Peeb was near at hand. He saw a moment later. Peeb was under the back steps trying to look like a bundle of old clothes. He looked it, too, except that his hair looked like one of those iron-gray mops that they put oil on and mop up dry floors with. Orgus Hucks whistled like a woodchuck and Peeb gave him the high sign and crawled behind the rain-water barrel, and dodged behind the scaly apple tree.

FROM the safe side of the apple tree Peeb took a look at the kitchen door and sneaked for the woodshed, bending low. He leaned against the back of the woodshed awhile and then gave Orgus another signal and crawled on his hands and knees to the shelter of the iron kettle in which hogs are scalded when they are rudely wrested from life's joys. From the iron kettle to the cowshed was but a dash, and he dashed it. He stood a moment or two, clutching Orgus Hucks' arm and listening for mother-in-laws, and then drew him hastily into the calf stall and closed the door.

The first thing he said was something about mother-in-laws. Then he added, "What you want?"

Orgus Hucks put his hand on Peeb Crump's arm.

"You'n'me understand each other," he said grimly. "You'n'me don't need to waste no words. Devils, that's what mother-in-laws is, jaw devils."

"You betcher wuthless life they be," said Peeb heartily. "And mine's wuss'n that."

Orgus looked Mr. Crump firmly in the eye.

"I speak plain," he said. "You know I do, Peeb. I speak out. Ain't that so?"

"That's you," agreed Peeb. "You speak right out. When you git a chance. That's you, Org. When you git a chance you speak right out."

"Business is Business, ain't it?" Orgus demanded. "That's me, Peeb. You know that. I talk plain, man to man, don't I? I talk business when I got to talk business. Yes or no, that's me. I don't care if it's a mother-in-law or what it is, I talk plain business. That's me, ain't it?"

"You're dead right it's you," agreed Peeb. "And that's me, too, Org. You got t' admit that, Org. When it comes down to business I don't go hee-hawing around, neether."

"As man to man, Peeb," Orgus said. "That's how we're talkin't, ain't it, as man to man?"

Mr. Crump looked at Mr. Hucks with growing suspicion.

"Not a pint!" he said firmly. "Not a sniff, Org. I ain't got one-tenth what I'll need for myself. Money can't buy it off me. A man's got to look out for himself, Org. You know that. It's his duty to his—to his fambly. Not a pint, Org! I won't sell it."

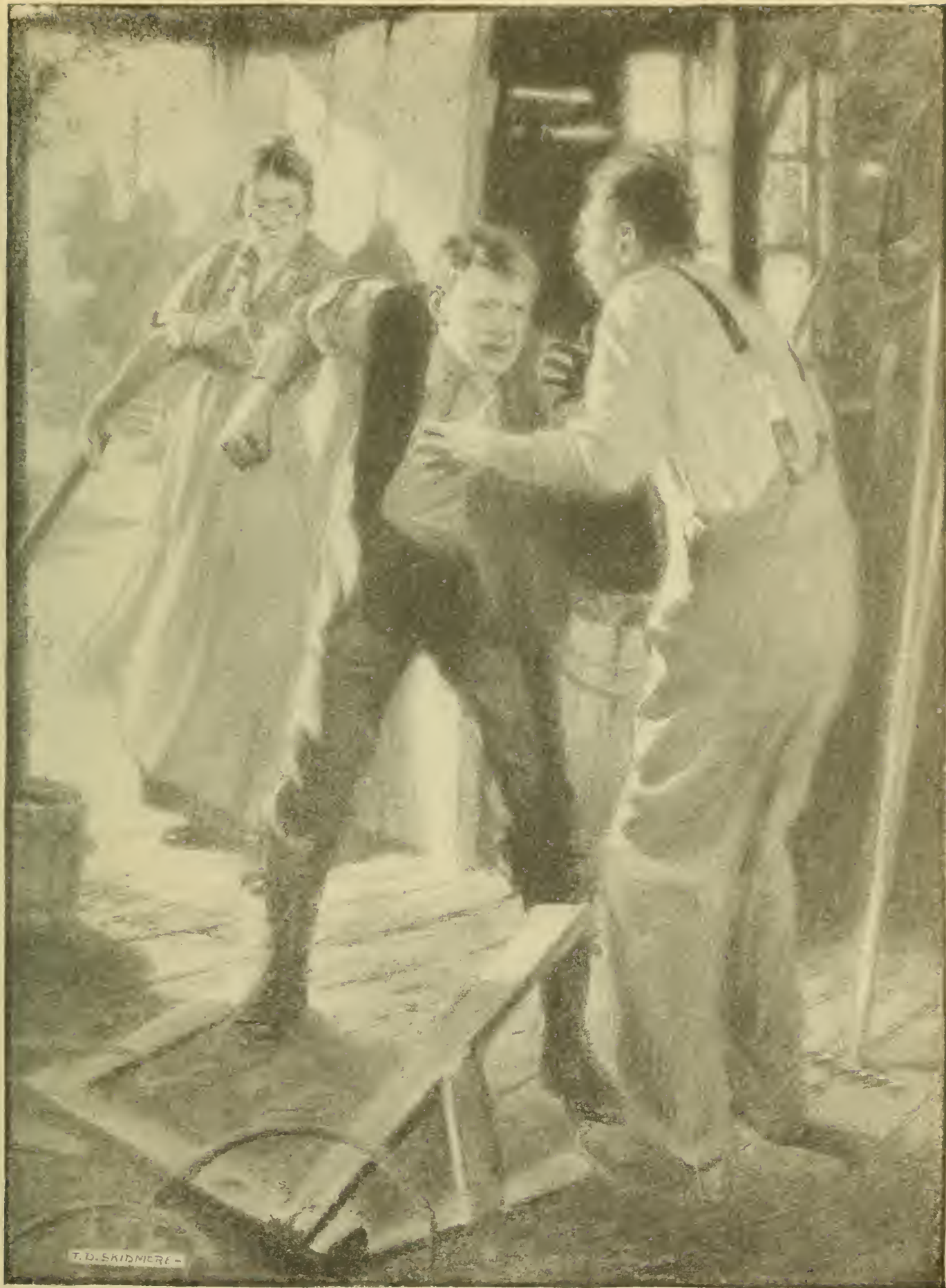
"Su'pishus!" said Orgus Hucks disgustedly: "That's what you be—su'pishus. A man can't open his head but you think licker. Disgustedly low mind, if you can't think nothin' but licker. I ain't thinkin' licker, Peeb. I'm thinkin' important subjects. Plain business proposition, Peeb; man to man."

"What you got?" asked Peeb, still doubtfully.

"You got a mother-in-law," said Orgus, stating a fact.

"You bet your wuthless hide I have," Mr. Crump admitted, adding: "dumb-bust her!"

(Continued on page 66)



"Why, dad bust your hide—" said Mr. Crump, reaching out his hand to "wrestle" Mr. Hucks again. But his voice died weakly in his throat. His eyes, looking beyond Mr. Hucks, were big with fear.

THERE'S NOTHING TO IT

Except, in Isabel Leighton's case, a filmable personality and a pair of blue eyes.

By
FRANCES
DENTON



The gods are always good to girls with blue eyes. And Isabel Leighton, while reversing all other rules, is no exception to that one.

Photograph
by Apeda

OF course, there has to be a Struggle. Every interview has one.

It may be a Struggle against early adversity. Or a Struggle with Parents Who Didn't Want their Daughter to Be An Actress; or a Struggle, more often than not, against Managerial Short-sightedness. It doesn't matter so much what the Struggle is—but there has to be one.

That is why, when I went to see Isabel Leighton, I was disappointed. I waited and waited; I stayed twice as long as I should have—simply because I was eager and anxious to do my duty as an interviewer. But the longer I waited, the more apparent it was that, in Miss Leighton's case, all the old rules were reversed. She didn't have a struggle. Her parents were willing as Barkus; the managers took one look at her before asking her to sign their contracts. As for early adversity, there wasn't any, because Isabel had a nice home in New York and just about everything she wanted—and still has.

She never even knew she wanted to go on the stage, until—but let her tell it:

"I was doing war work," smiled Isabel, her deep and clear blue eyes twinkling, "that is, I sat at a desk with a big pile of papers and did whatever they told me to do. One day a woman came up to me and introduced herself. She was the chairman of a committee which was to give a pageant for the Red Cross. Ben Ali Haggin was to stage the tableaux. They had twenty-four girls of certain types, and they wanted another. I was asked to be the twenty-fifth—why, I don't know." (Note: Miss Leighton, we might mention *en passant*, is too nice a girl to admit even to herself that there might be reasons for anyone wanting her to be in a tableau. She has such very pretty eyes—)

"But I went. Of course I went. And I found myself completely surrounded by celebrities. All sorts of celebrities. Dancers, singers, tragediennes, comediennes—and film stars. There were Marilyn Miller and Agnes Ayres and—well, you

may imagine how I felt! I was the only girl there who wasn't famous or near-famous. And that's what started it all."

Something had to be done about it. And Isabel Leighton decided, then and there, that the next time she was in a pageant or a tableau or a party with stage or screen stars, she would be one of them—not an outsider. And she didn't lose any more time realizing her ambition.

"I saw the advertisement announcing The Florodora Beauty Contest," she said; "it explained that any girl could submit her picture to this contest and that the winning girl would be given a chance to succeed on the stage or the screen. I sent in my photographs, and—yes, I *did* have an idea I'd win, or I wouldn't have done it! But when the judges—Arthur Hammerstein, Joe Weber, and Cöles Phillips, the artist—sent for me, I'll admit I was a bit shaky. But they were all so nice, and said I'd do—and Mr. Phillips even asked that I pose for one of his covers. He said"—and Miss Leighton blushed becomingly—"that my eyes were *right*!"

So that's how it all happened. And the next thing she knew, Isabel was playing her first screen role, with E. K. Lincoln in "What is Love?" And then she was offered a part in David Belasco's "Deburau."

It isn't a big part. But it serves to introduce Isabel Leighton to everybody. Isabel's eyes and Isabel's soft, low contralto. And she is going to study—all the time—so that the really big part, when it comes, will find her ready. When "Deburau" goes on tour, it will leave her behind, because she doesn't want to leave New York and the opportunities to make more pictures.

And everyone who knows Isabel is prophesying that the company which sponsored the contest—the Electric Star Vibrator—will one of these days be asking her for her picture and her signature to endorse their product. That she will, in other words, realize that ambition that was entirely unpremeditated on her part, and without any Struggle at all.

The gods are always good to girls with deep blue eyes.

A Review of the new
pictures by Burns
Mantle and Photoplay
Magazine Editors.

The Shadow Stage

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court" is the second best screen comedy of the year. Harry C. Myers is the Yankee who embroils the English court, and Pauline Starke is Princess "Sandy" whom he rescues.

By
BURNS MANTLE

YOU are safe in placing "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court" on your list of pictures not to be missed. It is the second best screen comedy of the year, counting Chaplin's "The Kid" as the first, and, curiously, it is as dependent upon its titles as the Chaplin picture was notable for its absence of titles. The printed witticisms are responsible, I should say, for at least a third of the laughs. And though they are frankly "jazzed," as they say in the studio, the jazzing has been cleverly and intelligently done in a spirit of high burlesque.

In the screen version of Mark Twain's story the dream form is wisely used. The hero, a great lover of the Yankee's written adventures, sits late reading the book. On retiring, he encounters a housebreaker. There is a fight, the hero is knocked down and out, and loses consciousness just as the burglar grabs a pikestaff from a stand of armor and stands above him menacingly. When he awakes in his dream he is being poked in the ribs with the pikestaff of Sir Sagramore ("Saggy" of the round table) and is made captive. Taken to the castle, he is condemned to death by King Arthur and about to be burned at the stake, when, by nicely timing the sun's eclipse, he convinces the king that he is a much better magician than the wicked Merlin and is allowed to live. His adventures thereafter are many and fantastic. He introduces modern methods in the conduct of the kingdom, and soon has the knights punching a time clock and spending the noon hour "shooting craps." In the jousting tournament the Yankee sees himself as a Bill Hart who ropes the startled "Saggy" and pulls him from his horse,

armor and all, and then repeats the performance "for the benefit of those who came in late." He rescues the Princess Alisande (he calls her "Sandy" for short) from the dungeon of the wicked Queen Morgan le Fay with the aid of his "enchanted Gat," with which he shoots holes through several surprised gentlemen, and from the armor discarded by the knights after the incident of the joust he builds a flivver. When he and the king are captured by the "four horsemen of the eucalyptus" in the employ of the queen, they are rescued by Sir Launcelot and "Sandy." "As Sir Boss has often said, 'Give her the gas, Kid,'" advises Launcelot in hurrying the rescue, and as the flivver scurries toward the castle it is followed by a couple of hundred knights mounted on motor cycles. It is all good fun, and has pictorial value as well. Emmett J. Flynn has made a name for himself as a director who is not dependent upon the slapstick and the swift kick in creating low comedy on the screen, and Bernard McConville has done well with the scenario. Ralph Spence, I am told, had much to do with the titling. Mark Twain himself, could he have had a hand in the rewriting of his story, would probably have objected to some of the liberties Mr. Fox's young men have taken, but I venture that if the earth above his grave should be discovered to have been recently disturbed it was caused by the laughter and not the writhings of the well-loved humorist. Harry C. Myers is consistently amusing as the Yankee, Pauline Starke is the "Sandy," Rosemary Theby the vamping queen, William Mong the Merlin, Charles Clary the King Arthur and George Siegmann the "Saggy."

GYPSY BLOOD—First National.



Pola Negri's second picture, "Gypsy Blood," is not as elaborate as "Passion," but this "Carmen" is very real. You feel that here is the real Seville and the real character around whom the opera was written.



"The City of Silent Men" is a well-told, forceful story with Sing Sing for background. Thomas Meighan has never given a finer performance and Kate Bruce contributes one of her charming portrayals in support.



"Her Lord and Master" is a delightful story, well directed by Edward Jose, and is a good drama without once becoming melodramatic. This is another milestone in Alice Joyce's remarkable career.

THOSE who made the acquaintance of Pola Negri in "Passion" will enjoy meeting her again in "Gypsy Blood," though the second picture is considerably less elaborate and a trace less interesting than the first. Here is a straight version of the Merrimee "Carmen" played and pictured with a literalness that makes it extremely convincing but robs it entirely of its Latin fire and its pictorial flashiness. This "Carmen," as played by the intense Negri is a very real sort of "Carmen" who refuses to tidy herself up before the camera for the very good reason that Carmen herself was not a tidy person. None of your silk-stockinged Calves and Farrars, this cigarette girl. None of your fringed-shawl beauties with rouged cheeks and cherry lips. You feel the background strongly; you feel that it is genuine; that this is the real Seville, and these the real characters around whom the opera was written. It is a good "Carmen," this "Gypsy Blood," because it is new and Mme. Negri plays it extremely well. Her supporting cast, again enjoying the blessings of anonymity, is made up of actors quite un-Spanish as to appearance and as colorless as the barren mountain fastnesses in which they cling precariously to the rocks between scenes, but competent and, like the picture, different.

THE GUILF OF WOMEN—Goldwyn.

WILL ROGERS' determination not to be a one-part screen actor is commendable. In "The Guile of Women" he is a Swedish sailor who trusts women and finds them false, until in the end he discovers that the Hulda he had loved in Sweden and lost after he had sent her passage money to join him in America has been searching as diligently for him as he for her, and that both his love and his money have been in safe hands. Rogers is as convincing a sailor as he is a cowboy, but the weakness of the story lies in the fact that Swedish sailors are neither as interesting nor as picturesque as cowboys. The titles, written in dialect, are characteristic but hard to read, and lack the snap and the humor the comedian is able to supply when he is talking with and about people he knows. Scenically the pictures are interesting, with many recognizable views of San Francisco and its harbor. The cast includes Mary Warren, Lionel Belmore, Bert Sprotte and Doris Pawn.

THE NUT—United Artists.

THERE is always something more in a Fairbanks film than the mere picturing of a story with an abnormally athletic young man playing the hero. First, there is invariably an original and a superior sense of comedy employed. Second, there is the Fairbanks inventiveness that may be counted upon to supply something like a surprise a minute, and usually a surprise with a laugh attached. "The Nut," for example, is preposterously farcical in story and wafer thin in material, but who else could have so cleverly brightened a flimsy story by the introduction of such incidents as that of the automatic dresser, by means of which a lazy youth is carried along a moving platform from his bed to his bath, in which he is mechanically scrubbed, showered and dried; and from his bath to his wardrobe, passing which he is dressed from the skin out by automatic valets? Or who could so cleverly have developed the incident of the billboard clothes, in which the hero, finding himself all but naked in the street, cuts a natty suit from a clothing advertisement and makes his way home? He stands alone in his particular field because he is a natural comedian with an exceptionally alert mind. You may agree that "The Nut" is not as good as some of the other Fairbanks pictures, but, being fair, you will have to admit that it is at least seven times better than most of the pictures you pay the same price to see.

THE WITCHING HOUR—Paramount.

THERE is a good dramatic story back of Augustus Thomas' "The Witching Hour," coupled with an interesting discussion of mental telepathy, pre-natal influences and psychic phenomena. It is somewhat too deep a story to be made entirely lucid either in a picture or in a play. Wordy explanations of scientific theories are always baffling to an audience, and more baffling when they are printed than when they are spoken. When this drama was first produced there were many who flouted Mr. Thomas' theories of mind reading, and laughed openly at his assertion that it was possible for one man to defy another to pull the trigger, or even

to hold a revolver aimed at his (the defiant one's) heart. To which Mr. Thomas replied that the incident was founded on fact, and came under his observations during the years he served the late Washington Irving Bishop, a famous mind reader, as press representative and secretary. William D. Taylor, who has made this second screen version of the play, has succeeded in holding interest in the story by permitting it to develop logically, if somewhat laboriously, and bringing it to a suspenseful conclusion with a murder trial, which is always sure-fire material. The cast, headed by Elliott Dexter, is uniformly good, and includes that fine actress, Mary Alden, Robert Cane, and Ruth Rennie.

SCRAMBLED WIVES—First National.

THERE is a touch of novelty in this picture, which signalizes the return of Marguerite Clark to the screen, in the kinemacolor reproductions of a staged entertainment incidental to the story. Producers have been slow to realize the value of such novelties, even after Pathfinder Griffith has so effectively pointed the way with the colored bits used in "Way Down East." As for Miss Clark, she is vivaciously and as charmingly ingenuish as ever in this pleasant little story of a runaway marriage that did not turn out at all as she anticipated. It seems a more logical adventure in pictures than it did as a farce comedy on the stage.

THE LOVE SPECIAL—Paramount.

TO illustrate more fully the point that, if a story has a reasonably solid foundation it matters little how slight it is in plot, I should like to have you compare the average light comedy you see with "The Love Special." It isn't alone the fact that Wallace Reid is the most engaging of the screen's light comedians, or that his heroine in this instance is Agnes Ayers, that gives this pleasant little story its holding value, though these two personalities do help a lot. It is because the romantic adventure upon which they are started is a plausible adventure and is carefully and intelligently developed. There are no heroics, and there is a lot of scenery; commonplace, everyday incidents of a trip through the mountains, briefly enlivened by a hotel party and a comedy holdup. A "flat" comedy, so far as action is concerned, but always human and always interesting.

BEAU REVEL—Thos. H. Ince-Paramount.

LUTHER REED, the scenarist, and John Griffith Wray, the director, have been able to give "Beau Revel" something of the distinction that used to characterize the society drama productions of Charles Frohman, by which they took on an importance among the productions of the theater the worth of the story did not always justify. And the performances of Florence Vidor, Lewis Stone and Lloyd Hughes add to this distinction the grand manner that further enhances its value as entertainment. The story is all right in its way, having been written by Louis Joseph Vance, but the situations, if not trite, are at least familiar. Pictorially the effects gained are admirable, and the direction is of a quality that gets the best results from the excellent cast.

A TALE OF TWO WORLDS—Goldwyn.

IT may have been Goldwyn, or the excellent Rothafel who manages to keep the Capitol Theater in New York the pace-setter of the country in the matter of decorative and novel productions—but one or the other took a liberty with the Chinese picture, "A Tale of Two Worlds," that worked out very well. The picture was begun in China, showing how, during the boxer troubles, a white baby was saved by a faithful Chinaman. He starts with her for America—and the picture stops. In place of covering the lapse of time with one of those "Sixteen years later" titles the screen is raised, a scene from the picture is reproduced and a soprano sings the love boat song from "East Is West." Then the picture is resumed, picking up the action after the Chinaman and his child have been settled in San Francisco for many years. This story, an original scenario by Gouverneur Morris, written "on the lot" in California, we assume, has the common lure of oriental picture and is filled with adventure, if not with logic. A good cast includes Leatrice Joy as the Chino-Yank heroine, Wallace Beery and Jack Abbe. The settings are heavy and handsome.



"The Nut" is a flimsy, preposterously farcical story, but cleverly brightened and supported by the Douglas Fairbanks inventiveness that may be counted upon to supply a surprise a minute.



In "Guile of Women" Will Rogers is a Swedish sailor who trusts women and finds them false until—. The titles, written in dialect, lack the snap and humor that Rogers is so able to supply.



"The Witching Hour," Augustus Thomas' drama based on mental telepathy, pre-natal influence and psychic phenomena, is screened logically if somewhat laboriously. Elliott Dexter and Mary Alden head the cast.

DOLLAR-A-YEAR MAN—Paramount.



"The Idol of the North" pictures the days of the gold rush, omitting, thank goodness! the northern lights. Dorothy Dalton and the dancehalls both flourish. Don't take the youngsters.



There is a touch of novelty in "Scrambled Wives," which signalizes Marguerite Clark's return to the screen. She is as ingenuish and charming as ever in this story of a runaway marriage.



There is something strangely familiar about the plot of "The Unknown Wife," with Edith Roberts as the country girl and Casson Ferguson the big-town crook. A maximum of heart interest and minimum of gun-play.

THE stretching process is rather hard on Roscoe Arbuckle's "Dollar-a-Year Man." Gets pretty thin in spots, and the fat one is forced to turn a lot of Sennettsaults to keep it going. It happens, however, that this comedian is another of the elect who always has something to give his audiences. The better the idea the better his performance, but there is always something worth laughing at. In this instance the story concerns a laundryman who made money perfuming the clothes before he sent them home. He was also by way of being an amateur detective and likewise a member of the Yacht club. Comes a foreign prince to Fatty's town who is to be entertained by the club at luncheon, and to prevent his meeting so common a person as a laundryman, even though perfumed, certain parties conspire to spirit Fat away and lock him in a haunted house. Comes the prince to the same house; follows a rough-and-tear-down-the-staircase fight, resulting in the prince recognizing Fat as his friend and savior, the while he gives the glacial stare to the snobbish conspirators at the luncheon. Fight is exciting, Arbuckle always amusing, story pretty foolish. Lila Lee does nicely as the heroine.

WITHOUT LIMIT—Metro.

A SADLY muddled picture, this one. Yet George D. Baker, who fathers it, has taken great pains with most of its scenes and situations. The muddling was done, I suspect, at some way station along the tortuous road a manuscript follows after it leaves its native columns and before it reaches its screen destination. Certainly Calvin Johnston's "Temple Dusk," must have made some claim to coherency and a legitimately sustained interest. But it has little coherency and stirs little interest as a picture called "Without Limit." I don't know yet, not having read the original, whether it was intended to glorify a gambling house god who was intent upon redeeming the world through some sort of brotherhood, or extol the courage of the heroine, who began by being drunk and ended, after a minor slip or two, as a salvaging agent who saved a morally weak boy from destruction. However, as neither story was at all convincing it doesn't matter. There were good performances by Charles Lane, Anna Q. Nilsson and Thomas W. Ross, many attractive sets and occasionally a detached scene worth shooting. But mostly it was nothing at all but a series of expensive pictures.

MY LADY'S LATCHKEY—First National

I SUPPOSE a dozen years from now someone will still be writing stories about Katherine MacDonald's beauty and regretting that it seems impossible for her directors to find good stories for her to act. That is at once the curse and the consolation of beauty; it establishes a set form of criticism, but it also guarantees its possessor a job for so long as her beauty lasts. "My Lady's Latchkey" offers one of those adventure stories that is constantly under forced draught. There is a trumped-up suspense to sustain the interest, but it would not amount to much if the heroine were not so appealingly beautiful. Some day, when we have passed out of the present craze for the dramatized magazine story and the Broadway play, actresses of the MacDonald type will have their screen material prepared exclusively for them, and then this attractive star will have a chance to prove that she has talent as well as beauty. Edmund Lowe is her leading man.

By Photoplay Editors

THE CITY OF SILENT MEN — Paramount

THE Tombs, the Bridge of Sighs and Sing Sing prison itself, furnish background for the screen adaptation of John Moroso's "The Quarry" starring Thomas Meighan. If for no other reason, this fact makes the picture well worth seeing. Added to this however, is a well told, forceful story, handled in an intelligent manner. Never mind if the plot is old. Most plots are. You'll enjoy every moment. Mr. Meighan has never given a finer performance. Kate Bruce contributes one of her charming portrayals in Tom's support. A picture you cannot afford to miss. (Continued on page 73)

Pictures and Prisoners

By
LOUIS VICTOR EYTINGE

The true story—written from the inside—of the great part played by the screen in the lives of a hundred thousand shut-ins.

FOUR hundred inmates of a Western penitentiary attentively followed the unfolding screen story. The fun in a second reel of hilarious comedy was nearing its height when a perceptible dimming of the picture induced restlessness. Outlines became duller and in another minute the hall was in inky darkness. No light came through the narrow windows for the arcs on the walls had also been extinguished. Two minutes—three—five minutes or longer with no relief, the men conjecturing all the while in lowered voices as to the cause of the trouble. Feeling his way along the wall came the groping Captain of the Yard, until he reached the aisle-end chair of the lifer who managed the entertainments, to whom he gave instructions: "Tell them that the engine in the power house has broken down and repairs cannot be made for several hours. Send all men to their cells with a promise that the picture will be held over for tomorrow night." The lifer's voice hushed the low-toned murmur as he repeated official orders. A shuffling of feet, some few chairs overturned in the murk and soon the men were out into the thick darkness of the yard, with just a star or two breaking between cloud rifts. The men had practically to feel their way to the different cell-houses, then blindly count along the steel tiers to their individual cells. A moment or two later came the blast of the whistle telling that the lock-up was complete, the count correct. That Yard Captain, but shortly home from France where he had risen from private to captain, called me into his office, now lantern-lit, and with tears of appreciative understanding in his eyes said, "God! They did splendid. The men can have pictures any time they want it from me."

In the morning, a visiting editor and writer almost stammered out his enthusiasm. "That event of last night was the most wonderful thing I've seen in years. Hit me right between the eyes. Why, I've seen prisons where a complete darkness, with hundreds of men loose in the yard and a third of these life-terms, would mean knifings, grudges paid off, attempts at escape and perhaps a savage riot. It was great!"

Why did these inmates demonstrate such a standard of behavior? Was it because of any iron-handed discipline? Hardly, for Arizona's Prison has no silent system, no lockstep, no stripes, not even a printed book of formal rules! Was it because pictures meant a temporary relief from misery, a break in the monotony? Not entirely. It was because our picture programs



LOUIS VICTOR EYTINGE wrote this story in the Arizona State Prison, where he has been a lifer for twelve years. In that time he has made his name nationally known; he has built up a prosperous advertising business, and performed invaluable service among his fellow prisoners. Friends are continually working for his pardon. Elbert Hubbard visited him. Peter Clark MacFarlane made him the subject of one of his "Everyday American" stories. Eyttinge superintends the projection of pictures in the Arizona State Prison and best knows the tremendous influence exerted by the films in America's prisons.

represented the greatest influence toward *helpfulness* in their lives and they will respect any thing, any one, that sincerely seeks to aid them toward bettered futures. Pictures do more than entertain; they enlighten and educate and all three elements are vitally essential to any prison that attempts to turn out prisoners better men than when they were sentenced. Before the otherwise blind

eyes of a hundred thousand shut-ins is spread the panorama of the world. They see Esquimaux building ice-block igloos and near-naked natives gathering rubber in the tropics. They marvel at the marbled curves of love's greatest monument, the Taj Mahal, just as they imaginatively feel the tang of salt spray on their cheek as they watch the surf-riders of Hawaii. The roar of city streets echoes in their ears and great events of the day are told with photographic truthfulness. The picture teaches them of the world to which they are some day to return; yes, it even teaches men to pray.



You will find the most appreciative audiences in the world in America's prisons. Here is the entertainment hall of Atlanta Federal Prison when a motion picture program is presented.

Usually, we do not permit visitors at our screenings, but when I secured "The Miracle Man," some local relatives of inmates were allowed to attend and these visitors sat with their loved ones in the back of the hall. One grey-haired wife sat beside her grey-clad husband and all through the regenerative parts of the picture, neighbors could hear her husky whisper: "Oh, Boy, are you getting it? Is it getting you?" You who have seen the picture know what "it" was. One white-haired mother, usually stooping in her aging feebleness, walked out of the hall erect and star-eyed because she knew what the picture was accomplishing within her son. One of my own "gang," with several prison periods to his discredit, sat silent far into the night, while I read in his office, and finally emitted "Dammit, Eytinge, I'm done. I'm out of the game for good!" I forgot the tell-tale spots on wrist and the unpigmented hair which had given him the name of "Spots," and saw him only as he determined to be from that night. He's been out some eight months now, traveling for a wholesome house and this firm is planning to put him in complete charge of a branch office.

Awakened aspiration is a purer prayer than mere mouthing of words and if you had seen the men march out of the Assembly Hall, with heads thrown back, moist but exalted eyes, with backbone bulwarked, you would have understood how pictures in prison might accomplish more than all the religious services I've ever studied in my twenty years of prison experience!

NOR think this a matter of one picture, one prison, for I've been in contact with dozens of men in many institutions, all of whom are known to me, either from personal correspondence or their actual standing in what you call "the underworld." And there is a remarkable harmony of viewpoint. My Sing-Sing reporter writes: "Pictures are so much a part of the educational reformatory and thought-provoking program, that I cannot see how we could do half the work that is done without them.

"Pictures do more than entertain; they enlighten and educate and all three elements are vitally essential to any prison that attempts to turn out prisoners better men than when they were sentenced."

ferred to our vexatious, vociferous and vixenish reformers. These so frequently aver that "prisons are getting too soft. The very idea of giving criminals motion pictures!"

Of course, prison inmates are b-a-d men, and are put away from all contact with g-o-o-d folks, hence it is to be assumed that they'll want salacious sex-pictures, bathing beauties and

crime-and-crook stuff, eh? As a little experiment I offered a well known "vamp" in one of her Oriental spectacles. That's a good word, "spectacle," for one didn't need spectacles to see the anatomical spectacle! A certain officer escorted three feminine school teachers to the screening and these remained throughout the picture, while half of these b-a-d men went out in disgust! At Sing-Sing, they only book the more lurid type of melodrama for the fun the men get out of "kidding" the picture. Atlanta's Federal Prison inmates want "those

pictures with wholesome American atmosphere in their entirety." Jesse P. Webb, the famous lifer at Salem, Oregon, whose book, "The American Prison System," is the most modern contribution to the subject, writes me, "Good, clean drama, exploiting the problems of life as they are to be met with on the outside world, will catch a house full of 'cons' every time, the usual 10% of feeble-minded nuts excluded, of course." The inmate editor of Leavenworth's prison paper says, "There is only one kind of picture which the prisoners here think should be shown them; they want the sort that shows manly or womanly character working at its best." Funny ideas these b-a-d men have.

Merely as indicating their tastes here is a list of the twelve pictures, which, in the last two years, provoked greater discussion in eight prisons, than any others and brought out the heartiest endorsement; this list being arranged by averaging the votes of some two score representative inmates, in the order of their preferences: "Miracle Man," "Great Redeemer," "Humoresque," "Passion," "Forbidden Fruit," "Madame X," "Blind

Husbands," "Male and Female," "Fair and Warmer," "Right of Way," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and "Mark of Zorro."

PHOTOPLAY asks me to tell how I get pictures and how the programs are selected. It must be understood that all pictures in this and most of the other prisons are *donated*, not to the institution but to the men! In Sing Sing they are sent to the Mutual Welfare League, whose members pay the express. In Arizona and many other prisons the same rule holds. Producers work on the very sane theory that if the State wants pictures, it should pay rentals, but all too often, should the management desire to do this, pernicious busy-bodies prevent. In one State, sundry church societies protested paying out tax-money for such a purpose, and the generous exchange managers set them a Christian example by donating a projection machine and films. Where prisons are in or near a very large city, where distributors maintain branches, a phone message will bring almost any program in an hour or so. Arizona's prison is far off the main-line of railroads and our nearest exchange is five hundred miles away in Los Angeles, so that when a producer donates a feature for the benefit

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In the Death House at Sing Sing

SEVENTEEN men — some of them almost counting the minutes until the little black door should open for them into eternity; cheering wildly, for the first time in the history of that place of doom. They were cheering the gift of a motion picture projection machine presented by Thomas

Meighan and his director Tom Forman, who went to Sing Sing to take scenes for "The Quarry."

"It got me," said Meighan. "I tell you I appreciated the possibilities of pictures. They aren't just punishing men there—they're saving them! As a prisoner said, 'These entertainments are possible as concrete proof that the prisoners of the State, though deprived of liberty for faults committed, are in all other respects as other men.' The chairman of Sing Sing's entertainment committee, himself a prisoner, replied when I asked him what we could give the men, 'Meighan, I want a projection machine for the Death House worse than anything. They don't get to see our regular run.' And when those men saw it and realized what it was, they cheered until the walls shook."

Seena Owen as the Princess Beloved in "Intolerance," a screen portrait of rare beauty. Perhaps it is unseemly to mention it—but Miss Owen had to wear a false nose to play this part. It didn't interfere with her acting, did it?



Do You Believe in Dimples?

Seena Owen's don't interfere with her mental machinery a bit.



By ADELA ROGERS
St. JOHNS

Her best characterization for many months is *Janssen*, the title role of "The Woman God Changed," performed under the direction of Robert G. Vignola. They worked so enthusiastically on this picture that luncheon became a matter of spare seconds anywhere—even in *Janssen's* prison cell.

NOW that the national suffrage amendment has passed, I think we women ought to get down to cases for some legislation that's going to do us some real good.

Personally, I think we ought to begin with dimples.

If there is one thing more than another that I consider unfair, unconstitutional and un-American, it's dimples.

If we can't all have 'em, nobody can have 'em, if we're going on with this "all women are born equal" stuff. Because there's positively nothing equal about a woman who's got dimples and one who hasn't.

There's something about a dimple—you know the kind I mean—that will make a Sunday school superintendent sing jazz out of a hymn book.

As a menace to society in general they've got all these things reformers are celebrating, like cigarettes and shimnies and milk chocolate sundaes, looking like a bottle of grape juice at a bootlegger's convention.

I have never seen such dimples as Seena Owen's.

They're Bolshevik, that's all. They don't conform to any rules of conduct whatsoever. They're the most indecorous, I-don't-believe-in-Blue-Laws set of dimples that ever made another woman understand murder in the first degree.

When the fairies gathered around her cradle, and said, "Well, old dear, what'll you have?" I'll bet little Seena put a coy toe in her mouth and elected dimples. Because after all with a really good set of dimples you can eventually acquire anything you crave from dukes to daffodils.

And I just want room to say that you can celebrate your snakey vamps, your black eyed demonesses, the 20th Century Limit who can wear her brother's shoes and coat, or the elegant lady who makes you feel ice down your back, but a pretty little blonde with curls, curves and dimples is the one thing that makes every man remember his common ancestor, Adam—you know, the guy that ate the apple. Some prefer 'em one way and some prefer 'em another, but every man in the world can stand a pretty blonde.

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"Only a year? Why, the big stiff—he ain't nearly as old as me an' look how big he is!"

TIPPERARY

He was a very small boy, standing in the middle of a pink rug. He wore overalls of the most socialistic order, and they were at least two inches too short (overalls always are) so that his elk-skin shoes protruded with an appearance quite Chaplinesque. He had a very dirty face, the outer layer composed of all-day-sucker and mud.

"Hello," he said briefly.

"Hello," said I, "are you Jackie Coogan?"

"Yep." He admitted it without malice and without favor. We contemplated each other for a few moments and then he remarked encouragingly, "Y'can sit down, if you want to."

I accepted the invitation.

"I got a new coaster," said Jackie hospitably.

I sat regarding the small, straight figure, the big, serious brown eyes, the sensitive, childish mouth, remembering that all these things had combined to thrill and delight me the evening before when I had seen "The Kid" for the first time. He was such a little fellow, with traces of the soft lines and colors of baby days still so plainly written upon his face. He looked cuddlable, in the extreme, but he held his small shoulders in a way that made me recollect the things Charlie Chaplin had said about his genius.

Suddenly I realized that he had ceased to study me with the frank gaze of childhood.

His eyes were fixed joyously, breathlessly, on the doorway.

In the doorway, stood Tipperary. His tail drooped, but his eyes were smiling, with confidence in his luck, upon the small boy in the overalls.

"Oh, golly!" said Jackie Coogan in hushed tones. "Look at that swell dog. Gee, where d'you suppose he come from?"

"He's mine," I said.

I saw my stock jump fifty points in the estimation of my young host.

"Gee, ain't you lucky. I never saw

such a swell dog. He's wonderful. I wisht he was mine—that is, if he could be both of ours. 'Course I wouldn't want to take him away from anybody. But if he didn't belong to anybody, I wisht he could a' been mine. People are all right, but they ain't dogs, are they? I wisht I knew where there was another dog eg-xactly like that. Well, I wisht I had any kind of a dog. But they don't let you keep 'em in flats. Flats are the bunk, don't you think so?"

I nodded.

"What's his name?" he demanded as he moved cautiously forward.

"Tipperary."

"Tip—Tip—I guess I'll just call him Tippy, if you don't mind. Comere, Tippy, let's be friends, will you?"

In a moment he had both arms around the dog's neck and the two went down together on the rug, blissfully mixed up in a heap of blue overalls, ecstatically waving tail, and friendly sounds.

"Jackie," I began, assuming my most business-like tone, "how do you like being in pictures, anyway? Is it fun?"



G. C. Milligan

MY mistake was in taking Tipperary at all.

I had misgivings, but Tipperary is one of those persuasive fool dogs that can beg a bone out of a jelly fish.

Usually, despite his name, he is a peaceful critter.

On this occasion, he proved as disturbing as a California flea between your shoulder blades.

Tipperary is a large, red Irish setter. I have known a number of women who tried to match their hair to Tip's coat, without much success. He is a striking young canine. But I didn't notice that he hopped out of the car on the other side, as I parked it between the geranium hedges, and followed me up the white walk, between the borders of flaming marigolds.

Unsuspectingly I rang the door bell of the pretty white plaster flat, heard the insidious click that indicates somebody above has pulled the lever to let you in, and mounted the short flight of stairs.

I found myself, as our best short story writers say, in a pretty cretonne-and-wicker drawing room.

For a moment I thought it deserted. Then my eyes adjusted themselves to looking down a few feet and I saw my host.

and the KID

When asked what he thought of the future of the movies, Jackie Coogan replied: "Yep! What kind of dawg is he?"

By
JOAN JORDAN



Jackie and Chaplin in a scene from "The Kid."
"Charlie's a wonderful pal," said Jackie.



Witzel

"I liked the Chaplin studio fine—because there was a lot of dogs there."

"Yep. What kind of a dog is he?"

"He's an Irish setter," I said briefly. "Would you rather work all day with Mr. Chaplin than go to kindergarten?"

"Yep. What does he eat?"

"Who?" I asked in some confusion.

But the boy only looked at me with the patient pity children are so often forced to spend upon their elders. "Tipperary, o'course."

"Oh—he eats most anything. Was 'The Kid' your first picture?"

"Yeth. Have you got a little dog house for him to sleep in er does he sleep on your bed? If he was *my* dog, he'd sleep on my bed, you bet."

"He sleeps in the garage. Jackie, dear, do listen to me for a minute, will you please? I'd like to know what you really think about pictures, and if it's hard work for such a little chap as you. How old are you, honey?"

"Six—most. How old is Tippy?"

"Almost a year," I said, feeling a wild desire to throw my cherished four-footed friend out the window. "But—"

"Only a year. Why—ee, he's only a puppy. Why, you big stiff, you ain't near as old as me an' look how big you are."

I decided that if something wasn't done soon it would be too late.

"Now Jackie, if you don't come here and talk to me this minute I'm going to put Tippy outside and you can never see him again," I said severely. "I can't find out anything about you if you talk about the dog all the time."

Jackie considered the threat in my first words and reluctantly abandoned Tippy's society for mine.

"What'd you want to find out?" he asked pointedly.

"What do you actually think about motion pictures and working in them, Jackie? Would you rather just be like other boys and go to school, or do you like to be a movie actor and have your pictures taken and work in a studio?"

"My gosh, can't you ask a lot of questions," said Jackie, apparently awe-struck for a moment. Then, "Say, I *am* just like other boys. An' I don't see why anybody's got to be so crazy about going to school. I know fellers that go and I can't give 'em so much."

"Somebody's got to be in the movies. I don't see why everybody needs to make such a fuss about 'em. I liked the Chaplin studio fine, because (Continued on page 103)

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS—



Underwood & Underwood

TO William Fox, whose portrait you see at the left, because he is often referred to by his confreres as "the man who forgets to sleep"; because he is one of the most able showmen in America; because he has the courage of his convictions; because he has secured six former "legitimate" theaters in New York City in which to exhibit his more important productions; because "Over the Hill" and "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" were two of the finest photoplays of 1921—or any other year.

TO Kate Bruce, the gentle-faced lady at the left, because she has been a beloved figure in the films for many years; because she never overacts; because she has been the screen "mother" of many; because she always has a kind word for everyone; but chiefly because she symbolizes, in real life, the same wholesome traditions she carries out on the screen.



TO Rupert Hughes: because he is an eminent author who has gone into the picture game whole-heartedly; because he isn't afraid to roll up his sleeves and actually get down to business on the lot; because he has written many best-sellers which have faithfully portrayed American morals and manners; because he writes great sub-titles; because he served in the Great War as Major; and finally because he is a musician and a charming gentleman.



Five polishes prepared by the authority on the care of nails

Liquid Polish

Waterproof! lasting. Spread this rosy liquid evenly over the surface of your nails. In a moment it dries, leaving no stickiness and no odor. No rubbing, no buffing—quick, easy, and the result a sparkling, jewel-like brilliance that lasts for a week or more—35c.



Cake Polish

A compact cake polish—the old favorite. Velvety smooth, does not break or crumble—very economical. Rub a little on the palm of one hand, pass the nails of the other hand lightly, swiftly, over the powdered palm. In a moment you have nails that are noticeably lovely. Pink or white—35c.

Paste Polish

An especially smooth paste—easily distributed over the nail surface to give an even polish. Tints the nails and produces a brilliant finish. Waterproof, lasting—washing actually improves the polish. Pink or uncolored—35c.

Powder Polish

Instantaneous! Convenient to carry! Easy to use! At last a powder polish without messy filling. Shake a little onto the palm of one hand, use it as a buffer, brushing it lightly, quickly, over the nails of the other hand. A quick, gleaming polish that is the most brilliant of all. Pink—35c.

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THIS is a special introductory offer. Because of the cost it cannot be continued indefinitely. These miniature test packages are especially prepared to enable Cutex users to test the polishes with the least possible inconvenience and delay. Mail your coupon with stamps or coin. The samples are five cents each or all five samples for twenty cents.

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John Interviews Anita

And Anita interviews John, just as if they were merely friends instead of husband and wife!

"WHENEVER anybody interviews Miss Loos," said John Emerson, with a grave nod of the head, "they always say something about what clever titles she writes." He sighed despondently. "Really, there are a lot of other interesting things she does—you have no idea!"

"Humph!" Miss Anita Loos said this. It is a hard word or expression to put into type. Men never say "humph," but women say it so well that it means as much as any ten thousand words any poor boob of a man may muster.

It was very evident John Emerson quailed or shuddered or, at least, cringed.

Miss Anita Loos eyed him frostily.

"Humph!" she said again. "Whenever he gives an interview he always tells 'em how clever he thinks women interviewers are. Of course, it always has to be a woman interviewer who comes to see him. And after he tells them that, why, of course, they go away and spread molasses all over him."

John Emerson drew a deep breath.

"Listen," he said, "listen to me. I'll interview her for you and give you the real low-down. No gallantry. No softy-stuff. I used to be a reporter on a newspaper that didn't care what it said. I'll show you."

And so John Emerson interviewed Anita Loos, and Anita Loos interviewed John for PHOTOPLAY.

But, really, they were awfully sweet about it. They behaved just as cordial and polite as if they were merely friends instead of being husband and wife.

Studies in Still Life

or

Anita, the Beautiful Scenarist, at Work.

By

JOHN EMERSON

Readers will of course understand that the title, "Anita, The Beautiful Scenarist," refers to the woman's physical charms, rather than to any quality of her writings. In fact, it is common knowledge that only the susceptibility of producers and talented collaborators (such as her husband) who are clever enough to make passable pictures from bad stories, has made possible the production of Loos scenarios equal in volume to an unabridged edition of *What Every Woman Thinks She Knows*. I found the subject of this article dozing pleasantly over a story which she had promised her husband to have completed the day previous and proceeded to base

my interview on one simple, direct query, asking only a plain answer to a plain question, namely:

"What makes your stories so punk?"

Instead of giving the required explanation, the defendant began to talk on an entirely different theme, to wit, why her

stories are so good. She roused herself and declared:

"It's the writer's own personality that makes the story. That's why I try to keep myself happy and cheerful. I have a motto which is the key to my character: 'High O' Heart, toujours High O' Heart.' And so when you ask me why my stories are so good—"

"Pardon me.—I asked why they are so *bad*," I said, firmly. Then, as she did not answer, I tried to make the interview easier by suggesting, "Perhaps it is lack of education? Who are your favorite writers of fiction, excluding, of course, your press agent?"

"Thackeray, Shaw, Moliere, Dunsany, Balzac, Shakespeare—" she began to rattle off blithely, but it was evident that she was reading the names over my shoulder from the volumes on her husband's private bookshelf.

"One moment," I said. "What do you consider to be Shakespeare's best novel?" And, believe it or not, the woman was unable to answer. I then decided to follow up this theme and, modelling my interview after the

popular standards, drew from her the following facts: Favorite composer—Irving Berlin. Favorite poems—Campbell Soup ads. Favorite meal—luncheon (says she almost always gets up for luncheon). Favorite sport—sleeping.

"But," she added with a touch of sadness in answering the latter question, "I am troubled with insomnia."

"Do you mean you can't sleep?"

"I seem to sleep quite well at night," she replied, "and I sleep very comfortably in the morning. But in the afternoon I can't seem to sleep at all."

"Perhaps it is the weight of years," I suggested. "You're not as young as you once were. By the way, just how old are you?"

"It just occurred to me that I haven't answered your very first question about my stories," said Miss Loos with sudden volubility. "I believe I *do* know the answer."

"What?"

"A punk collaborator."

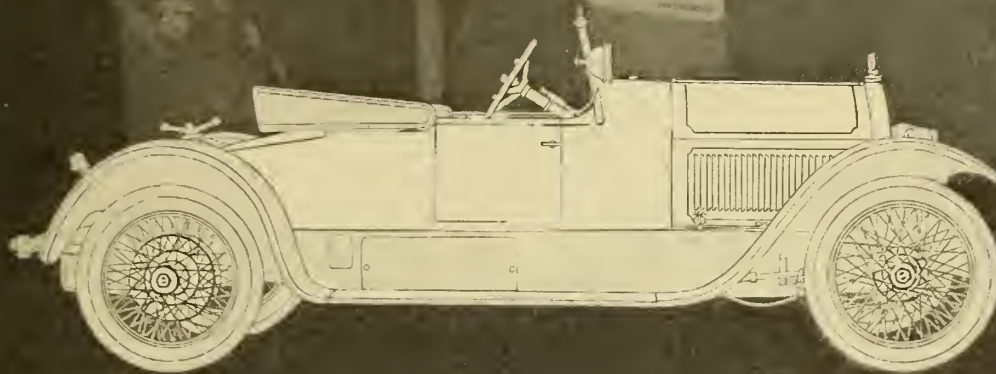
You can see for yourself that the key to the woman's character is, as she says, High O' Heart—And Low O' Brow.

(Continued on page 107)



Photograph by Keystone View Co.

"At least," says Miss Loos, "there is one woman interviewer who will tell the truth about my husband!"



Stutz has a pedigree—the Stutz of today lives up to the high standard set by its racing ancestors

STUTZ MOTOR CAR CO. OF AMERICA, INC., Indianapolis, U. S. A.

Plays and Players

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion picture people.

ELINOR GLYN and Charlie Chaplin, who certainly need no introduction, met at a dinner party in Beverly Hills recently, so 'tis said.

Madame Glyn after dinner approached the famous comedian and putting her beautiful jeweled hands on his shoulders, beamed at him with her dazzling green eyes and said, "Deah Mr. Chaplin, I can't tell you how deliciously surprised I am at meeting you. Why, you're quite like other people, aren't you, and not at all the sort of freak I should have imagined you."

Charlie put his hands on the lily white shoulders of the author of "Three Weeks" and said gravely, "I can say the same of you, Madame Glyn."

BILL REID and his paternal parent, William Wallace Reid, Sr., were having a little exercise on the floor of the billiard room the other evening, Bill's idea of a good time being to cover his father's well-known features with a pillow and then jump violently on his stomach, "when he can't see me," as he whispered to his mother.

Wally finally turned the tables, buried his son's head and pushed him across the floor.

Bill rose instantly, his lower lip quivering, and said with extreme dignity, "Now Daddy's getting rough."

EVERYBODY in Hollywood was at the Washington's Birthday races at the Los Angeles speedway, when Ralph dePalma cleaned up one of the most thrilling speed races ever run.

May Allison had a box—and a box party, consisting mostly of men, as far as we could see. May always has a regular attendant group of young men—but she agrees with Elinor Glyn that stars shouldn't marry so I guess it's quite hopeless. Her sister was acting as chaperon.

Tom and Nell Ince were there—with their oldest boy, who nearly fell out of the box with excitement. I heard a dozen people speaking about how well Mrs. Ince is looking. She had on a marvellous sable coat and the smartest little blue bonnet-hat.



Some famous writers are apparently working for considerably less than they used to. For instance, Elinor Glyn recently received only \$7.50 for a day of toil. No, we haven't put our decimal in the wrong place. She was just playing an extra in "The Affairs of Anatol," with Wallace Reid. Watch out for her—and for Lady Gilbert Parker, also atmosphere—when you see this scene.

Jackie Saunders was in their box, in a suit of blue duvetyn, with a collar of marten. Jackie certainly believes in short and convenient skirts. And she has at least two perfectly good reasons.

Mabel Normand arrived just as the race was starting, looking as fat and sassy as she did five years ago. Most of the western film colony hadn't seen her since her rest cure, and everybody had to run over and congratulate her. Characteristically, Mabel had picked up some small urchin on the way—aged about nine—and giving him the seat of honor, had a gorgeous time entertaining him. She had on a sport coat of blue and henna plaid and a smart straw sailor.

Mrs. Wallace Reid, whom her husband adequately described as the best looking thing around the track, entertained a box party, while her husband worked in the pits most of the day with the cameras, getting stuff for his new automobile picture. Incidentally, Wally signed as relief driver for Roscoe Sarges, and in practice heats made 105 mile average himself. With Mrs. Reid were Mr. and Mrs. Bill Desmond and Hank and Dixie Johnson. Mrs. Reid wore a suit of blue tricotine with a henna collar that matched her bobbed hair, and a sailor of rough blue straw with a henna band, and a beautiful ermine scarf. Marguerite Snow, also a member of the Reid party, wore a cape of green velvet and ermine, with a small green velvet toque.

Jack Pickford, who had been seriously ill for some days, was there too, looking white and thin, wrapped in coats and robes. His sister Lottie, in a magnificent coat of velvet, and fur, and Teddy Sampson, in a sport frock of blue, were with him.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil deMille were there

where Tony Moreno was having the time of his young life, rooting like a yell leader for de Palma.

Mary Alden, with the smartest black hat I've seen this year, entertained Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hughes and some other friends, and I saw Lefty Flynn, who used to be an All-American Yale half-back and now plays villains for Mr. Goldwyn, acting like he was seeing a football game.

Alice Lake wore a cape of wool with long fringe and an adorable tam over her left eye, and I saw Elliott Dexter, just back from a week at Catalina brown as a berry, and pretty Seena Owen, in black and coral.

And everybody went home so hoarse from cheering, they couldn't speak.

ELLIOTT DEXTER has invented the latest form of commuting.

He has taken a charming house at Avalon, Catalina Island, where he has been spending the weeks off between pictures, sailing back and forth whenever necessary to see Mr. deMille or consult with the Lasky forces concerning his next picture.

Elliott says he's playing from 9 to 18 holes of golf a day and having the time of his life, and that he intends to buy a site from Mr. Wrigley and build, as soon as possible.

BETTY BLYTHE and her husband, Paul Scardon, recently left the Hollywood Hotel, where they have lived since their marriage, for a beautiful bungalow in the foothills.

The cook couldn't arrive for a day or two so the screen "Queen of Sheba" decided to try her hand.

She invited a couple of friends, among
(Continued on page 75)

By
CAL.
YORK

of course. Mr. deMille had some planes entered in the air races.

Tom Mix and his wife, Victoria Ford, were among those present—Tom being much in evidence, with a plaid overcoat that must have been designed to match his bandanas. And Hoot Gibson had a bevy of pretty girls in a box next to May Allison's.

Doug Fairbanks arrived on the run when the races were about half over and watched them from the judge's stand.



Famous makers of dress fabrics and wash dresses tell how to launder them

The Pacific Mills have the largest Print Works in the world, where they produce an unrivalled output of Printed, Dyed and Bleached Cotton Goods. Their letter on how to launder Wash Dress Fabrics is of interest to every woman.

At one exclusive shop in every city Betty Wales Dresses are sold. Every dress is correct in design and style, honest of fabric, and of full value. Read why these famous dressmakers advise laundering fine cotton frocks with Lux.

BOTH of these great manufacturers realize that no matter how fine its material and workmanship, a dress or blouse may be ruined by one careless washing. For their own protection, the Pacific Mills and the Betty Wales Dressmakers recommend washing cotton dress fabrics the safe Lux way.

Keep these directions. You will want to refer to them often. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

The safe, gentle way to launder Cotton Wash Goods

Whisk a tablespoonful of Lux into a lather in very hot water. Let *white things* soak a few minutes in the hot suds. Press suds through. Do not rub. Rinse in three hot waters and dry in sun.

For colored cotton wash goods, have suds and rinsing waters almost cool. Wash very quickly to keep colors from running, and hang in shade.

Lux won't cause any color to run that pure water alone will not cause to run.

Always press dotted *Swiss* on the wrong side on a well padded board. This makes the dots stand out.

Tucks should be pulled taut and ironed lengthwise.

Ruffles should be pressed by holding straight on the hem edge and then ironing up into the gathers. Nose the iron well in.

Embroidery and lace should be pressed on the wrong side.

LUX

Won't injure anything pure water alone won't harm



World's largest makers of printed Wash Fabrics give laundrying directions

The secret of washing printed wash fabrics is to do them quickly. If a delicate fabric lies in strong suds while soap is rubbed on it, it will not stand many washings. The colors fade quickly and the threads become rough and coarsened.

For this reason we advise the use of Lux—which is a pure "neutral" soap—containing no free alkali. Lux makes an instant suds and requires no rubbing.

We have used Lux in washing our printed wash fabrics and find that they retain their original colors and their smooth, even texture. The pure, mild lather quickly loosens the dirt without rubbing.

As manufacturers, we would be glad if all our customers would wash Pacific printed wash fabrics in Lux.

PACIFIC MILLS



Great dress manufacturer says: "Launder cottons as carefully as silks"

We are interested to see that the Lux advertising is teaching women to launder their fine lingerie dresses and blouses as carefully as silk.

The colors in our wash dresses should be fresh and bright after many washings. When women ask if our colors are fast, we say that it depends largely upon the washing. No color is fast enough to withstand the brutal laundering that some people give their most delicate garments.

The Lux way of washing a garment without rubbing saves not only the color but the smooth surface of the fabric, the fine laces and embroideries that are on so many summer dresses, and the delicate handwork.

BETTY WALES
DRESSMAKERS



(Continued from page 49)

Orgus Hucks fastened Mr. Crump more firmly with his eye. "Man to man," he said; "man to man, Peeb, what'll you give me to murder her?"

He waited a moment, and then added:

"In cold blood, Peeb; what'll you give me to murder her in cold blood? Thoroughly!"

II

PEABODY CRUMP seated himself on the upturned pail and Mr. Hucks sat on the decaying stringer of the cow shed. "Now you're talkin', Org," Mr. Crump said. "Now you're sayin' something. I thought you was drunk, but now you're talkin' business."

"Man to man," Mr. Hucks said. "Clean business proposition. Bump her off neat and thorough and no questions asked. That's me, Peeb. What'll you give?"

"Serve her right, drat her!" Mr. Crump said. "Jaw-howlingest mother-in-law in ten counties."

"Except mine, Peeb," said Mr. Hucks. "There ain't none worse than mine."

Mr. Crump ignored this. He reached into his pocket for his pipe and tried to fill it from a package of smoke-or-chew, but his hand was too unsteady. He gave it up and put some of the tobacco in his mouth instead.

"How you aim to kill her, Org?" he asked with interest.

"Shoot her," Mr. Hucks said pleasantly. "That's what I had in mind, anyways."

Mr. Crump thought this over.

"Uh huh," he admitted presently. "You could. She's tough, but you could. If you hit her in the vital parts, Org. It wouldn't do no good to wing her, say. She'd recover if you just winged her. She's tough. You'd have to hit her in the vital parts, Org. I tell you that. Man to man, I tell you that. And the first shot, Org."

"Sure! Vital parts," Orgus agreed. "First shot!"

"Well, but how you goin' to get nigh enough to her to do it?" Mr. Crump demanded.

"Stalk her," said Mr. Hucks. "Git to windward of her and stalk her."

"Uh huh," said Mr. Crump. "Might be done that way, Org, might be done! Stalk her, hey? That sounds reasonable. Sounds common sense. You couldn't chase her, like a rabbit; she'd turn on you. She's turn on you and rip the ever-lastin' stuffin' out of you. You got to be mighty careful when you're gettin' at a woman like her, Org. Especially now, when she's all steamed up and rampageous. I don't say you ain't got me interested, Org, but you and me has been friends a long time and I don't want nothin' harsh to happen to you. You've got to go about it mighty scientific."

"That's my business, Peeb," Mr. Hucks said. "I got to do the lookin' out; you don't. If I enter into this here contract it's my business. I got to worry; you don't. Question is: what's it worth to you. That's the main question."

"Forty dollars," said Mr. Crump after considering. "Forty dollars, cash down when you hit a vital part."

"No, sir!" said Mr. Hucks promptly. "Not on your wuthless life!"

"Forty five, then."

"No, sir!"

"Org," said Mr. Crump solemnly. "I'll make it fifty! That's a good many dollars, Org."

"You won't make it any money," said Mr. Hucks. "Money ain't no good any more. You make it two quarts an' me an' you can talk business."

"Aw, now, Org!" said Mr. Crump in a pained tone. "You ain't goin' to be unreasonable, be you? Two quarts! Why, I ain't got but a few gallons myself, Org, an' no more comin' from nowhere. You got to be fair an' reasonable when you want to do business. Say fifty dollars. How about fifty dollars, Org? Just think of what that'll buy!"

"What do I want with fifty dollars, Peeb; a dead man like me?" asked Mr. Hucks. "You know as well as I do that fifty dollars ain't goin' to do me no good when I git hung for this double mother-in-law murder business."

"Well, what good would two quarts—" Mr. Crump began but through his fuddled mind the logic of Mr. Hucks' form of payment found its way. Mr. Hucks could get rid of two quarts before he was captured and hauled to the bar of justice. Mr. Crump knew that Mr. Hucks could do it. He knew Mr. Hucks' ability in that direction.

"You might get clean away," said Mr. Crump, temporizing, for two quarts were not to be carelessly parted with.

"Clean away!" Mr. Hucks scoffed. "How could I get clean away when I'd be plumb soused an' petrified?"

"You wouldn't be, Org, if you took fifty dollars instead of two quarts. You could skip out an' keep a goin', no tellin' how long. Why, Org," he continued enthusiastically, "I bet you could keep right on forever, nearly, gettin' fifty dollars a mother-in-law. I bet there's a million of

them right in this country. An' there's Europe, an' Asia, an' Africa. It's a reg'lar business, Org, if you want to treat it right. If I wasn't so sort of tied down here—"

HE had in mind his cache of red liquor. A man couldn't go rushing all over the country and leave twelve or sixteen gallons to the mercy of thirsty fellow mountaineers. But Mr. Hucks did not warm up to the suggestion.

"I ain't makin' no business of it, Peeb," he said, as if his friend had hurt his feelings.

"I just come to you as man to man, seein' as I was goin' to get rid of a mother-in-law anyways. I ain't goin' into it as a business. Revenge, that's what I'm doin' it for. I've been bore down and tramped on and scorned at long enough, Peeb, and I'm goin' to get my revenge. I'm goin' to let the old jaw-devil know she can't step on a worm always unless it turns tail once in awhile. Business? I don't ask nobody to pay me for what I'm goin' to do to my mother-in-law, do I? I'm goin' to git rid of her for revenge, Peeb. For the pleasure I'll git out of it, revengin' myself on her for what she's (Continued on page 89)



THE PLAY'S THE THING

Moving Picture Manager—"Costumes and sets all ready?"

Director—"Yes."

"Actors all here?"

"Yes. How about the scenario?"

"Oh, we'll make that up as we go along."

"Don't Envy Beauty— Use Pompeian"

"How well you look tonight!" Such compliments are the daily joy of the woman who applies her cream, powder, and rouge correctly. Here is the Pompeian way to instant beauty:

First, a touch of fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin and holds the powder. Work the cream well into the skin so the powder adheres evenly.

Then apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of delicate fragrance.

Now a touch of Pompeian BLOOM for youthful color. Do you know that a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle with a new beauty?

Lastly, dust over again with the powder, in order to subdue the Bloom. Presto! The face is beautified and youth-i-fied in an instant! (Above 3 preparations may be used separately or together. At all druggists, 60c each.)

TRY NEW POWDER SHADES. The correct powder shade is more important than the color of dress you wear. Our new NATURELLE shade is a more delicate tone than our Flesh shade, and blends exquisitely with a medium complexion. Our new RACHEL shade is a rich cream tone for brunettes. See offer on coupon.

Pompeian BEAUTY Powder—naturelle, rachel, flesh, white. Pompeian BLOOM (a rouge that won't crumble)—light, dark, medium. Guaranteed by the makers of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream (60c), for oily skins; Pompeian NIGHT Cream (50c), for dry skins; Pompeian FRAGRANCE (30c), a talcum with a real perfume odor.

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Miss Clark posed especially for this 1921 Pompeian Beauty Art Panel entitled, "Absence Can Not Hearts Divide." The rare beauty and charm of Miss Clark are revealed in dainty colors. Size, 28 x 7 1/4 inches. Price, 10c. Samples of Pompeian Day Cream, Powder and Bloom, Night Cream and Fragrance (a talcum powder) sent with the Art Panel. With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Please tear off coupon now.

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Beauty—
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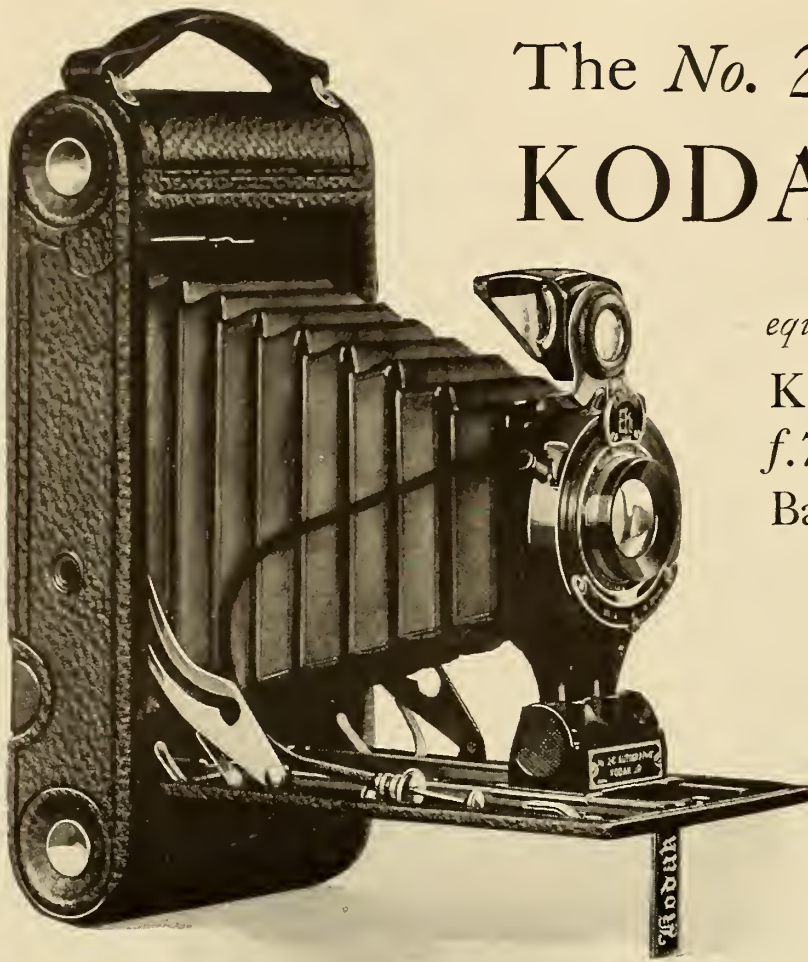
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\$25.00

This Camera fits into a niche, all its own. The size of the picture it makes, $2\frac{7}{8} \times 4\frac{7}{8}$ inches, is particularly pleasing; is almost up to the full post card size—and yet the camera itself is small, light, convenient.

The Kodak Anastigmat lenses are made to exactly fit Kodak requirements. They are not merely an adaptation of a lens to the Kodak. They are a Kodak product designed to fit Kodaks, and in each case designed with particular reference to the size and type of Kodak and Kodak shutter that they are to be used with. The *f*.7.7 lens used on the 2C Kodak has more speed than the best of the rectilinear lenses and is at least equal to the best anastigmats in depth, sharpness and flatness of field.

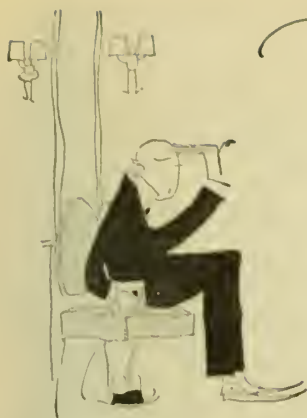
The Kodak Ball Bearing shutter has speeds of $\frac{1}{25}$, $\frac{1}{50}$ and $\frac{1}{100}$ of a second for “snapshots”, has the usual time and “bulb” actions for prolonged exposures. It is an unusually reliable shutter, works smoothly and is quiet in its action.

The No. 2C Junior is covered with genuine grain leather, is finely finished in every detail, is extremely simple in operation, is “autographic”, of course and, with the Kodak Anastigmat lens, produces negatives having that crispness and sharpness that are characteristic of the true anastigmat.

The price, \$25.00, includes the excise war tax.

All Dealers'

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City*



Why-Do-They Do-It

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, that was stupid, unlife-like, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.



Indestructible Ice

PLEASE tell me why Bessie Love did it, in "The Fighting Colleen." In one scene we see her dashing out to obtain some ice, per doctor's orders. Finally after covering two or three blocks, she discovers an ice wagon going down the street. She runs up to back of wagon, grabs a piece of ice, runs back home with ice under her arm, puts it on the table and it shows no signs of melting!

EDWARD G. FIGG, New York.

Thrift In The G. N. W.

I LIKE to see these films all about the Great Northwest, but I have to report an incongruity in James Oliver Curwood's "Nomads of the North." The officer of the Mounted Police is seen to be knocked down by a falling tree in the forest fire scene. The officer has to be carried away by *Challoner*. While he is being picked up, supposedly only partially conscious, he has the presence of mind to grab his hat!

C. W. W., Arlington, Mass.

Coiffure a La Cast-away

EVA NOVAK, in "The Torrent," is found unconscious on the beach of an island, by a navigator. He raises her head to give her a drink and her hair is wet and hanging partly over her face. A minute later when she has regained consciousness, her hair is neatly combed as if she had been to a hairdresser's establishment.

JOHN P. SCOTT,
Fredonia, Kansas.

Eclipsing Joshua's Record

IN "Rio Grande," when Rosemary Theby and Danny are by the fire, he looks toward the west, where the setting sun is partly hidden by a peculiar little cloud. Near the end of the picture, after Rosemary has been teaching school in Mexico for a year, the priest tells Danny to go to her, and points to the western sky. And there is the same old sunset, little cloud and all, just as if it had stood still all that time.

M. C., Darlington, Wis.

A Canine Cinderella

KATHERINE MACDONALD'S dog Esther, in "Passion's Playground," is seen, at the convent gate, to be a little mongrel puppy, and goes into a hat-box as such. On the steamer Esther is a sharp-nosed black and white dog of an entirely different breed. H. B. CUSHMAN, Philadelphia, Pa.

Now You See It and Now You Don't.

I LIKED "Nineteen and Phyllis," with Charlie Ray—but I noticed this: shortly after the hold-up in the car which conveyed the young people home from the dance, Jimmy, Andrew's rival, boasts in Andrew's presence that *he* still has his watch and ring, Andrew having been relieved of his in the car. Later, however, Andrew is seen sitting at his desk with the wrist-watch in plain view.

Again, Jimmy swaggers into the office and asks Andrew the time, and our hero is angry. But in a few minutes the wrist-watch is again very much in evidence.

JANE G. MORGAN, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

This Received the Most Votes

ETHEL CLAYTON'S husband, in "The Price of Possession," is shot in the back after a fight. He staggers down the road holding his hand on his back—difficult as such a feat may seem. Rescued by two men he is carried into his own home and laid upon a couch, whereupon his wife begins to bathe a wound somewhere in the region of his heart.

ELIZABETH
WINKLER,
Chicago, Ill.

Still Improving on Stevenson

IN every picturization of a Robert Louis Stevenson story, the director does his darndest to go the original story one better. The latest instance occurs in "The White Circle." The year, if I remember correctly, was 1880—yet Spottiswoode Aiken wore tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses, such as have only been worn the last few years. F. L. O., Canton, Ohio.

Wish We Had One Like It

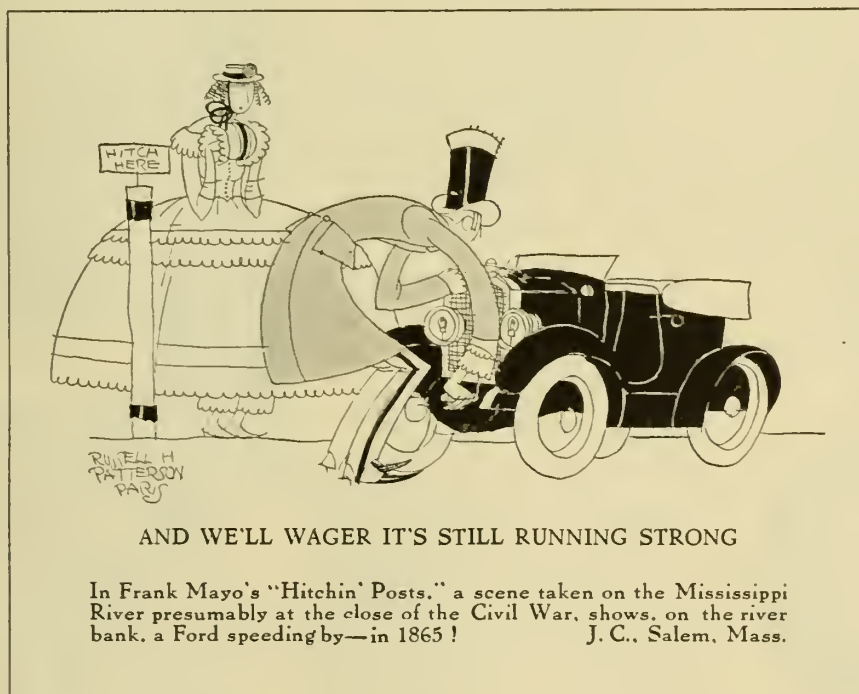
IN King Vidor's production, "The Jack-Knife Man," the alarm clock is set at half-past five, and it goes off at five minutes past nine.

THEODORE E. MILLER, Woburn, Mass.

Write Your Own Headline

IN "Passion," Pola Negri as the milliner's apprentice is seen carrying a hat in a large box which is covered with a design of black diamonds, when it falls in the street and a horse tramps on it. A few moments later, when she returns to the shop, the design on the wrecked box has changed from diamonds to stars!

HORTENSE HENKING, Hollywood, California.



AND WE'LL WAGER IT'S STILL RUNNING STRONG

In Frank Mayo's "Hitchin' Posts," a scene taken on the Mississippi River presumably at the close of the Civil War, shows, on the river bank, a Ford speeding by—in 1865!

J. C., Salem, Mass.

How to Keep Your Hair Beautiful

Without Beautiful Well Kept Hair
You can never be Really Attractive

STUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you care for it properly. Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the care you give it.

Shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just



Betty Compson

Follow This Simple Method
FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Rub the Lather In Thoroughly
TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

You can easily tell, when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly
THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo, you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

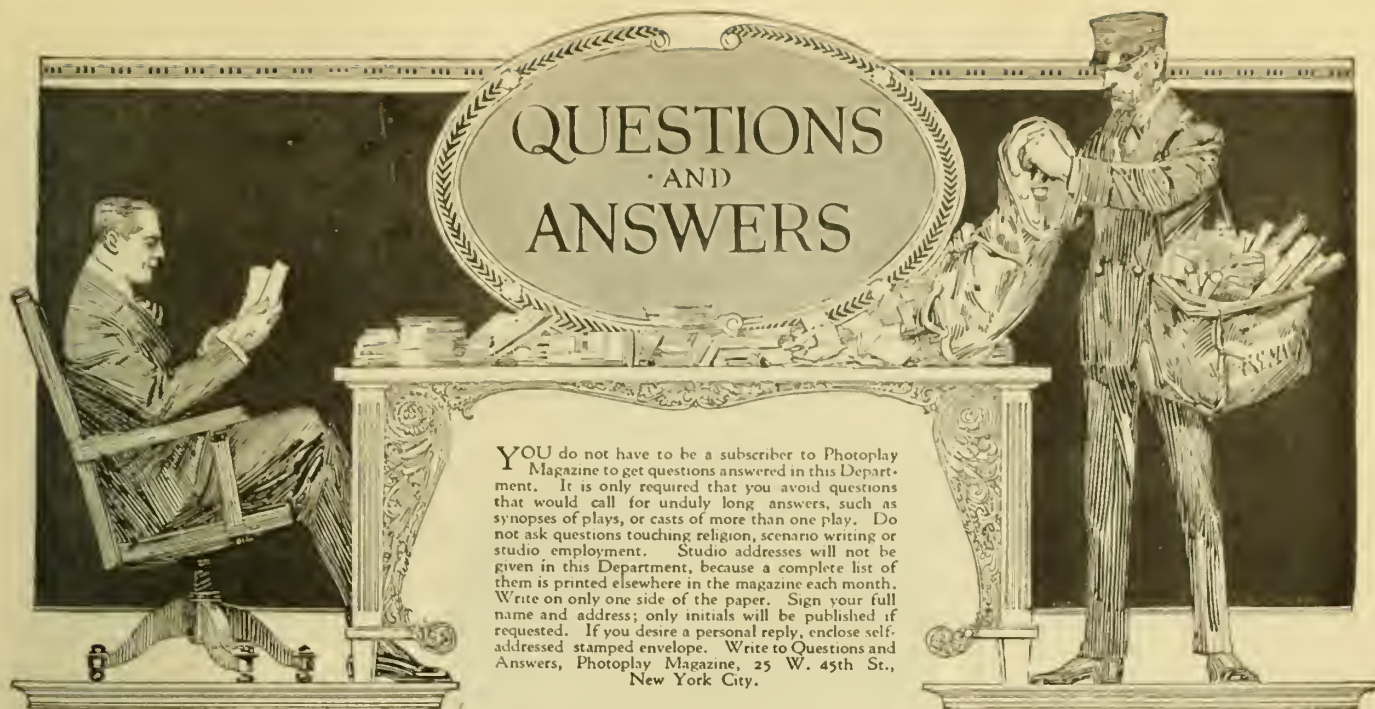
If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-oz. bottle should last for months.

Splendid for children.

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO





YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, 25 W. 45th St., New York City.

M. B., GEORGETOWN, TEXAS.—So you have always been good at arithmetic, but one fraction troubles you: your better half. Fie fie! I am not married so I cannot sympathize with you. Albert Roscoe, Metro studios, Hollywood, Cal.

BILLY W., SPENCER, MASS.—You sent in a limerick four lines long and said you would write a lot of them every week if we would pay you one hundred dollars every Saturday—and I replied that we could only rent you, not buy you—and now you're mad. Well, I can't help it. And I don't know why I am answering your questions but here you are anyway. Earle Williams' wife was formerly Miss Florine Walz. Walter McGrail was *Maurice Monnier* in "Blind Youth." Douglas Fairbanks is five feet, eleven inches tall.

WANDA.—Well, Wanda, I am certainly glad to welcome you back. Where have you been? You hope, you say, to be a great artist. Oh, Wanda, why won't you wish something original? Marguerite Clark has made one recent photoplay, "Scrambled Wives." She lives down at Red Top Farm, her husband's home near New Orleans, La., and she's happily married and doesn't care who knows it. I couldn't say when she will make another picture because Marguerite couldn't say herself. *Au revoir*, Wanda.

BILLIE, DALLAS.—Did you see Bebe Daniels when she visited her old home town—also yours? She was there, all right, and I understand the town turned out for her. I would, if I were Dallas. Norma Talmadge is married to Joseph Schenck and Constance to John Pialoglo. Mr. Schenck is a theatrical manager and Mr. Pialoglo a tobacco merchant. Bebe isn't married or engaged to be.

There have been rumors—but then there always are.

G. S., RACINE, WIS.—I think you will be able to communicate with Barbara Bedford through the Fox studios, Hollywood, Cal. She is awfully young and pretty and nice, isn't she? I liked her in "The Last of the Mohicans." She has the great gift of repression.

ANNABELLE.—Have never heard Buck Jones called any other name, though I doubt not he would be just as interesting if his name were Pete Perkins. He's a comer, all right. His latest is "The Big Punch." Ruth Roland and Herbert Heyes are not married—to each other. Miss Roland isn't married at all—now—but Mr. Heyes is, and has several very charming children.

NATALIE.—Good intentions—but no stamp. That's why I am writing you in full view of the audience instead of by mail. You may address Pearl White at Fox, in Manhattan, even if she did sail for Europe for a vacation. They will deliver your letter to her when she returns. Marguerite Clark, First National; George Arliss, Pathe. Neither of these artists is making pictures right now, but the companies will forward their mail. Arliss is giving a superb performance in "The Green Goddess," a new legitimate production, in New York City.

ANNA.—Do you, you ask, catch cold if you sit in the Z row in the theater? Oh, Anna, Anna! For that I should refuse to disclose the identity of the gentleman you are seeking, but I must do my duty. Henry Clive played *Richard Vale* with Alice Brady in "Her Silent Sacrifice." I never knew a woman yet who sacrificed or did anything in silence, but I suppose it is possible.

A Tragic Trilogy

I
SHE wanted to be a movie star—of course. And she besieged the studios where they said her nay in cold disdain.

"We never heard of you; go and get a reputation." And so she went and got a reputation—a good one, and quick.

And now nobody speaks to her!

II
He was a high-brow author. "Why do you not write for the screen?" asked his friends with polite encouragement.

"The films?" he cried, aghast. "Bah! the films!"

But he secretly wrote a fearsome five-reeler which he called "The Tiger's Mate" or something on that order and sent it to a literary agent to sell.

"Well, anyway," he muttered grimly, "I can buy a home in the country with the money."

... But nobody bought the masterpiece of the high-brow author.

III
He married the star in whose pictures he had played the role of her fiercely passionate suitor.

And then, after a few months, she sued him for divorce.

"He drinks and gambles and stays out nights," she wailed to the judge.

"How strange," murmured the court as he signed the decree.

P. S.—Ah there, little post-script! I don't know how they would pronounce it in Japan, but in Hollywood it is *Seh-shu Ha-ya-ka-wa*. I hope you will be able to astonish your friends when you master this seemingly simple feat. It's great exercise for anyone who stutters. Demosthenes should have tried that instead of the pebbles.

GLADYS, OMAHA.—You admire everything about me: the way I write, my eyes and hair, my sarcastic remarks. And I—I admire about you your extreme good taste. It's wonderful what good taste you have. "Trust Your Wife" is Katherine MacDonald's latest photoplay. Katherine isn't married now and has no matrimonial intentions that I have heard. In the February issue of *PHOTOPLAY* there was a "West Is East" impression of her.

(Continued)

DAISY DARE.—Photoplays do not necessarily have their first showing in New York, although New York or Los Angeles usually sees them first. However, Anaheim, Oxnard and Santa Monica in California, and Stamford, Conn., and Paterson, N. J., in the east, have witnessed the premiers of some of the most notable film plays. David Wark Griffith always takes his new pictures to some smaller city for its first showing. After that he often revises, cuts and re-titles the picture. It's a good idea. "Dream Street" had its debut in Stamford.

J. McC., PARK FALLS.—Is it right that Theda Bara was born in Arabia? No, no, Joseph—Cincinnati.

ALDA C. DER., HONG KONG, CHINA.—There's something mysterious about you. The subtle fragrance of the Orient clings to your letter. Though I have tried and tried to forget it and go through the mail from Oshkosh, New Haven, and Butte, I can't concentrate. Don't say I didn't remember you. How could I forget you? And how can I forget your question: which of Colleen Moore's eyes is brown? Mildred Harris is divorced from Mr. Charles Chaplin. She is now working in Cecil de Mille's new picture—after "The Affairs of Anatol." Dorothy Dalton is in the same picture. Miss Dalton was born in Chicago in 1893. Write to her care Paramount.

W. F. W., PALMER, MASS.—Reminds me of the farmer who, when asked how he felt in the big city, replied, "I felt for my pocketbook most of the time." Neal Hart is not related to William S. Clarke Seymour died in May, 1920. True Boardman died in September, 1918. Boardman was the hero of the old "Stingaree" series, which enjoyed wide popularity and prosperity some years ago, for Kalem.

MARGUERITE.—Yes, Wally's little son looks very much like his dad, but he resembles Dorothy Davenport Reid, too. He is the idol of his parents, naturally, and has about all the toys a small boy would wish for, but he isn't spoiled at all. I believe you would call Wallace Reid a blond. His hair is rather light than dark. I'm no good at these descriptive things, anyhow; but next time I see Wally I'll take a good long look at him and report to you.

G. G., BALTIMORE.—Your question was rather out of my line, being more a job of the Weather Man. But I asked our office boy, who used to live there, what was the climate of Portland, Oregon, and he said disdainfully, "Tell 'em it rains eleven months in the year and drizzles for the other half." Now mind you, I have never been there; so don't invoke the wrath of all my Portland correspondents upon me. Ethel Clayton was on the stage in various well-known productions, among them "The Devil," "The Brute," and "The Country Boy." She joined Lubin in November, 1912, and has been in pictures ever since. A youthful and very charming veteran.

FLORENCE G. K., ALLENTOWN, PA.—You say you find me very human and so are not afraid to ask as many questions as you wish.

Well, if I were as human as all that I wouldn't be good natured about answering them. Now that I have slammed myself as I would allow no one else to slam me, proceed. Richard Barthelmess? He plays *Youth* in Paramount's "Experience," opposite Marjorie Daw. But he was only loaned for that one performance, and may still be addressed at the Griffith studios, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

M. H., OREGON.—How are you, thirteen-year-old? Mildred Davis is six years older



43 Miles from Bahama

NO, this is not a scene from "Underneath the Bamboo Tree," nor "White Shadows in the South Seas." It has nothing to do with moving pictures and, alas, moving pictures have never had anything to do with it.

So far as our statistical surveyors have been able to determine, this is the only inhabited spot on the face of the globe where the natives have never seen a movie.

The name of Mary Pickford means nothing to the 671 brunettes who inhabit Bimini in the Bahama Islands, although forty-three miles away, as the airplanes make it, is the city of Miami, Florida, where there are picture palaces that would do credit to any town.

There is stored on the white sand of Bimini's beach millions of dollars' worth of red, red liquor, but there are no motion pictures. The natives don't care for toddies or juleps or highballs, but they'd probably go mad over Charlie Chaplin.

than you, Bebe Daniels, seven, and Marion Davies, eleven. Many happy returns.

GISH ADMIRER.—Dorothy is married to James Rennie, the handsome young actor of "Spanish Love." Dorothy will probably be making more pictures soon—her latest is "Oh Jo"—which was made under the title of "The Ghost in the Garret." Lillian, it is rumored, will play *Marguerite* in "Faust." I can't think of anyone on the screen or stage who could play the real *Marguerite* so well, can you?

E. J. O., WASHINGTON.—Thanks for your definite, business-like letter. It helps me a great deal when anyone takes the trouble to typewrite his questions. Providing always, of course, that he is familiar with the inner workings of a Remington. Wanda Hawley was born in 1897; Helen Ferguson in 1901; Edith Johnson in 1895. Elaine Hammerstein won't tell her birth-date but the place was New York. She has brown hair and gray eyes and weighs 120 pounds. Several ladies I know would much, much rather tell their birth-date than their weight.

JIMSIE.—Don't worry about not being able to keep the young lady in clothes. Propose to her anyway and remember that she probably doesn't want to dress out of style. Lew Cody has gone abroad for a vacation but he will be back soon. He was born in 1885. Barbara Bedford is nineteen.

KATHERINE L., PITTSBURGH.—The "S" in Dick Barthelmess' name stands for Semler. Here's Richard's history: he was born in New York City, May 9, 1895. He was educated at Stamford and Hartford, Conn., and played in summer stock companies for five years before going on the screen. The film that brought him into prominence was "War Brides," with Nazimova. Barthelmess is five feet seven inches tall and weighs 135 pounds. His wife is Mary Hay, the dancer. Glad to be able to give you this information.

SOPHIA.—Don't try to start something you can't finish and that nobody else can finish for you. Mary and Doug are very happy and are about to leave California for a second honeymoon trip to Mexico City, where a house has been leased for the period of their visit. Mary finished "Through the Door" before leaving. Kenneth Harlan is married. Priscilla and Wheeler Dean Oakman have no children.

DOLLY DIMPLES.—Tony Moreno hasn't been married since the last time you asked me that.

INNOCENCIA.—I like that name, it is very pretty and very appropriate. Anita Stewart was born in 1897. Her brother George is playing opposite Alice Lake for Metro right now. He isn't married. Walter Long, I believe, is.

MARY PICKFORD FOREVER.—Rah—rah—rah! I can't help wondering what the outcome of that "popularity contest" would have been if all Mary's admirers had "voted." May McAvoy, who was the delicious *Grizel* of "Sentimental Tommy", is now working on the west coast at the Lasky studios, having signed a long-time contract with Paramount, perhaps to be a Realart star. I consider her the ideal Barrie heroine, and next to Maude Adams, the most believable interpreter of the Scotchman's will-o-the-wisp fantasies. May isn't married. She is one of the sweetest girls I know. I rather wish she could play "Peter Pan" on the screen. Gladys Leslie in "Straight Is the Way" and "Jim the Penman."

VIOLETTE.—Do you, by any chance, pronounce it "vee-o-lay?" There—I have been reading those advertisements again. They fascinate me somehow. The promises are always so much more perfect than any reality could possibly be, and the ladies who illustrate the various powders and perfumes and—so forth—are enchantingly ephemeral—whatever that means. Viola Dana, Metro. Tom Moore, Goldwyn. Tom Forman and Milton Sills, Lasky. Emory Johnson, Brunton Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

BETTY.—I am glad I am not a woman. If I were you girls would doubtless suspect my beautiful wavy hair of being but a wig.

(Continued on page 79)

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 54)

THE UNKNOWN WIFE—Universal

SOMETHING strangely familiar about this plot. Young crook goes to country town, meets a nice girl and promptly decides in favor of the straight and narrow path. However, when Edith Roberts is the girl and Casson Ferguson the crook, and there's a maximum of "heart interest" and a minimum of gun-play, we can sit through it, and enjoy it. So can you.

THE IDOL OF THE NORTH—Paramount.

FISH canneries have supplanted the dance halls of Alaska. However, there's nary a fish cannery in this Tale of the North, and the dance halls flourish. So does Dorothy Dalton. It pictures the days of the gold rush, when miners possibly did some mining, between reels, but at all other times congregated at the "Aurora Borealis." Don't take the youngsters. Thankfulness note: The director left out the northern lights.

A MESSAGE FROM MARS—Metro.

A RATHER innocuous offering, this film version of the Richard Ganthoney play. Bert Lytell, as the egotist who has an unpleasant dream in which he sees himself as others see him, and promptly reforms thereat, seems not at ease in his role. London atmosphere is furnished by a frisky hansom cab and two lamp posts. Children may enjoy the scenes where our hero rescues a lady from a burning building, but the photoplay on the whole can hardly be said to challenge the interest of the adult mind.

HER LORD AND MASTER—Vitagraph.

WHEN a motion picture director can successfully present, in pantomime, the inner workings of the human mind and heart, when he can maintain suspense and hold interest through the sincerity of his players, and without resorting to one trick or artifice of melodrama, we consider him an artist. Such a one is Edward Jose who, in this picturization of the Martha Merton play, brings us one of the most realistic of the season's screen offerings. Here, too, the locale is London, but in sharp contrast to "A Message from Mars," Mr. Jose has placed dependence not upon lamp posts and hansom cabs, but upon his own artistry, to create the desired atmosphere. Alice Joyce adds another milestone to her remarkable career. H. E. Herbert, in her support, is excellent. One of the most delightful photoplays of the month.

THE LITTLE FOOL—Shurtleff—Metro.

THE camera has translated most successfully Jack London's "Little Lady of the Big House" and has given us a photoplay which, while following the book with marked fidelity up to the gripping climax, ends more graciously. The atmosphere of the Big House, with its hospitality, charm and romance has been fully retained in the screen play and its characters are living human beings in whom you will be vastly interested. Milton Sills, Ora Carew and Nigel Barrie head the cast. The silent drama attains new dignity with the release of such a photoplay—but why the title?



*And the same rich scents
you may enjoy tonight*

EVERYWHERE in Burma tonight little fires are being lighted and in each home, a little Burmese lady is sprinkling sweet powders over a live and glowing coal.

All through India, up through China—in fact through all the length and breadth of the Eastern world, millions of people are happier and more rested because faint wisps of incense are rising in their homes.

Vantine's—the true Temple Incense

And because of Vantine's, the same delicate scents of the East may arise tonight in your home to delight you—to refresh you—to enchant you.

Vantine's Temple Incense is the name to think of. The druggist, the gift shop and the department store are your sources of supply—for all over

the country these are the stations where you may get the true Eastern incense—the incense which the East uses and Vantine's have imported for years.

Which do you think you prefer?

It comes in three delicate fragrances—Sandalwood, Wistaria and Pine. Some like the rich Oriental fulness of Sandalwood, others choose the sweetness of Wistaria and still others prefer the clear and balmy fragrance of Pine.

Try tonight, the fragrance which you think you prefer. Most shops have it waiting for you.

But if your shop does not, just name that fragrance in the margin of the coupon, and we shall be glad to send it as your first acquaintance package.

Vantine's Temple Incense is sold at drug stores, department stores and gift shops in two forms—powder and cones—and in packages at 25c—50c and 75c.

Vantine's
TEMPLE
INCENSE

Sandalwood
Wistaria
Pine

A.A. VANTINE & CO.
64 Hunterspoint Ave.
Long Island City, N.Y.
I enclose 25c. for the Introductory
Package of Vantine's Temple Incense.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....

Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring



Makes a Spotless Closet Bowl

WITHOUT SCRUBBING, *Sani-Flush* dissolves stains and incrustations in the closet bowl, removes sediment from the trap and by thoroughly cleaning destroys all odors. *Sani-Flush* does all of the hard work for you. Sprinkle a little *Sani-Flush* into the bowl according to the directions on the can. Flush. The bowl and hidden trap are as shining white, as spotlessly clean and odorless as new.



Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing, and house-furnishing stores. If you cannot buy it locally at once, send 25c in coin or stamps for a full sized can postpaid. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)

The Hygienic Products Co.
Canton, O.

Canadian Agents:
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto

A Single Drop Lasts a Week



Flower Drops, the most concentrated and exquisite perfume ever produced. Made without alcohol. A single drop lasts a week. Bottle like picture, with long glass stopper, Rose or Lilac \$1.50; Lily of the Valley or Violet \$2.00; Romanza, our very latest Flower Drops, \$2.50. Send 20 cts. stamps or silver for miniature bottle. Flower Drops Toilet Water, 5-oz. bottles, \$1.50; Talcum glass jars, 50c; at druggists or by mail.

Rieger's
PERFUME & TOILET WATER
Flower Drops

Rieger's Mon Amour per ounce \$1.50; Garden Queen \$2.00; Alcazar \$2.25; Parfum Rienzl \$2.50; Honolulu Boquet \$1.00. At druggists or by mail. Nothing finer. Send \$1.00 for souvenir box of five 25c bottles, different odors.

PAUL RIEGER & CO. (since 1872) 301 First St., San Francisco

Send \$1.00 For Five 25c Bottles

The Shadow Stage

(Concluded)

KNOW YOUR MEN—Fox

YOU FIND IT EVERYWHERE—Howells

IF they were like the men in this Pearl White feature, we wouldn't want to know them. Poor Pearl is persecuted pathetically and becomes just dreadfully disillusioned. However, one of said persecutors dies naturally, one unnaturally, and the third reforms, so all ends well. Miss White's admirers will no doubt follow her sympathetically throughout her tribulations, but the picture is not an absorbing one.

THE MAGNIFICENT BRUTE—Universal.

HUDSON Bay Trading Post in the Far North, factor's beautiful daughter, nicely polished villain imported from gay Patee, and Frank Mayo, proving, in his role of a French-Canadian trapper, that he can act as well as fight. We liked this, despite the ancient plot. The snow scenes are among the most beautiful that the motion picture camera has ever caught.

THE GOAT—Metro.

THERE is nothing sad about Buster Keaton excepting his expression, and even that is funny. He has discovered two or three new "gags," to use a technical term, and has gaily refurbished a score of old ones, for this comedy, and if you don't laugh at them all you're taking life far too seriously these days.

THE HICK—Vitagraph.

ONE of Larry Semon's high-powered spontaneous combustions, guaranteed to make you laugh throughout, and wonder how he does it, to escape alive. This most agile comedian has set himself a hard pace, but he seems quite equal to it. He's the shock absorber of the celluloid.

THE SMART SET—Universal.

WHOEVER believed that this plot was motion picture material, didn't belong to the smart sex. We have a show girl, rich man, two virtuous ex-convicts and an extraordinary amount of co-incidence, mixed up in a diamond robbery and served in five reels. Eva Novak is the principal mixer.

OLIVER TWIST, JR.—Fox

BEFORE you go to see this, listen: it is a modernization of the beloved story by Charles Dickens. A Dickens' story without any of the charm and the picturesque settings of the original. It seems, in fact, just a good old crook story with a punch and everything—masquerading under the title of the Dickens' book. Harold Goodwin, the latest Fox star, seems somewhat mature to maintain the illusion of boyhood, even in this age of precocious children.

A POORLY directed picture somewhat relieved by the presence of Catherine Calvert and Herbert Rawlinson. It is a crude tale of a young piano manufacturer who falls in love with his piano tuner and attempts to satirize the labor situation. One of those pictures that means well.

LOVE, HONOR AND BEHAVE—Sennett-Ass.-Prod.

MACK SENNETT has turned philosopher in his usual amusing manner. He points a moral and adorns a tale with the aid of slapstick and hokum. The moral of this opus is "Don't suspect your husband," with Ben Turpin and Charles Murray pointing the moral and Marie Prevost and Phyllis Haver doing the adorning. If you have ever seen Marie and Phyllis you know how well they do it. Sennett approaches his high-water mark here. It is a return to his old satisfying standards.

BARS OF IRON—Stoll

WHY do the English producers persist in giving us these trite stories? We have enough of our own. This, the tale of a wealthy young scion of a British house who marries a governess without telling her of the blot on his past, is unimaginatively developed.

THE GREAT DAY—British Paramount

ANOTHER English picture—but this time directed by an American, Hugh Ford. Mr. Ford was almost hopelessly handicapped by an insincere story; he doubtless did the best he could with the material he had to work with. This is the first product of the Famous Players British studios, and a distinct disappointment. Except for some charming country scenes, and several shots of the impressive Alps—the real Alps—there is nothing in it to hold the interest. Arthur Bouchier is probably a good actor but he had little opportunity to prove it.

EAST LYNNE—Hodkinson.

HERE'S the good old Mrs. Henry Wood story all dressed up for celluloid consumption. Hugo Ballin has done it effectively and tastefully. Ballin used to be an artist, so you can always rely upon a certain amount of imagination and pictorial effect in his work. There is, in "East Lynne," the wayward girl, the erring wife, the stalwart hero, the thoroughly bad villain, and all that sort of thing. You expect someone to burst out with "Curse you, Jack Dalton" at any moment. Mabel Ballin and Edward Earle share the acting honors.

Original Stories in Demand

AN old subject—that of the original photoplay story, versus the built-up novel and the scenarioized stage drama—but a live one just now, for there are marked signs that the original story is really coming into its own. Not because any prophet in the wilderness is heroically campaigning for the out-and-out film author, but because all other veins of material are being rapidly worked out, and because, everywhere, writers are beginning to think in the picture language. The play market is already practically exhausted, and enormous prices are paid, not for dramatic, but for advertising values. The same is even more intensely true of novels, for dozens of the most celebrated have been done twice, now, and not a few have been screened no less than three times. The Famous-Lasky corporations and Goldwyn, the world's greatest users of fictional screen material, are looking with a favoring eye upon the original manuscript, for the first time, it may be said, in the histories of their greater endeavors.

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 64)

them Mary Alden, who has the best cook in Los Angeles, up to tea one afternoon, and made the spice cakes, sandwiches and tea herself.

But the affair wasn't a success, because Betty has gorgeous Tiffany glass tea cups in orange and gold, which didn't show that she'd forgotten to put any tea in the tea pot, she used bird seed instead of spice in the cakes and sugar instead of salt in the sandwiches.

"I must be a good screen actress," said Betty afterwards, "I'm such a rotten cook."

TRADITION hath long asserted that to be the wife of a matinee idol isn't the merriest job in the world.

And it isn't always the idol himself that makes it difficult, but the other people.

Dorothy Davenport Reid had a unique experience lately that has caused a number of ripples in Hollywood, and cemented the general opinion that Wallace Reid's wife is a regular person.

Wally was getting out of his wife's limousine one afternoon in front of the house when he stumbled over something hidden under a rug on the floor. Moving the rug, he brought to light an eighteen-year-old girl, who sat up and smiled encouragingly.

Poor Wally staggered a bit, and then, as usual, summoned his better half with a loud wail—"Dotty."

Mrs. Reid appeared, viewed the young lady and politely suggested that she go home.

She said she wouldn't. So Wally's wife invited her in to dinner.

"Thought it might cure her," said Dorothy Reid in telling a friend about it later.

Well, unfortunately, it didn't. For the next week, every time Mrs. Reid went to open her front door, or get her car, or walk about her garden, the girl tumbled in or Mrs. Reid tumbled over her. Once, as late as 1 o'clock, thinking they heard burglars, Mr. and Mrs. Reid went down to investigate, only to find the young lady kneeling against the French windows of the drawing room.

Dorothy took her in, put her to bed, and the next morning gave her such a wise, sensible and charming lecture that Wally's admirer was converted into an admirer of the whole family and finally consented to return to her home and her much-worried parents and leave the Reid household in comparative peace.

"Girls will be girls," said the pretty wife of the screen idol. "I don't mind so much, but it makes poor Wally feel so silly that I always try to get rid of them as soon as possible."

MY gracious, these motion picture stars are getting finicky about their marriages.

Generally the "long, long walk" down the aisle once is enough for anybody, though we must admit that it's pretty hard sometimes to tell whether you're married or divorced, or both.

Harry Carey and his wife, who was Olive Fuller Golden, went through the marriage ceremony a second time in San Francisco on March 4th in order to be perfectly sure that the knot was legal and would hold.

The pair were first united in Oatman, Arizona, in January, 1920, before Mr. Carey's interlocutory decree issued in California became final. This seems to explain their penchant for weddings.

MARY and Doug postponed their trip to Mexico because of the serious illness of Jack Pickford, who for two days was so low with double pneumonia that physi-



Posed by Constance Talmadge in *Good References*—a First National motion picture. Miss Talmadge is one of many motion picture beauties who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for proper care of the complexion.

Are you as interesting to your husband as on the day you were married?

Or have you failed in one simple obligation of married life?

IN the lessening of a husband's interest—his preference for the society of others—attentions more perfunctory than sincere—too many women are paying for their neglect of a duty. Unconscious of its importance, they have failed to retain a certain charm and attractiveness which they might so easily have kept.

A radiant, wholesome skin—how important it is to your attractiveness. And so easy to achieve.

You can attain the beauty of a fresh, dainty complexion, just as thousands of attractive women have, if you begin today to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream does more than the ordinary face cream. It has an exclusive therapeutic property that actually "tones up"—revitalizes—the sluggish tissues of the skin. Applied regularly it heals and nourishes the skin cells, soothes away redness and roughness, banishes slight imperfections.

For the most effective way in which to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream—for the best method of treating the common troubles of the skin, read

Health Hints, the little booklet packed with every jar. This booklet has been prepared by experts to insure that you get from Ingram's Milkweed Cream the fullest possible benefit.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in the fifty-cent or the one dollar size. Begin at once to gain the charm of a fresh, glowing, wholesome complexion—it will mean so much to you.

Ingram's Rouge—"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Subtly perfumed. Solid cake. Three perfect shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50c.

Ingram's Velveteen Souveraine Face Powder—A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore, a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh, Brunette—50c.

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Gentlemen—Enclosed, please find one dime, in return for which please send me Ingram's Beauty Purse containing a silk and wool powder pad, a sample packet of Ingram's Velveteen Souveraine Face Powder, Ingram's Rouge, and Zolenta Tooth Powder, a sample tin of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, and, for the gentleman of the house, a sample tin of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream.

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(254)

Plays and Players

(Continued)

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Even the powder puff is black! This is the newest deMille boudoir, soon to be screened. Bebe Daniels' costume is modeled after that originally worn by the octopus. How do they ever think up these things, anyway?

LABLACHE

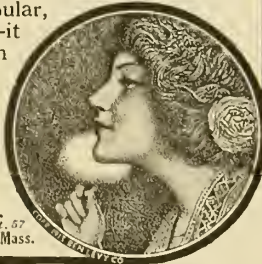
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cians despaired of his life. His mother was at his bedside constantly and Mary, although she was not allowed in the sick room, spent two days and nights without sleep outside her brother's door.

Jack is up and about now and out of danger, so it is expected that Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks will soon leave for their trip to Mexico City where a house has been taken for them.

Disquieting rumors concerning Mary's health have been floating about lately, and her friends are urging her to take a real rest, which her European honeymoon failed to afford her.

THEY were discussing a new director in one of the New York studios.

"He'll make good," insisted the chief director of the company—one of the big ones of the industry.

"But he never directed pictures," said another director a bit jealously. "What makes you think he's going to be so wonderful?"

"He's the man that invented the short-vamp shoe over in Paris a dozen years ago," said the boss director seriously.

One overhears strange things in the studios.

THE directorial magnet still draws 'em. Richard Bennett, a stage star in his own right for years and years, is going to be a movie director. He is learning the hows and whys on the Lasky lot in California. Penryhn Stankaws has virtually finished his "course" and is all ready to direct Betty Compson's pictures. Bayard Veiller, playwright whose *magnum opus* for the speakies was "Within the Law," is grad-

uated into directorial ranks. Ouida Bergere (Mrs. George Fitzmaurice) is going to direct her own pictures. That is, she'll direct pictures for which she has written the scenarios. What with salaries ranging from \$1,000 to \$2,800 weekly—no wonder the directorial magnet is so powerful a lure to writers!

MUCH to the delight of the Egyptian native proprietor of a movie palace in Cairo, his exchange manager in Bombay booked a series of travel pictures. The first week showed scenes in Alaska and the dusky fans were astounded by the scenic wonders unfolded on the screen. The second week the film was "Amid the Pyramids."

THE five-year-old daughter of a certain author was visiting the Paramount studio on Long Island. A press agent, fancying himself an authority on the amusement of juveniles, recited (with gestures and everything), the thrilling story of "Little Jack Horner," that Mother Goose classic. The small visitor regarded him intently with a solemn frown. Then she turned to her parent with this: "Come on, daddy, he's talking rag-time."

THE most depressing word in the dictionary to J. E. D. Meador, who bosses the advertising and publicity machinery for Metro, is "moratorium." Meador leased an apartment in Paris last year. Then he subleased it to another American. Meador pays the rent over here. The sub-leasing tenant has taken advantage of the rent moratorium decreed by the Parisian authorities and coyly refuses to pay Meador. This is a hard world.



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Plays and Players

(Continued)

IS it easy to write original stories for the screen? Cinch! Behold: Joe Schenck, who steers the Talmadge girls, and Edgar Selwyn, playwright, were chatting about the high prices paid by movie producers for film rights to stage plays. "Why don't you have plays written for you?" demanded Selwyn. "I'll give you \$50,000 for four original stories," countered Schenck. In an hour, Selwyn fetched the first original manuscript to Schenck. The latter read it hastily. "This is splendid," said Schenck, after a moment's hesitation. "But I'll tell you. You've got story and plot enough in this one for two pictures. Split it. Then you owe me two more." Easy? We'll say it's easy—for a Selwyn.

STUDENTS of the art of writing scenarios at Columbia University have banded together as the "Cinema Composers' Club" and have protested against governmental and state censorship of the screen. Protest against proposed legislation making state censorship in New York a fairly tight proposition has been voiced. The club members have gone on record with this policy favored:

1. We believe in clean pictures.
2. We heartily favor the elimination of objectionable elements in production.
3. We advocate a democratic, not an autocratic, censorship.
4. We feel that the logic of a censorship by the people is shown by the continued success of clean motion pictures as against the failure of those of lower standards.
5. We object to pre-publication censorship as more dangerous than the thing it seeks to correct.
6. We subscribe to a clean screen program, and are confident that the industry itself having much at stake will now set its house in order.

TOM MEIGHAN broke his established rule to dodge personal appearances on the stage the other day when he journeyed from New York to Youngstown, Ohio. He received an offer of \$1,000 to say a few kind words to a theater packed sardine-wise. But Thomas did not profit by the trip, save in the spirit of a philanthropist. Of the \$1,000 paid him, he gave half to a Youngstown orphanage and the other half to the Actors' Fund.

PAULINE FREDERICK will appear on the speaking stage under the management of A. H. Woods next season, it is announced. Woods managed the Theda Bara tour in "The Blue Flame," and garnered an abundant store of shekels. Alma Rubens is also headed for the speaking stage, according to report.

FANNIE'S FIRST PLAY—with apologies to George Bernard Shaw—will be—you guessed it—an adaptation of "Humoresque." And Laurette Taylor will play the mother—Vera Gordon's role—in Miss Hurst's first contribution to the spoken drama.

IS a three-foot kiss long enough to be really convincing? The members of the Citizens' League for Better Motion Pictures of Baltimore think osculation on the screen should be limited to a thirty-six inch footage. A sort of perfect thirty-six kiss, as it were. A committee called on Governor Ritchie of Maryland the other day to urge the three-foot limit in kissing, and Samuel Clarke, who said he had been a film censor in Canada, recommended the limited screen kiss. A three-foot smack lasts two seconds, he said. We await the outcome with ill-concealed anxiety.

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Plays and Players



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Allene Ray, the beautiful Bert Lubin Film Star—pictured above—with the new style of dressing her hair over the ears in clusters of dainty curls—delightfully feminine—fetching. You can make yourself equally smart by our reproduction of this style, which we have named

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because of their stunning effect to the face. The curls are made of "Extra Quality" 8-inch hair, curling to about 5-inch length and 1/2 inch thickness. Made up in large or medium clusters to suit, 3 to 6 curls on each side. Send sample of your hair. Just order "STUNNERS" and tell us how many curls you want. Price 50c per curl.

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ALL they do in Hollywood nowadays is announce engagements. If we aren't careful, the film capital's reputation as a gay and giddy colony will be utterly ruined.

The latest to be officially given out is that of Jerome Storm, the director, and Mildred Richter. Their romance has been in progress some time, the two principals having met when Mr. Storm was directing Charles Ray for Ince and Miss Richter was a film cutter in the same studio. They are to be married soon.

THE world-famous Paris Opera has gone broke. The deficit is mounting year after year and the French chamber of deputies doesn't dare increase the government subsidy because the country folk—the frugal peasantry—has voiced a protest against good francs going to support "coryphees in elegant idleness," as they put it. So the directors of the Opera may turn the place into a cinema palace for a spell to earn enough money to produce opera in the regular season. This is the plan now being considered. *Oyez!* "Tonight—Mary Pickford—admission one to seven francs. Tomorrow night—Pagliacci, admission one to seven francs." Which performance do you think will draw the biggest house? Yes, we think so, too.

HARKING back, as Hugh Ford, Paramount director, can do better than any one else,—harking back to the first big five-reeler, he told us that the leading man he engaged in England asked timidly for a salary of \$100 a week for the six weeks the picture was being made. And Ford's boss—then as now—in the person of Adolph Zukor, was scandalized! By the way, do you happen to know what the first "big"

five-reeler was? It was "The Eternal City" and Polly Fredericks played the star part. It was filmed in Rome and the Lord Mayor was mighty glad to serve as one of the figures in the mob scene, for which he was paid one lira.

NOT that it makes any difference, but we find a paragraph in our note-book stating that the most popular item on the menu at the big Famous Players studio cafeteria over in Long Island is—wienies and sauerkraut, priced modestly at thirty-five cents.

BERT LYTELL really invented the "modernistic" note in stage presentation, if you really want to know. When Lionel Barrymore and Julia Arthur were presented in a stage production in New York this season in "Macbeth," the scenery was—well, sort of sketchy. A whole lot was left to the imagination and it was said to be very artistic indeed. A subdued lighting effect over a tapestry drop represented a castle moat, for instance. But Bert Lytell did it ten years ago when he was leading man, producer, treasurer, business manager and sole owner of a stock company up in Albany. Business had been bad. The house boasted hardly any scenery, and the furniture dealers of Albany seemed loath to send around a van-load of stage decoration without a C. O. D. tag on each and every piece. So the resourceful trouper announced a "modernistic" presentation of his opening play and got along without changes of scenery, furniture, and the beautiful potted palms so essential, according to tradition, for the presentation of a play.

But then he went and spoiled it all.

Business was so good the first week that
(Continued on page 103)

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 72)

K. MAC D., PHILADELPHIA—Allan Rinehart played with Theda Bara in her stage production, "The Blue Flame." He has not made any pictures, or at least I have no record of it if he has. Speak up, Allan. Miss Bara made a "A Fool There Was" long ago for Fox. Charles Ray was born March 15, 1891.

MARY L. D.—That's nothing. A woman in Chicago left several thousand dollars in trust for her poodle dog, so that the animal should be provided with a daily bath, sausages and other delicacies, a Christmas tree, and other comforts. Who wouldn't lead a dog's life? Corinne Griffith, Vitagraph, Brooklyn. Her latest is "What's Your Reputation Worth?" Betty Compson, Lasky studios, Hollywood.

BLUE EYES.—So long as you are envying the success of others, you will never achieve it for yourself. Lila Lee was well known on the vaudeville stage as "Cuddles" in the Gus Edwards revues before Lasky starred her in pictures. She grew up so fast that the company found a young lady on its hand when they had advertised a little girl, so Lila gave up her stellar position to play leads. But it won't be long before she is a full-fledged star again, I'll wager. She is seen with Roscoe Arbuckle in "Crazy to Marry." I don't know whether that title means crazy to marry, or crazy to marry. I'll have to see the picture to find out.

VASHTI.—If you have no confidence in yourself, others will feel the same way about it. Harrison Ford opposite Norma Talmadge in "The Passion Flower" and Constance in "Wedding Bells." Marjorie Daw received her education at the Westlake School for Girls in Los Angeles. She was born in Colorado Springs, is nineteen years old, five feet two inches tall, weighs 104 pounds, and has brown hair and eyes. She's not married.

A. M. S., INDIANA.—You don't need a nurse for your baby; you need a night watchman. Helen Jerome Eddy has been in pictures for about six years. She is unmarried.

NONA L.—All of the actors you mention are very much alive. Where do these rumors of sudden demise start, anyway? William Hart's Paramount contract has expired and it is said he will retire from the screen for a year's rest. Hope the retirement won't be permanent.

MRS. ALICE C., OMAHA.—I have heard from you before, haven't I? Your cheerful chirography seems familiar. Marshall Neilan is divorced from Gertrude Bambrick. "The Unfoldment" is the name of the photoplay which marks Florence Lawrence's return to the screen from her long retirement. Photographs of Miss Adoree, now Mrs. Tom Moore, appeared in the May 1921, issue of PHOTOPLAY. I doubt if she will make more pictures. Mrs. Thomas Meighan—Frances Ring—is not on the stage at present, but her sister Blanche is.

HAZEL, ARKANSAS.—I haven't the age of Norma Talmadge's husband, Joseph Schenck. And, may I venture to ask, what good would it do you to know? He isn't an actor; he is a manager. Are you confusing him with Earle Schenck, who last appeared with Marion Davies in "Buried Treasure"?

(Continued on page 83)



A Delicious Frozen Dessert When You Want It, Without Ice

For a delicious frozen dessert for the evening party, motor trip or picnic—whenever and wherever you want it—without ice, try this recipe:

Order or freeze your cream, sherbet, punch, or other ice, any time you like—bring it home with you from your shopping tour, or have your husband call for it on his way from the office.

Then remove it at once from carton, or can, and pack it in an Icy-Hot vacuum jar—in this jar it will keep deliciously frosty and firm until you are ready to serve it.

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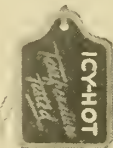
But the sanitary and convenient storage of creams, ices, and chilled drinks is only one of

many everyday uses which you will find for Icy-Hot food jars, bottles and other vacuum products.

For these containers keep hot things hot, as well as cold things cold—cold for 72 hours; hot for 24—foods and fluids alike. In the evening, hot chocolate can be made for breakfast; hot coffee can be carried in the lunch kit; hot water and hot broths kept for the sick room, always ready to serve, without fussing over a hot stove at awkward hours.

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College Men and Movies

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Do college men look down on the movies, or do the movies look down on college men? What do the pictures offer them by way of present and future? Why are there not more young college men clamouring at the door of this great new art—or are there more such young men than we are accustomed to think being still blinded by the photoplay's humble beginnings?

One college-bred young man who has become a leading man in great demand, both on the stage and screen, in the four years since he received his diploma from a California University, says that he is looked down on and treated with contempt by directors and many fellow actors because of his greater carefulness of speech, his more general knowledge of customs and things, and his attempts at those courtesies which are the foundation of college social life. But nevertheless, though he finds this attitude unpleasant, he knows that he has gone farther toward success, is receiving more money, and is being of more genuine worth in the world than he could have been if he had devoted these four years to the intended pursuit of law. He finds it difficult to see why more of his colleagues do not attempt to enter the acting profession. In other words, in his experience he has discovered that the majority of young college men he knows look down on the movies (not so much on the business and writing activities, as the acting of them), just as much as he has discovered that many of the motion picture people look down on the college educated.

The experience of this young actor led PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to inquire of twenty-five of the leading universities where young men were being graduated each year, as well as among the leaders of the motion picture industry, to discover if possible just how this College Man versus Motion Picture question really stood.

The letters to universities brought eleven replies. None of them contained definite or up-to-date data concerning their graduates in the picture field or in any other fields, though most gave assurances that college men, especially those with literary, dramatic and histrionic bents, were availing themselves more and more of the opportunities offered by the cinema.

Claudine W. Macdonald, editor of the Alumni Journal of Northwestern University, of Evanston, Illinois, wrote that a possible 20 men of the 5,000 who had been graduated from the academic and oratorial departments of that institution, have turned to the stage or pictures. Douglas MacLean was at one time a student at Northwestern. Mrs. Macdonald also took the pains to tabulate five conditions which she believes, from her conversations with college graduates, to be the reason fewer college men are interested in acting in the pictures.

"1. To gain success as an actor requires a peculiar gift, either unusual charm in appearance or personal eccentricity.

"2. The successful exploitation of this peculiar gift actually bears little relation to intellectual attainment.

"3. For the man lacking this gift, who wishes to succeed through intellectual power, the road is long, uphill, and poorly paid.

"4. The general run of the profession is not compatible socially." (By that, of

course, Mrs. Macdonald means that they have not the same tastes and interests that the average college trained man has.)

"5. The market for recruits is concentrated mostly in New York or Los Angeles. The ordinary man is not in contact with the demand."

"As for the distribution of films," writes Mrs. Macdonald further, "the business has appeared to outsiders to lack solidarity and to be more or less of a gamble. It seems much like a personal service business, not unlike any retail business that caters to the demands of the masses. Only through a peculiar adeptness or interest in serving the masses does the college man turn to a business that holds the personal service idea."

"Perhaps," wrote D. O. Peters, secretary of the California State University Alumni Association at Berkeley, "the college graduate has not been adequately shown the opportunities to 'get ahead' in the motion picture world such as would induce him or her to enter the profession. I know of only two of our graduates who have gone into the picture acting profession."

"Oftentimes men have spoken to me of the need of college men in the motion picture business. Also they have told me that the motion picture business is today the best field for the young college man to enter. It is my opinion that college men who take up the stage do very well. Most of them have been very successful in college shows," wrote Howard E. Langland, graduate alumni secretary of New York University. He gave a list of twelve graduates who are scenario writers or in business activities concerned with motion pictures.

"Such drift in the motion picture direction as there has been among Dartmouth men has come quite recently," wrote Homer Eaton Keyes, secretary of the association of alumni at Dartmouth College. "There is no doubt that college men are likely to find their way into the movies; at least for as long a time as athletic figures are considered popular heroes."

Frederick L. Allen, secretary to the Harvard University Corporation, said that though he knew of no Harvard men who were engaged in motion picture work alone, he believed that what Professor George P. Baker had done for playwrighting and the little theater movement, what Winthrop Ames had done in stage production, what Walter Pritchard Eaton, in dramatic criticism and defense of the movies, what Walter Hampden, Walter Middlemass and Vinton Freedley had done for acting had accomplished something indirectly on behalf of good taste in the motion picture industry.

Levering Tyson, executive secretary of the Alumni Federation of Columbia University, believes that William C. and Cecil de Mille as well as Kenneth Webb, all successful directors, constitute considerable contribution from one university. It will be remembered that Columbia was one of the first universities if not the first to offer instruction in photoplay writing.

Leland Stanford University offered the names of such successful scenarioists as Waldemar Young, Denison Clift, and Julian Josephson. Yale added Rupert Hughes, Gouverneur Morris and Brian Hooker to the list.

Investigation inside the motion picture industry itself displayed an increasing willingness, even an eagerness in some quarters

College Men and Movies

(Continued)

to corral college-bred men into the motion pictures fold. At the same time there is the opinion, which is no doubt the correct one, that a man's success in whatever walk of life depends on the man.

"The motion picture industry's search for trained minds must eventually lead to the doors of the University," said George Fitzmaurice, Paramount-Artcraft's director, whose attention to 'atmosphere' is rapidly making him one of the outstanding figures in the field. "It must look for men who have the habit of thought, and the habit of thought is the greatest asset that a college man carries away with him.

"A picture director has little use for a diploma, but alert and trained minds are the foundations upon which all great pictures are built. Much that a man learns at college will be of value to him should he choose directing as a profession, for he will find that it is not with a camera and screen he has to make pictures, but rather with the map of the world for his canvas and the people of the world for his paints. He should know every corner of his canvas and the habits and idiosyncrasies of his paints.

"In acting too, the college-bred man has the advantage, for, after all, physical action is but the concrete expression of mentation. We are ever so much more interested in the workings of a man's mind than in the workings of his hands and feet; and when he does use his hands we want them to express with some degree of intelligence what he wants them to say. Physically, the college man should be an ideal screen type, if our accepted standards of college men are more than hazy theorizing. He should be clean-cut, athletic and well-bred—he should be a gentleman without having to learn how to look like one or act like one.

"The day of the slipshod, rule-of-thumb production is passing, and with it the ignorant, incompetent 'rough-neck' director and actor," says Mr. Fitzmaurice. "The day of scientific, accurate, intelligent production is dawning, and already in the dim light we can see the college man on his way—he is coming."

In speaking purely of the directing field, Cecil deMille says, "I would rather have a man who has had four years dramatic education to his credit than a man who has a college degree." There is no comparison between four years under David Belasco contrasted with four years in any college in the country—as a training for a motion picture director. Drama or a thorough knowledge of it is the vital essential. It doesn't matter where it is acquired. Colleges could and do perhaps, teach it in isolated instances, but I would feel surer of the success of the production if I knew that the man at the helm had really learned from one who knows."

And this from the other deMille brother, William, "It all comes down to the equation of the man. If the stuff is there—he will make good regardless of education. As a college graduate, however, it is my belief that university training shortens the road, makes less bumpy and difficult the path he must travel to get the necessary background of knowledge and ideas. You could send a man to school for eighteen years with the hopes of making him a poet, but your money would be wasted if there wasn't poetry in his soul."

David Wark Griffith, the most successful of all producers, though he is not himself a college man, believes thoroughly that university trained men are a great asset to the industry.

Mr. Griffith says: "College men interest me because they are the typical young Americans. They are generally the sons of successful families which possess qualities



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College Men and Movies

(Continued)

that have made for them more or less leadership in their communities.

"By the community life they lead, they have opportunity for social experience, an intimate understanding of many personalities, and close observation of individuals from a great variety of environments. With the athletics, the studies and classes, and the social affairs, college men get to know one another under conditions that reveal inner phases of character.

"These institutions make a determined effort to keep informed on all the newer thoughts and developments of the day, so the college mind should be free and open to impressions. It should not be restrained by conventions or limited by advice.

"Motion pictures need exploring, accurate and courageous minds. Our universities should be training such minds.

"With the physical exercise regularly directed to strengthen their bodies, constant mental stimulus, and the opportunity to observe human nature, college men have three good fundamentals on which to found an acting career.

"Motion pictures represent life, dramatically presented of course, but nevertheless real life. The stage, because of its physical restrictions, must rely upon a technique of acting more than motion pictures. Not but that there is a very exhaustive technique in motion pictures which is difficult to master because of its simplicity. The most difficult thing to do is to appear entirely natural under conditions causing self-consciousness.

"Boys are always very shy, displaying a shrinking dismay over any condition which attracts an inquiring scrutiny. This timidity makes them glorify positions of settled prestige, such as the professions, engineering, medicine, law, banking, etc.

"Talent for acting is so rare and so valuable in its dividends of inspiration and enjoyment to mankind that college men having it should look with eager sympathy to any medium that will circulate this gift to the millions.

"And when college men realize acting is a great service to the public as well as an avenue of personal development; that it is a power surpassing bank balances and club memberships; that it is a toilsome and thoughtful training to a final capacity for great influence, I think they will become a definite force in this field.

"In departments other than acting, special talents are imperative also, and the benefits of college training depend largely upon the individual. We have many examples where college trained and those not college trained have been equally successful. At present we have several college graduates in this work in our studios."

About commencement time last June, Mr. Griffith had sent out from his studios at Mamaroneck, N. Y., letters to the larger universities asking their aid in finding suitable actors for Griffith Productions.

"As the newest of the great industries, and the broadest of the fields of art," ran this letter, "motion pictures need the most alert and trained minds available.

"To young men it offers the utmost rewards for their services, but in direct proportion to their services. By what they give they will receive. Many young men after a few months' training, receive higher salaries than important executives in other business demanding long preparation.

"This work permits one to address many millions, to bring them smiles and arouse their thoughts. It penalizes the idle and the stupid as emphatically as it rewards the student and the worker. The actor commands high dignity if his work is worthy and his responsibility to man is beyond the ordinary measure.

"This opportunity is offered to young men with dark eyes, photographic features, and preferably tall stature."

These letters of Mr. Griffith brought back scores of replies, but few from young men who were equipped with both the necessary physical endowment and with the right spirit for which Mr. Griffith was looking.

One producer, who prefers to have his name undisclosed, made somewhat of a similar attempt to interest college bred men in his productions. As a result, he has this to say, "About half of them thought we ought to offer them tremendous salaries as a sort of bribe to induce them to take up this scandalous work."

In the last paragraph of Mr. Griffith's communication to colleges probably lies the real reason why men, whether college trained or not, hesitate about taking seriously the profession of motion picture acting. They do not want to place their futures on a foundation in which the color of one's eyes, the thickness of one's hair, stature, and ability to contort one's body or facial muscles constitute so important an element. Eyes may too easily grow dim, hair fall out, bodies grow stiff, styles of actors too easily change!

And then, as some one college man said, "there's a chance for too few to make a big success in acting for the movies. You can count the real stars on the fingers of your hands, and most young chaps are too ambitious to think of dooming themselves to anything less. But there is opportunity for thousands of successful doctors and lawyers and business men—each a big frog in his own little puddle. Each puddle is a world. There are thousands of these worlds—but only one motion picture world.

"Also virile, active-minded and strongly physically developed young men are apt to look upon acting as a girl's profession."

The majority of the outstanding successes in pictures have not had the benefit of university training—many of them have had almost no schooling at all. Adolph Zukor, William Fox, Carl Laemmle, J. D. Williams, Lewis J. Selznick, heads of great picture concerns, got their training in the school of hard knocks. Marshall Neilan, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Tom Moore, have never been to college. Neither have Norma or Constance Talmadge, or Lillian or Dorothy Gish, Thomas Meighan, Will Rogers or Wallace Reid.

On the other hand, Douglas Fairbanks, one of the comparative newcomers into the films, and one whose ability to think clearly and go after what he wants has had much to do with his success, studied at the Denver School of Mines. Richard Barthelmess is a graduate of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn. Monte Blue went to Purdue, Holbrook Blinn to Leland Stanford, William Russell to Fordham University, Douglas MacLean, as has been stated, to Northwestern, Eugene O'Brien to the University of Colorado. Edmond Lowe was graduated from Leland Stanford and Santa Clara College. C. Gardner Sullivan has a degree from the University of Minnesota.

A survey of the actors, directors, producers, and scenario writers and editors listed in the most recent directory of the motion picture field, indicates that out of the 1393 individuals listed, 949 have not attended college, at least there is nothing in their brief biographies to indicate that they have studied at collegiate institutions, and 444 have done so. Not all of the 444 have attended their colleges or universities long enough to receive diplomas, and it is very probable that among the 949 not credited with college training are some who have had it.

Out of the 781 actors, 231 are college men

College Men and Movies

(Concluded)

and 550 not. One hundred and eight directors have had the benefit of the widening influence of college training, while 249 have nothing to say on the subject. Of scenario writers and editors, 90 belong to the colleges, and 120 do not; of producers, thirty do not boast the higher training, while fifteen do.

Among the women actors, there seems to be the greatest discrepancy between college-trained and non-college trained women. The great difference is considerably accounted for by the fact that many girls are sent to finishing schools and convents rather than to college. Out of the 526 actresses listed, only forty-eight appear to belong to the college ranks. That means that there are over nine times more motion picture actresses who have not had the equivalent of a college education than those who have.

There does not appear to be adequate data on the personnel of the business organizations—records of the persons who manage the finances, write the advertising, sell the pictures and otherwise keep the ends meeting in the innumerable picture organizations. Even as late as five years ago there were almost no college-bred men in this division, as, in fact, there were in no departments of the industry. Today there are very many, the "power behind the throne" in more than one large corporation being some almost unknown-to-the-industry college man. There is no doubt that the movies are calling the college man—and woman. To change George Fitzmaurice's prediction, the college man is not only coming, he has come.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 79)

MARY, BROOKLYN.—Please accept my very best wishes and thanks. You don't know how much I liked your letter. Write to Eugene O'Brien at the Selznick studio in Fort Lee, tell him what you told me, and I am sure he will reply. Please keep right on reading this department and all of PHOTOPLAY. I will do my best never to disappoint you.

R. W., VALLEJO, CAL.—Wallace Reid, Elliott Dexter, Gloria Swanson, Agnes Ayers, Wanda Hawley, Bebe Daniels, Theodore Roberts, Raymond Hatton, Julia Faye, and Theodore Kosloff are the principals in Cecil de Mille's "The Affairs of Anatol." It will be released by Paramount. Elliott Dexter is married to Marie Doro who has returned from abroad. Gloria Swanson is Mrs. Herbert K. Sornborn and the mother of a small daughter. Wanda Hawley is married to J. Burton Hawley. Theodore Roberts and Raymond Hatton are also married. Albert Roscoe uses his real name; yes, there is a Mrs. Roscoe. He appears in "The Last of the Mohicans" as Uncas. Viola Dana is the widow of John Collins, who was a director for Edison and then for Metro.

MLLE. YVONNE B., PARIS.—It was all right—the stationery, the sentiment, the salutation—everything, in fact, including your enchanting name—except that you didn't ask any questions. You want to know many things about the stars. Yvonne, I am an astronomer. Please write again and I'll do my best to reply promptly.

AL M. W., OHIO.—Gladys Walton uses her own name. She may be addressed at Universal City, Cal. She is one of our most promising sub-debs. She is not married to her director. She is not married to anyone at all. (Continued on page 95)

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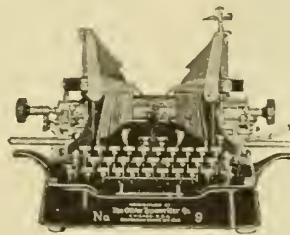
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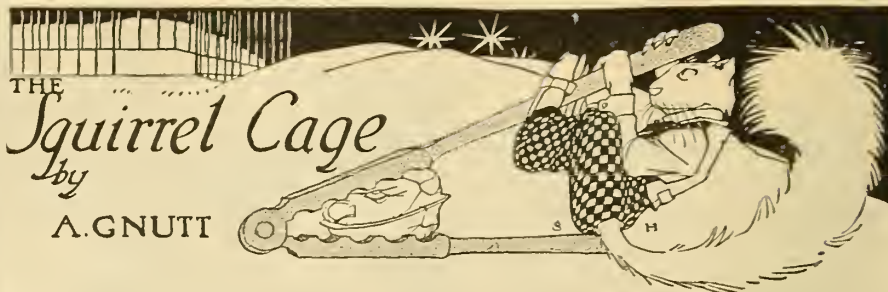
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"MONSIEUR requires—" asked the French waiter, vainly endeavouring to induce his stubborn customer to speak English.

"Voulez-vous," began the customer for the twentieth time, while the waiter's head swam.

At last a tourist opposite looked up from his Anglo-French pocket dictionary.

"If I may assist you, sir—"

But the customer, swelling with importance, waved him haughtily aside.

"Kindly allow me to use my own French," he snapped.

"By all means," answered the tourist, blandly.

"But I wish to point out that you are asking for a staircase, when all you require is a spoon."—*Tit-Bits*.

A LETTER mailed in 1900 has just been returned to the writer, because the addressee can not be located. Burlson is to blame for only eight years of this, but his was the only administration that gave up the search.—*Kansas City Star*.

A FILM which is fifteen miles in length and requires nearly twenty-four hours for its continuous exhibition has just been completed.

It is an Italian production, and the length befits the grandeur of the theme, as its seventy-seven reels purport to show every incident of importance in the Bible, from the Creation to the birth of Christ.

The film has been titled "Christianity," and report says that it has fallen under the ban of the Pope, particularly on account of lack of costume in the Garden of Eden scenes.

It is understood that the Italian Government, or some members of it, are financially interested in the success of the film, which has cost over £1,000,000 to make, and has kept 10,000 people employed over a period of two years.—*Tit-Bits*.

TEACHER—"Swarms of flies descended upon the Egyptians, but there were no flies on the children of Israel."

Smart Boy—"There ain't now, either."—*Cleveland News*.

THE title of a certain story was under discussion the other day. "What does it mean?" a woman asked a film man.

"That's easy," he said. "Look it up in the dictionary."—*N. Y. Telegraph*.

THE custom of referring to the time immediately after one's wedding as a honeymoon descended from the ancient tribes of Central Europe. Newly-married couples drank and served to their friends a wine made from honey gathered during the first thirty days (or lunar month) after the performance of the wedding ceremony.

TWO little boys who prided themselves on their courage were sitting over the nursery fire and discussing apparitions. "But," said one very confidentially, "shouldn't you really be in a most awful funk if you did see a ghost—a most evil-looking one, I mean?"

"Good gracious, no!" was the boastful reply. "I should just say, carelessly, in a throaty voice, 'Good evening, Devil, going strong? What?'"—*London Morning Post*.

MRS. MURPHY: "I 'ad a nasty fright this morning. I put my foot on one of them electric trambines."

Mrs. Dobson (well-informed): "That don't hurt, dearie—not so long as you don't 'ave your other foot on the over cad wire."—*Tit-Bits*.

PLAYING-CARDS were invented about the year 1390, in order to amuse Charles VI., then King of France.

The inventor proposed to represent the four classes of men in the kingdom. The clergy were represented by hearts.

The nobility and military were represented by the points of spears.

Diamonds stood for citizens, merchants, and tradespeople.

The figure we call a "club" alluded to peasants and farmers.

CARRIED away by the beauty of the heroine on the screen, he murmured, unconsciously, "Isn't she lovely?"

"Every time you see a pretty girl you forget you're married," snapped his better half.

"You're wrong, my dear; nothing brings home the fact with so much force."—*Tit-Bits*.

"YOU'RE a New Yorker, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Where do you live in summer and winter?"

Literary Digest.

IN the old days of the draft an examiner was putting Sambo through the usual course of questions.

"Any previous military experience?"

"Lord, yes, boss," replied Sambo. "Ise an old-timer. Ise been shot at three time befo' they ever was a war."—*American Legion Weekly*.

STARS are really suns which are continually throwing off light, observes Tit-Bits.

This light passes through different layers of air and vapour before it reaches our eyes. These layers, being of various degrees of density, make the light of the star appear to flicker or twinkle.

Dust in the air causes this twinkling to be magnified or accentuated.

THE Unexpected.—"I never dreamed of anything like this when I invented the telephone," said Dr. Bell after a demonstration. Neither as a matter of fact did we when we hired ours.—*Punch (London)*.

BISHOP: "And now, would any little boy or girl like to ask me a question?"

Little Boy: "Please, sir, why did the angels walk up and down Jacob's ladder when they had wings?"

Bishop: "Um—er—quite so. And now would any other little boy or girl like to answer that question?"—*Tit-Bits*.

THE influence of picture personalities in the naming of children is revealed by the birth records at Somerset House, London, which show that during 1920 there was a large increase in the popularity of such names as Mary, Pearl, Norma, Mae, Gloria, and Douglas.—*Tit-Bits*.

"DO tell us about the great wild west," said the impressionable young woman.

"You may not believe it," replied the tourist, "but I found a little town in North Dakota where there was not a single motion-picture theatre."

Birmingham Age-Herald.

"PA, what's an actor?"

"An actor, my boy, is a person who can walk to the side of a stage, peer into the wings at a group of other actors waiting for their cues, a number of bored stage hands and a lot of theatrical odds and ends and exclaim, 'What a lovely view there is from this window!'"—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

TEACHER: Johnny, what is velocity?

Johnny: Velocity's what a fellow lets go of a bee with.—*Life*.

FOR a small body, the moon has some astonishingly big mountains. They are bigger than any we have on the earth.

By the manner in which massive rocks overhang dizzy precipices many thousands of feet high, they are thought to be of much harder material than ours.

Many of them differ also in their colour, some glowing like an opal. One of them, indeed, can be seen shining on the dark part of the moon, and this led to it being mistaken for a volcano in full blast.

There is a mountain range in the extreme south of the moon whose peaks are said to be from 30,000 ft. to 36,000 ft. high. Mount Everest can boast only 29,140 ft. Altogether, the moon has nearly forty peaks which are higher than Mount Blanc. If the earth had mountains in proportion to its much greater size, they would be very many miles high.

Tit-Bits.

GILLIS: I just returned from bidding good-bye to a couple of friends who are going abroad.

Gillis: Who are they?

"Young Jones, from New York, is going over to be educated in Paris, and young Smith, from Los Angeles is going over to educate Paris."—*Literary Digest*.

"WHY did you resign from the movies?"

"It was this way," said the exfilm actor.

"I drove a motor car at sixty miles an hour off a pier into the sea, swam out to a capsized boat and rescued the heroine, carried her to shore and fought a battle with three make-believe smugglers and when I sat down to recover my breath, what do you suppose the director said to me?"

"Bravo! probably."

"No. He said: 'A little more action, please.'"

Then I quit."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

THE dispute was over an eight-day clock and the judge said, "I award the clock to the plaintiff."

"Then what do I get?" the defendant asked.

"I'll give you the eight days," said this honor.

Boston Transcript.

THE Comedian—"My parents tried hard to keep me from becoming a comedian."

The Lady—"I congratulate them on their success."—*London Mail*.

Pictures and Prisoners

(Continued from page 50)

loses the rental for the five days it takes to ship, screen and return the complete program. Since I manage to secure the newer, better and more popular features at a time when they are most in demand and occasionally before the public itself has seen the screening, the actual loss in rentals for one program may mount above five hundred dollars! Nor have I ever been able, in any one year or five years, to secure an equal generosity from any religious, welfare, or social service body, for the benefit of our library, our schools, sports or other inmate activity. Any comment?

Around the first of every other month, the different supply branches send me the usual "press-books," advance sheets containing the publishers' press agent copy on recent or coming releases, and these are carefully studied in order to select the eight or ten programs, shown each month, so as to further the best interests of the men. Again, I compare the generally extreme claims, made in the producer's literature, with the better balanced reviews appearing in some of the trade papers whose publishers donate subscriptions to the work.

I scrupulously avoid the "vamp" stuff, practically all the "sex" pictures, refuse many of the "inspid love" slush offered; nor have many Westerns been shown on our screen, with the exception of a very, very few of the better Fairbanks, Hart and Carey features. Arizona's inmates are entirely familiar with all phases of cattle-raising, broncho-busting; many types of Indians abound, hence the average Western picture has little chance to interest. Incidentally, some of your idols among actors of Westerns would be shunted to the scrap heap could you hear the comments of our native-born range riders.

If the producer plays up luridly the possibility of suggestive salaciousness, even though the picture itself turn out perfectly clean, it never reaches our screen. I cannot afford to take chances with either inmates or officials. I have been in full charge of pictures for years. The Warden has never interfered and has given me strong support, while the men place their faith in my efforts to do the best one can for them. If I pass along "raw stuff" to my audience, what hold I have is weakened, and if the next program is a picture of deep moral motive, my own mistakes will reduce its lesson power.

So-called "crook" pictures are both the admiration and abomination of inmate audiences. They snicker, they snort, they jeer at impersonations of alleged crooks by equally alleged actors. Most prison settings, even in so pure-motived and powerful a picture as "The Great Redeemer," are liable to excite them to ribaldry, for these scenes are such palpable "studio stuff," such abject apologies for reality. What mockeries upon fact are most of the plots built around crook characterizations. Usually written by literary lights, inexperienced in crime, most of them remind me of a fustian-famed writer of Western novels who made this prison the scene of much of one story, and who, in order to get his "local color" exact, made a tremendous tour of the place in the extreme period of one hour! His story smelled that way when it appeared in print.

Even though William S. Hart gave "Poppy Girl's Husband," the best acting in his long career, the plot showed this same ignorance of fact. If you recall this picture, you'll remember Hart played the prisoner on parole—showing detectives and his former wife plotting to send him back to prison by "framing" a revolver into his pocket and arresting him for carrying arms, a parole violation. Yet there was no need



You May Suffer

If you leave that film on teeth

The cause of most tooth troubles is a viscous film. You can feel it now. You can see it, perhaps, in cloudy teeth.

It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. The tooth brush used in old ways does not remove it all. So most people have suffered from some film attack, and tooth troubles have been constantly increasing.

How film attacks

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus film—which dentists call bacterial plaque—is now known as the teeth's great enemy.

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black.... jet black.... dark brown....
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Pictures and Prisoners

(Continued)

for all this laborious scheming, since the man was openly violating his parole by living at a known hang-out of crooks, by associating with these disreputable people, by drinking at the bar, by failing to secure employment! The picture showed him doing all these things in violation of the parole laws of all states, and all such laws are known to all police officers everywhere; yet these officers did not arrest him for patent and flagrant violations but plotted an extreme and far-fetched scheme. The same picture showed a long snake-line of men marching to their cells, within a few feet of the Warden's office—showed that Warden leaping inside the compound to interfere in a little fist-fight, both of which are contrary to prison architecture and prison management.

When the opening titles to Harry Carey's "Three Marked Men" were flashed on our screen, we read a claim that the scenes were laid "in that prison hell-hole at Yuma, Arizona." They were not. They resembled, neither in exteriors, interiors or action stuff, anything that savored of the real Yuma, for I spent two years there before the prison was moved here! In a very recent picture having its major actions around a prison, the guards inside the yards appear carrying rifles, something forbidden in every prison of the country. Bring guns inside the walls if you want to incite riots, attempts at escape and murders galore. Though both the star and director protested, the president of the production company insisted—so much for truth. No wonder the editor of Leavenworth's prison paper says, "We have failed to see a single picture shown which has about it the atmosphere of reality when showing prison conditions or the general conduct of prisoners inside or when released." Metro's "Alias Jimmy Valentine" with Bert Lytell in the title-role, is perhaps the truest in its pictured prison atmosphere of all striving for this element.

I try to keep acutely awake that element of curiosity our men have to know the next program. When they do not know "what's next" they're on tiptoes of expectancy. The schedule too, is as varied as possible, the men getting a comedy drama one night, next a thrilling melodrama, then something stirringly inspirational, with a tragedy to follow. However, tragedies are not the best material for prison audiences; the wonderful "Broken Blossoms" was unpopular, simply because the men are constantly living their own little tragedy. "Humoresque" tempted too many tear ducts to be the success inside it was out. Possibly the most useful as well as most dependable prison program can be built around a Charles Ray feature. When his "Paris Green" was shown here, one felt and heard billows of laughter, succeeded by velvet silences and husky sighs and many a grim, grouchy chap wiped his eyes even while the corners of his mouth began to crinkle in the next laugh. There has never been a questionable act, a doubtful flash of lingerie in the Ray stories. Instead has come the breath of new mown hay and apple orchards—a sincere simplicity, a sermon in the sweetness of living. The same thing may be said of some of the Wallace Reid and Douglas MacLean romances.

Prisoners tire quickly of the average two-reel comedies and I am using magazine, scenes, travel and educational films for the opening and closing of my programs, unless I have a heavy, sombre feature, as say "Heliotrope," when one needs the comedy relief. Occasionally I give a purely instructive program, made up of a group of single reel travel, industrial and

educational films. Atlanta has a similar program every Friday night for the school classes, while Leavenworth does the same thing on Wednesday night and Sing-Sing, as usual, tops the bill with helpful pictures every night! Every prison in the country should have a weekly bill of educational character and you can safely count that management blind or reactionary which fails to provide such a medium for good.

Last month, when my copy of "World's Work" reached my desk, I was acutely amused at part of an article appearing therein, written by a salaried officer of that state Board of Censorship whose handling of pictures has made the state ridiculous. He said: "Keepers are told by inmates of reformatories and penitentiaries that they were prompted to wrong-doing by looking at motion pictures." While hardly caring to use "the short and ugly word" I am reminded that in pre-prohibition days, it was much the fashion for inmates, most of whom are admittedly weak and alibi hunters, to say that booze brought about their wrong-doing. While I delight in the banishment of the saloon, this booze excuse readily poured into greedy ears of prison chaplains, leads me to ask if ever you saw a drunken forger at work, or a second-story man climb a porch when intoxicated, or a safe-cracker, hold-up artist or other criminal actually commit a crime under the influence of liquor? Same thing about pictures.

Although I have made it a business to study prison inmates for more than twenty years, as one of their own people, I cannot say that any one such prisoner has ever been led directly to crime because of motion pictures. True, weak parents, failing in their duties as home makers, are prone to blame any other subject than their own fault for the dereliction of their children, and follow the raucous recklessness of the reformer in his blame of pictures. The Chairman of Sing-Sing's Program Committee blurts out "Rot! After knowing about thirty thousand inmates I cannot recall a single case that was influenced toward crime by a picture or pictures!" Judge Ben Lindsey said the same thing! Jesse Webb, one of the keenest observers of all, puts it thus: "If all things influencing the young for evil were tabooed, how would the world exist? Books and newspapers would be suppressed above all and about everything that a healthy young mind might desire would be verboten. Personally, I cannot see how the movies influence for evil half so much as the half-baked reformer whose general utterances are directly opposed to common sense. The boy who never liked to play Injun or Bad Bandit is the man who will bear watching. That occasional extremes in this boy-play are sometimes reached is but natural and nothing worse than other extremes climaxed through other aspects of life." An editor of another prison publication, with long years of inside experience back of him, writes me, "Whenever any mind is influenced for evil by the showing of the motion picture, that mind would never have amounted to a row of beans, picture or no picture. Pictures cannot show the youth of today anything he does not know and if this be doubted let any careful psycho-analyst read certain passages from the Bible to a group of ten year olds of both sexes and watch the covert actions, yet these foolish fanatics do not attempt to censor or stop the Bible."

Admittedly there are evils within the picture field, but the public taste, which is the final judgment in all things, will lead to the spewing out of the taint, just as it has done in baseball and other fields. Twenty-five years ago burlesque was a stench

Pictures and Prisoners

(Concluded)

nauseous with filthy songs, filthy language and filthier dances; today, as a result of its own inner disturbances burlesque is cleaner than Broadway. Vaudeville, that the most modest maiden may attend unblushingly, was once the odoriferous variety. Lawyers, doctors, engineers, advertising men, all conduct their own clean-up campaigns and make war upon the charlatans and fakers within their ranks, without the aid of blue-nosed babblers whose speeches betray the smattering sense of the sciolist and whose writings are tawdry theories indicating an insipient ignorance! For my part, I am tired of hearing the stage and screen held up to censure as an evil thing by some ex-pulpit-pounders who are all too often professional publicity performers, when any statistician will tell you, upon earnest search, that there are more preachers in prisons than actors. Let us trust to the public and let its reason rule.

(LOUIS VICTOR EYTINGE, No. 2608)
Arizona State Prison.

Educational Films in New York

ACTUAL day-by-day instruction by movies is now part of the curriculum of the New York public schools, says Karl Kitchen, writing in the *New York Times*. Although many schools sporadically use moving pictures, New York seems to lead in going into the thing consistently.

At Public School No. 62, which is at Hester and Essex Streets, 500 of the lower East Side youngsters were initiated into the mysteries of biology recently by means of films. The work has begun with ten schools and later the list will be greatly extended. The courses are organized film courses, not just a picture here and there, but recognized classroom lessons, correlated with the standard syllabus of the Board of Education.

The material for the pictures used in biology lessons is gathered from far and near—as “near” as city museums and the aquarium and botanical and zoological gardens; as “far” as distant India. In one of the reels shown to 300 children in P. S. No. 45, in the Bronx, all the snakes were handled by East Indians, professional snake charmers, and these particular parts of the reel were taken in India. The fangs of the Indian adder were displayed by the Hindu, who opened and held extended the mouth of the snake, exposing the fangs, like sharp hollow needles.

Under the general title of “The Adaptation of Animals to Environment” the praying mantis were shown among grasses, the insects hardly distinguishable until they sat up and folded their front legs in the attitude which has gained them their name. Scorpions, earwigs and spiders followed in succession on the screen, the owl blinked rapidly to show his third eyelid.

The screen showed the owl with extended wings and the caption slid into the absolutely silent flight of the owl's wings. The lightning-dart of the toad's tongue, on which it depends for insects and worms, flashed on the screen. The caddis worm whipped out and nipped his prey, and then appeared to dissolve into his protective background.

In the vegetable kingdom, the sensitive plant, *mimosa pudica*, was shown at rest, and again folding up its leaves, like the leaves of a fan, upon being touched with the point of a pencil. Roses opened from bud to full blossoming flower.

These pictures of unfolding flowers show in a very short space of time what may have required days actually to occur.



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Basil Sydney is an Irishman who has produced and acted Shakespeare and Ibsen, and who is, in real life, the husband of Doris Keane.

The Movies Through a Monocle

An interview with a Briton who declares we take the movies too seriously.

NOT that Basil Sydney does wear one—for, as a matter of fact, he is Irish and not English at all. But, since British editors are prone to head interviews with American actors as "England Through a Cocktail Glass," or something of the sort, it is necessary to find some manner of retaliation, however inadequate.

The trouble with the movies in England is that people don't take them seriously; the trouble in America is that they do, at least according to Basil Sydney, who has come all the way from the city of fogs and serious people to learn about movies from us. If you are a high-brow, you will remember him for his productions of Ibsen; if you are a Britisher, you'll connect him with the production of "Romeo and Juliet" in London, with Doris Keane, Ellen Terry and Leon Quartermain, which he designed, produced and acted; if you are a matinee girl, you'll certainly not have forgotten the slim young minister of "Romance," who loved and lost Doris Keane as Cavallini, and perhaps you will even remember that Miss Keane is Basil's wife.

But if you are a movie fan, you will be interested in the fact that he has placed himself under the tutelage of John Emerson and Anita Loos; in fact, he is playing the hero of their personally produced comedy, "Red Hot Romance."

"The trouble here seems to be that people insist on taking movies seriously," says Mr. Sydney. "They are much too important

for anything of that sort. The movies really are a form of art, and all art is useless and meaningless—simply a striving after the beautiful.

"In England, up to the present, they haven't thought seriously about the movies at all. Some chap would hire an old barn, rig up a couple of arc lights, borrow some scenery from a local theater and start out to make motion picture master-pieces. We are too casual about it. Over here, it is just the opposite. America makes the best pictures in the world. There can be no doubt about that. But sometimes it seems to me that production here is over-organized. They take the matter so seriously that the spontaneity begins to disappear.

"The big pictures of the future, I think, will be made by individuals. They will not turn out pictures as they would turn out washing-machines or flyvers. Sometime, you know, some chap with dramatic sense and artistic ideals with a little company which appears to be putting on a picnic instead of a picture, is going to surprise everybody with the hit of the film season."

At this point, John Emerson and his demi-tasse wife rushed up to Mr. Sydney with the news that they had just seen the scene where Mr. Sydney jumps off a twenty-foot wall, and that it would have to be retaken as the factory had spoiled that bit of negative in developing. . . . Just what happened to that factory man isn't included in the interview.

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Mother-In-Law Stuff

(Continued from page 66)

done to me. Business? Why, I wouldn't take sixty dollars for the satisfaction I'm goin' to have gettin' rid of that old lady up to the house."

"By Susan, that's so!" said Mr. Crump. "You git the satisfaction of it."

"You bet I do!" said Mr. Hucks.

"You git the satisfaction of it," said Mr. Crump, "and here I was goin' to pay you money for doin' a job that would be the greatest satisfaction to me of any job I ever done! By Susan! I got as good a right to have the satisfaction as you have, Org! I got a right to take my own revenge on my own mother-in-law. I don't know what I been thinkin' about, wastin' all this time talkin' nonsense to you. It's plumb ridiculous, offerin' you fifty dollars to do a job when I'd lose the satisfaction of doin' it myself and have to pay you besides. Two quarts! You're talkin' nonsense to me, Org."

"Now, Peeb—" said Mr. Hucks, but he did not complete what he intended saying. Mr. Crump's mother-in-law came to the kitchen door and uttered his name in a loud and imperative tone.

"You, Peeb!" she yelled. "You wuthless, no-good, shiftless houn', where be you? Come here an' chop some stove-sticks mighty quick or I'll come an' fetch you!"

As if worked by the same spring Orgus Hucks and Peabody Crump started violently and then, as if the spring had broken, crouched down in a corner of the calf stall and refrained from breathing.

III.

Not until he heard the family axe, wielded by his mother-in-law, splitting the wood, did Peeb Crump raise his head.

"No, sir!" he whispered tensely to Orgus Hucks; "I won't have nothin' whatever to do with your proposition. It ain't good in any way, shape or manner. Why, if I swallowed two quarts of the kind of whiskey I've got hid away I'd be steamed up so I wouldn't think nothin' of murderin' a full dozen mother-in-laws."

"Now, Peeb, you listen to me—" Orgus Hucks pleaded.

"No, sir!" Mr. Crump insisted. "I won't listen. You don't want to do nothin' but talk me out'n two quarts, Org. It won't do! With the kind of whiskey I've got I can git enough dander out of one quart to attend to my own mother-in-law, and save the other quart. That's business, Org. You've got to admit that's good business. Man to man, Org, you've got to admit it's good business to save a quart and kill your own mother-in-laws. And business is business, Org."

"Cheap skate! That's what you are—cheap skate!" said Mr. Hucks moodily. "Dumbed, mean, miserly cheap skate! And I always said so. A man offers to come and do a chore for you and you're so dumbed mean you won't pay fair wages to him; you'd rather do the dirty job yourself than pay what it's wuth."

"No, Org," said Mr. Crump. "You do me wrong, you do. If it was a pig, say, or a calf, say, I'd be glad to hire you. I ain't mean, Org, but I got a right to git my own satisfaction out of it, if anybody's goin' to murder my mother-in-law. She's mine, aint she? I'm the one she's made miserable, ain't I?"

Mr. Hucks did not answer. He knew that Mr. Crump was speaking wisdom. In his view anything that forestalled the alienation of two quarts of whiskey ranked as wisdom.

"And another thing, Org," said Mr. Crump earnestly. "Shooting a mother-in-law like mine ain't no way to treat her. Maybe it's all right to stalk a mother-in-law like yours, Org, but it ain't goin' to give me

NERVOUS AMERICANS

By Paul von Boeckmann

Lecturer and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology, and Nerve Culture.

We are the most "high strung" people on Earth. The average American is a bundle of nerves, ever ready to spring into action, mentally and physically. The restless energy of Americans is proverbial.

We may well be proud of our alert, active and sensitive nerves, as it indicates the highest state of civilization, courage, ambition and force of character, but this high nerve tension has not been without its grave dangers and serious consequences. Neurologists agree that we are more subject to nervous disorders than any other nation. Our "Mile a Minute Life" is tearing our nerves to shreds and we are deteriorating into a nation of Neurasthenics.

Since the Nervous System generates the mysterious power we term Nerve Force, that controls and gives life and energy to every muscle, every vital organ, every drop of blood and cell of the body, nerve exhaustion necessarily must result in a long train of ailments and weaknesses.

The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves should be in order."

How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor, seeking relief from a mysterious "something-the-matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to indicate that any particular organ is weak or diseased. In nearly every case it is Nerve Exhaustion—Lack of Nerve Force.

The symptoms of nerve exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

FIRST STAGE: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling," especially in the back and knees.

SECOND STAGE: Nervousness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headaches; backaches; neuritis; rheumatism, and other pains.

THIRD STAGE: Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies, and, in extreme cases, insanity.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental instability, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

Nerve Force is the most precious gift of Nature. It means everything—your happiness, your health, your success in life. You should know all there is to learn

about your nerves—how to relax, calm and soothe your nerves, so that after a severe nerve strain you can rebuild your lost Nerve Force, and keep yourself physically and mentally fit.

I have written a 64-page book which is pronounced by students of the subject to be the most valuable and practical work ever written on nerve culture. The title of the book is "Nerve Force." It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves. The cost is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). Bound in leatherette cover, 50 cents. Address Paul von Boeckmann, Studio No. 59, 110 West 40th St., New York.

The only way to judge the value of this book is to read it, which you may do at my risk. In other words, if after applying the advice given in this book it does not meet your fullest expectations, I shall return your money, plus the outlay of postage you may have incurred. I have advertised my various books on health, breathing and other subjects in this and other magazines for more than 20 years, which is ample evidence of my responsibility and integrity. Over a million copies have been sold.

You should send for this book to-day. It is for you whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living; for to be dull, nerveless means to be dull brained, insensitive to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high strung" nerves and those who must tax their nerves to the limit. The following are extracts from letters from people who have read the book and were greatly benefited by the teachings set forth therein.

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of

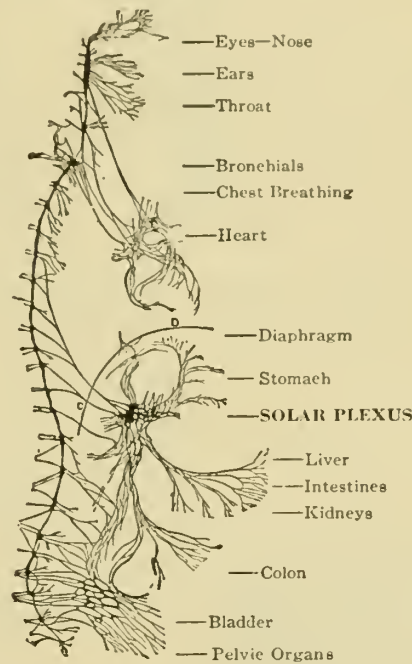


Diagram showing the location of the Solar Plexus, known as the "abdominal brain," the great center of the Sympathetic (Internal) Nervous System. Mental strains, especially grief, fear, worry and anxiety, paralyze the Solar Plexus, which in turn causes poor blood circulation, shallow breathing, indigestion, constipation, etc. This in turn clogs the blood with poisons that weaken and irritate the nerves. Thus Mental strain starts a circle of evils that cause endless misery, aches, pains, illness, weakness and generally lower mental and physical efficiency.

my low weight."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have re-read your book at least ten times."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

Special Note: Prof. von Boeckmann is the scientist who explained the nature of the mysterious Psycho-physic Force involved in the Coulton-Abbott Feats; a problem that had baffled the leading scientists of America and Europe for more than thirty years, and a full account of which has been published in the March and April issues of Physical Culture Magazine.

Advt.

Mother-In-Law Stuff

(Continued)



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no personal satisfaction to have you pop her off from behind a clump of bush. And it ain't goin' to be no satisfaction to me if I pop her off from behind a clump of brush, neether. 'Face to face'—that's my motto when it comes to mother-in-laws, Org. Face to face, with an axe. Brutal, Org, like she's been to me—that's my idee of it. Crooly brutal! Face to face, crooly brutal, with an axe. That's a satisfactory revenge. For the kind of mother-in-law I've got, Org."

Mr. Hucks considered this a few moments. He felt that the chance of obtaining two quarts—or even one quart—from Peabody Crump was, in some manner that he could not exactly understand, fading away. It irritated him inexpressibly. With his brain in its blunt-edged, semi-torpid condition he could not quite trace back the logic Peeb Crump had employed, but it was daddusted mean of Peeb, anyway. Mr. Hucks felt fighting mad about it. Without further consideration he raised his fist and brought it down on top of Peeb's head with a thump. He used the soft end of his fist because he did not want to hurt his knuckles, but it was a right good jolt, and Peeb's teeth jarred together, and for a moment he saw stars. As soon as he was able to see he looked up at the nearest window hole, crouching low.

"Sh! Look out!" he whispered in a tone of fear. "She's out there. She banged me on the head."

"I done it," said Orgus Hucks scornfully.

"Oh!" said Mr. Crump with relief; "I thought it was her," and he straightened up again and not until a moment or two later did he ask "What'd you do it for?"

Mr. Hucks did not answer immediately. He looked at his fist with some surprise and then at Mr. Crump's head, trying to recall why he had brought the fist and the head together. There had been some reason, he knew, but he seemed to have forgotten what it was. Then he remembered. He had been angry. This made him angry again.

"Peeb," he said, "you're an ignoramus. You don't know what you're talkin' about. Little, innocent child; that's what she is—little, innocent child!"

"Who is little, innocent child?" Mr. Crump asked. He could not recall that they had been talking about any child, but one never can tell. They might have had a conversation about a child while he was seeing stars, and he might have let it pass from his memory as unimportant.

"Your mother-in-law is just a little, innocent child," said Mr. Hucks. "Along side, Peeb, you don't know what you're talkin' about, I tell you. Your mother-in-law is just a little, innocent child along side of my mother-in-law. That's what I say, Peeb. She's a cherubim, that's what she is, along-side of mine. You don't know what a mother-in-law is, Peeb. My mother-in-law is a real mother-in-law."

"Well, mine's real, too, Org," said Mr. Crump pleasantly. "Mine's an old she-Tartar, she is, I know!"

"You don't know nothin'," said Mr. Hucks scornfully. "Mine's ten times wuss'n yours. Axe? I'd ought to take two axes to mine, Peeb, if you took one to yours. But I don't dare. That shows you! I don't dare! I don't dare git that close to her. She'd chaw me up. It stands to reason, Peeb, that a mother-in-law that's so rampagous you've got to stalk an' shoot at long range is wuss'n one you can walk right up to and slay with an axe."

"Nothin' of the kind!" said Mr. Crump indignantly. "The reason of it is all the other way 'round, Org. It stands to reason that a mother-in-law you want to use an axe on, face to face, is ten times as mean as her you're satisfied to pop off with a rifle from

away off somewheres. If you had one like mine, Org, you'd want to reach down her throat and pull her lungs out by the roots. You'd as soon think of sendin' her a picture post card by mail as to pop her off nice and gentle with a rifle. The trouble with you, Org, is that your mother-in-law ain't hardly rampagous enough to be called one. She's namby-pamby. That's what she is, just namby-pamby. She's a regular lamb along side of mine; a namby-pamby lamb."

Mr. Hucks drew a deep breath. He also drew himself up to his full height. Dignity—severe and offended dignity—gathered on his brow.

"Peeb," he said solemnly, "you stop! You just stop right there! Me you can insult; I ain't nothin' but trash, maybe; but I ain't goin' to let no man insult my mother-in-law by callin' her a lamb. You've been my friend, and I've loved you like a brother, but, dod bust you, Peeb, you've got to be fair to my mother-in-law and not insult her or the trouble starts right here. I've got the most jawingest, hard-hittingest, cantankerest ma-in-law in this county."

"Why, you big-mouthed brag, you!" cried Mr. Crump, getting red in the face. "My mother-in-law is so much meaner than yours—"

"Do you dare to up and say—" demanded Mr. Hucks, losing control of himself. He threw his arms around Mr. Crump and "wrestled" him viciously, and he might have thrown him on the floor of the calf stall, and hurt him, had not Mr. Crump at the same moment thrown his arms around Mr. Hucks. Then began a bitter struggle. Double-locked together Mr. Hucks and Mr. Crump bent and swayed, pulling and pushing each other. They panted and heaved but said not a word, because, if they had said what they wished, Mr. Crump's mother-in-law might have heard them. Mr. Hucks did not hit Mr. Crump because a blow might have made Mr. Crump cry out, and Mr. Crump did not hit Mr. Hucks because a blow might have made Mr. Hucks cry out, so they silently tugged and pushed. Suddenly Mr. Crump, who had been pushed back against the partition of the stall spoke in a low, tense voice.

"Hold on, Org! hold on!" he begged. "I got the slack of my pants caught on a rail or something."

Mr. Hucks unfolded his arms from around Mr. Crump and, while Mr. Hucks worked to unhook himself from the rail, wiped his own perspiring face. He had become very warm. He seldom exerted himself so violently, and the cow shed was a hot place, and the day had grown vividly hot.

"Dod baste it!" said Mr. Crump disgustedly. "Went and tore my pants for me. Fool of a notion, anyway, fightin' to see which mother-in-law is the devilishest. Fool idee for you and me to fight. You went and tore my pants for me, and what does it prove? Nothin'! You could tear the clothes clean off of me and if my mother-in-law met up with yours she'd claw her ear off in a min—"

"Peeb," Mr. Hucks interrupted, "I'm wrong, and you're wrong, and if you done anything we're sorry for I accept your apology. We ain't the ones to fight it out, Peeb; our mother-in-laws is the ones. Man to man, Peeb, ain't that so? Talk don't prove nothin'; you and me fightin' don't prove nothin'; we got to watch them mother-in-laws and let them prove which lady is the best man. Ain't that sense?"

"That's sense, Org," Mr. Crump agreed enthusiastically. "Dumbed if I see how I didn't think of it at the start off. Match 'em and let 'em fight; that's the idee."

"To a finish, Peeb," said Mr. Hucks eagerly.

Mother-In-Law Stuff

(Concluded)

"You bet, to a finish!" said Mr. Crump, and then added with relish; "with axes."

"Mine don't need no axe," said Mr. Hucks. "She can do all she needs to without no axe."

"Look here, Org," said Mr. Crump angrily, "what do you mean by sayin' that? Do you mean my mother-in-law ain't equal to you in any way, shape or manner?"

"Well, she ain't," said Mr. Hucks gloomily.

"Why, dad bust your hide—" said Mr. Crump, reaching out his hands to "wrestle" Mr. Hucks again, but edging around to avoid the nail that had been his Nemesis before; "dad bust your ornery—ornery—"

His voice died weakly in his throat. His eyes, looking beyond Mr. Hucks to the door of the shed, were big with fear. Mr. Hucks turned his head. In the door, a large slab of pinewood in her hand, stood Mr. Crump's mother-in-law.

"Ah!" she said sarcastically; "ah! Here is where you two wuthless 'scallions be! What devilment be you conspirin' up to?"

She swung the pine slab carelessly in her hand, and, as if she were some powerful goddess of old, the straws and dust of the cow yard arose and danced and rushed away.

"Conspirin', be you?" she cried. "I'll conspire you!"

She walked into the cow shed and lifted the pine slab. Mr. Hucks and Mr. Crump closed their eyes.

At the same moment the cyclone, or hurricane, or whatever it may be called, dipped over the ridge with a roar, and hit the cow shed full on the beam. It went right under and through and around the cow shed and took it with it in a disintegrated form, lifting it thirty feet in the air, ripping it into individual boards and beams and shingles, and taking Mr. Crump, Mr. Hucks and Mr. Crump's mother-in-law along. At the highest altitude attained by him and it, Mr. Hucks saw, through the dust, Mr. Crump's mother-in-law seemingly riding through the air on a plank, waving her pine slab and whacking at Mr. Crump with it. Mr. Hucks was considerably dazed and confused. It seemed to him that when Mr. Crump's mother-in-law had raised her slab to strike him he had leaped, and she had picked up the cow shed and thrown it at him, hitting him with it. Before he landed in the laurel bush at the bottom of the gully beyond the road he had merely time to see Mr. Crump's mother-in-law leaping after him and to throw up his hands and try to yell that he surrendered. Then he landed.

He hit the upper part of the bush, fell a few feet, caught and fell to the ground. After a minute he sat up and saw that Mr. Peabody Crump was on the ground at his side. He leaned over toward Mr. Crump and spoke.

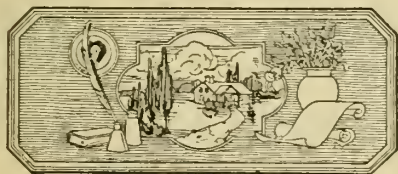
"Peeb, he said, "I take it back. Your mother-in-law is rough; she's as rough as mine is."

Mr. Crump tried to raise his head.

"Man to man, Peeb," Mr. Hucks said; "she's as rough as mine is."

He felt his ribs carefully, to see if any were broken. None was.

"But she ain't no rougher, Peeb," he said proudly.



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Gertrude Atherton, the dean of American woman novelists, has a gift for backgrounds, for taking you straight to the very heart of places and letting you live in them. She did it for Butte in "Perch of the Devil," and she has done it for San Francisco in her latest book, "Sisters-in-Law." Her first original screen story, just completed, does it for San Francisco of the '60's.

So, in a few brief phrases, she did it for the Hollywood picture lots.

She sat behind a small, round table, littered with typewritten sheets, in a small, plain room under the eaves of the Hollywood Hotel. She seemed courteously impatient to return to her work. Her rather negative appearance, the appearance of a woman interested in everything except her appearance, is counteracted immediately by the force of her personality and the charm of her words.

"The Lot!" she echoes, "it's the strangest thing in the world. Never saw anything like it. It absorbs one completely. It has all the virtues of a big city, and all the vices of a small town.

"It reminds me of the courts of the

ancient days, where nothing mattered outside the doings in the court circle—the comings and goings of the king, the queen, the queen mother, this favorite or that. I have never been in a place before where world events, world ideas, international problems, mattered not the slightest. But they actually do not. If you mention, say, Bolshevism, someone says 'Yes' or 'No'—and starts to talk pictures—all about having seen such and such a scenario writer, such and such a place with such and such an actress, and do you think that means that—

"When I came to the Goldwyn lot last summer, with the intention of staying long enough to discuss the three-year contract I had signed with Mr. Goldwyn, I was a sane, normal citizen. I had been visiting Senator Phelan in San Francisco, and my mind was attuned to world things.

"By the time the presidential election arrived, I wasn't half as interested in it as I was in the political readjustment going on around our lot. I was more thrilled over whether Mr. Goldwyn was actually going out of the concern, or going to stay in, than in whether Harding or Cox was elected. We gathered in little groups every half hour, always with the same question, 'Have you heard any news?'—'What do you think will happen?'

"No wonder on one lot they call it all 'The Whispering Chorus.'

"I am not referring, you understand, to any special lot, or any special people. I am

"The Lot"

(Concluded)

assuming the novelist's privilege to take life and build my own plots. But—the lot is honeycombed with sects, groups, factions of this, that, and the other. There are favorites, prime ministers, now this one is in—then out. Everybody tries to be in on the underground wire so as to know which way to jump.

"Each lot, I see, has a separate and distinct individuality. One spells culture, another extravagance, another intellectuality, another vulgarity, another commercialism, progressiveness, etc.

"On a lot you will find everything that goes to make up a court. Just as in the old days men found it in the courts of kings. The lost art of intrigue has been revived. The lot is an octopus that sucks in your interest, your brain, your affection. One can almost see the ghosts of Richelieu—of Voltaire—of Catherine de Medici—of Marie Antionette.

"You will see amazing things accomplished, amazing results obtained—and understand that by this I do not mean as a rule sex intrigue. Of that I have seen surprisingly little. Some charming love affairs, some not so charming. The love interest is intensified by the dramatic instinct and importance of the lovers, that is the only difference I find. It is all done with finesse and appeal.

"But by 'lot intrigue' I mean the furthering of certain ends and aims by actual, clever diplomacy, by using persons, events, characteristics, to win an object. I mean the building of a secret, powerful organization within an organization.

"One becomes utterly absorbed in one's own lot. Even the broader interest of studios does not matter.

"All standards change, too. I cease to be a well-known person, a 'top notcher' deserving of respect in my own business—let us say for example. I become only what I am in relation to what I can accomplish on the screen. It does not matter on the lot what intellectual, social, or worldly qualifications one may have—the only merit lies in the line of pictorial achievements.

"Frankly, I love it. I love the screen first of all. I am completely fascinated by its possibilities. I am a child with a new toy. Everything thrills me. I have been given a new and marvelous medium of expression. I love to write with the screen in mind, with the thought of picturization, of seeing my work photographed. I love the people, with their highly-colored personalities, their unusual ways and lives."

The Name and the Game

WITH the censorship menace becoming more acute, attention has been called to one of the most efficient aids to censorship—the misleading title. *Variety* gives this list of titles given to photoplays which, in many cases, are inoffensive and censorship-proof in themselves, but which, under lurid billings, provide ammunition for the censors.

"What Every Woman Wants" (which the story proves to be only clothes); "The Way Women Love," a study in sacrifice and devotion; "Shame"; "She Loves and Lies"; "Should a Husband Forgive?" "Should a Woman Tell?" "Should a Baby Die?" "Should a Mother Tell?" "Should a Woman Divorce?"; "Man and His Woman"; "Man's Plaything"; "Man's Desire"; "Love Madness"; "Love's Toll"; "Her Fatal Sin"; "Her Double Life"; "Her Body in Bond"; "Her Purchase Price"; "Her Naked Soul"; "Her Husband's Friend"; "The Supreme Passion"—the list could be continued indefinitely.



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You may easily enjoy all these if you sprinkle your daily bath with FLO-RA-ZO-NA, the substance of pulverized soap—the delicate fragrance of the softened water is a delight and the skin becomes smooth and velvety.

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Takes off all superfluous flesh without dieting or violent exercise which so many dislike, but is a pleasant method. FLO-RA-ZO-NA is guaranteed to contain no alum, Epsom Salts or harmful ingredients, but is effective and healthful.

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IN THIS DAY and AGE, attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My latest **Nose-Shaper, "Trados Model 25,"** U. S. Patent, with six adjustable pressure regulators and made of light polished metal, corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Diseased cases excepted. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct Ill-Shaped Noses without cost if not satisfactory.

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SHE came to me sobbing as though her heart would break. She was one of my dearest girl friends, a bride of but a few months. In confidence she told me her tragic little story.

Her utter lack of knowledge

of life's secrets left her all unprepared for the change that had come about. She was frightened and bewildered—filled with anxiety for the future.

If this dear girl had only had the kindly advice and council given in Dr. Baker's books how much misery she would have been saved! How secure and happy she would have felt. Do not make the same mistake as did this young girl.

Let her case be a warning

to you of the unhappiness that is caused by lack of knowledge of the vital secrets of life. There is a wealth of information that you need in Dr. Baker's three books—twenty seven chapters in all. Written in plain, understandable English, by America's most eminent authority on motherhood and baby care. Beautifully bound and illustrated, these books come to you as a true confidential friend, giving you just the advice every woman needs.

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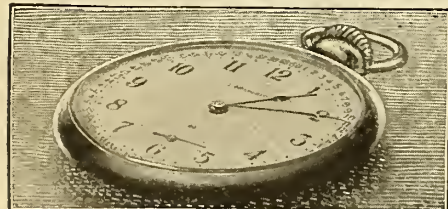
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Send me Dr. Josephine Baker's Motherhood Course as described in your advertisement. After five days free examination I will either return the books to you or send you \$1.00, and \$1.00 per month for seven months.

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City..... State.....



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Vamps of All Times

(Continued from page 45)

occasional absences from home necessary and inevitable.

Moreover, some of Aphrodite's vamping enterprises resulted in direct and enormous profit for her industrious husband. At one time, on Mount Ida, Aphrodite got into a controversy as to who should have the golden apple marked "For the Fairest" that had rolled out before them. Aphrodite, always hankering for recognition as the most beautiful of the goddesses, determined the award of Paris in her favor by promising him the most beautiful woman for a wife.

That lady happened to be Helen. She was already married to Menelaus, king of Sparta. But that detail does not appear to have figured in Aphrodite's calculations, for the divorce laws of the gods were so loosely framed that they were almost optional, especially when they applied to mortals. According to all accounts—but these were Spartan and therefore meant strictly for political propaganda—Helen was very much in love with the man whose name she bore. If that was the case, Aphrodite must have used her magic girdle on Helen with the connivance of a lady-of-the-bed-chamber. In any event, there is every reason to believe that Helen at an early stage in the proceedings began to take decided notice of the handsome young stranger who was visiting her husband's court.

When Menelaus went out hunting one day, Paris stayed at home on the plea of a sick headache. On his return the king found his house, his barns and all his out-buildings, haystacks and granaries a smoking ruin. In a note which he found pinned to an oak-tree over the well the queen vouchsafed the explanation that she had been "abducted" by Paris.

In justice to Paris, it should be pointed out that the affair bears every ear-mark of an elopement rather than an abduction. Reporters who interviewed Paris in his hotel the next day united in testifying that he did not show a single nail-scratch on his face.

Nevertheless, ignoring all the evidence in the case, Menelaus's fellow kings brought serious charges against Paris and Priam, his father, as well as against the Trojan government and people. The outcome was the Trojan war. During the ten years the fighting lasted Hephaestus gorged himself with munitions contracts. Thus, through this particular adventure of his giddy wife, Hephaestus became the Krupp of his day.

We cannot enter here into a detailed consideration of the charge that a subsequent examination of the golden apple that started the entire grim business disclosed upon it the secret sign of Hephaestus's establishment.

Here is another indication of the keen

sight of Aphrodite's business eye. Gossip on Olympus buzzed and bubbled furiously over Mrs. Hephaestus's long-standing affair with Ares, better known among the Romans as Mars. Ares, it is true, is shown by his pictures to have been a far more prepossessing person than Hephaestus. He had less brains than the husband of the woman he loved, however; and what brains he did have he devoted chiefly to the promotion of brawls.

Out of these brawls, Hephaestus-Vulcan drew fat war contracts, and the subterranean foundry was kept busy at top speed on night-and-day shifts. In fact, Aphrodite is not above the suspicion of having used her influence over Ares to precipitate many a "little war" that helped to keep the forge-fires burning on Lemnos.

Aphrodite cut a considerable figure among the younger set at Rome. On her various tours to the City of the Seven Hills, whose shepherd founders were just beginning to become sophisticated, she appeared under the stage-name of "Venus." She made so brilliant an impression on the Romans that they named a star for her. Aphrodite's disastrous influence upon the Vestals is a matter of history. But it was also a matter of comment in inner Olympian circles that after every trip Mrs. Hephaestus made to Rome, Mr. Hephaestus closed a new munitions contract with the Augurs.

The closest scrutiny of the official stenographic records of Olympus fails to disclose the slightest evidence that Aphrodite grew less adventurous or more home-loving with her increasing years. On the contrary, there is every indication that she never returned for more than a few days at a time to her husband's golden palace on Olympus or to his country house over the iron foundry at Lemnos.

Several attempts have been made to idealize Aphrodite; to show that she had a heart as well as the fatal gift of beauty. It will be observed, however, that the statues of her that came from the ateliers of the ancient sculptors, to whom she probably sat, are all of marble—beautiful but cold.

The Venus of Milo, now in the Louvre, in Paris, shows a woman of about twenty-eight, with a perfect thirty-six bust, a luxurious but orderly head of hair, caught up in a knot at the back instead of being draped over the ears, and a smile of expectation on a face of incredible purity.

Her one-piece costume would indicate that she believed in the principle of revelation.

This and other equally flattering conceptions of Mrs. Hephaestus furnish conclusive proof of her complete success in influencing the masculine mind.

Kisses by the Peck

"**CUT!**" shouted the director angrily, and the hero and heroine snapped out of the clench.

"How many times have I told you," continued the lord of all he surveyed, blowing a cloud of cigarette smoke at the "No Smoking" sign, "that prolonged osculation is obsolete. I wanted a sacred kiss and here you give me an infamous one. Retake. This time press lightly, don't hold it and raise the eyes and eyebrows to denote aesthetic bliss."

"Camera!" Again the heroine swayed

toward the hero. He caught her adeptly and held her with his hands on her shoulders, a full twelve inches separating them. She clasped her hands and laid them on her hero's manly breast. Then he leaned solemnly over her and swiftly pecked her lips. A look of intense rapture came over her face, and she fainted into the arms of a convenient chair.

"Cut!" said the director. "Now that's more like it. That will pass Dr. Craft's Supreme Court on Morals."

—Moving Picture World.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 83)

shameful doubts. But I forget: you don't know about my hair, do you? Oh—it has Eugene O'Brien's simply skinned a mile, my dears—a mile! Corinne Griffith has light brown hair which she had bobbed the last time I saw her. I assure you it isn't my fault I don't see Corinne more often. Richard Barthelmess looks exactly like his still and motion photographs. Mary Pickford and Ruth Roland both have perfectly natural hair.

ECCENTRIC SAMMIE.—Sammie is a very nice name. I hate to disappoint you, but I don't think you are eccentric at all. However, I like your letter, and I wish you would write very soon again.

N. B., JOHNSTON.—I was riding in a taxi-cab the other day and the driver said as he missed a lamp-post, "Did you hear her rattle?" I was ashamed to tell him that it wasn't the car he heard, but my knees. I am old-fashioned, I fear; I shall never become accustomed to taking my life in my hands every time I want to cross the street. Francis Ford is directing, not acting, now. Tom Moore is married to Renee Adoree, whom you may see as his little sister in "Made in Heaven." There was bound to be a romance during the making of that picture. Bert Lytell's wife is Evelyn Vaughn, or rather, was, before she married Mr. Lytell. Bert was born in 1885.

B. H., TEXAS.—You are skeptical. You say in the good old days the movies had one good excuse for being, anyway—that they gave a lot of poor pianists a chance to earn a living; but now with the million dollar pipe organs and all, they haven't that much to their credit. And yet you want to know Tom Meighan's address! I must say that if anybody can convert you to the cinema, Tom's the very boy to do it. Write to him at the Lasky studios, Hollywood, Cal. He is married to Frances Ring (revenge is sweet!)

CECIL S.—All of those stunts done by Mr. Eddie Polo in his serials are, I am assured, quite, quite genuine. It is hard to believe, but still I am inclined to believe it. Mr. Polo was once a circus performer. His latest serial bears the delightful title of "The Seal of Satan."

EDWARD C. J., SUFFOLK.—I think you may be able to get a picture of the late Clarine Seymour by writing to the D. W. Griffith studios, Mamaroneck, N. Y. Vera Gordon played the mother, Gaston Glass the son and Alma Rubens the girl in "Humoresque." Nell Shipman and Wheeler Oakman in "Back to God's Country."

MR. WHITE.—Elinor Glyn's daughter Juliet was married in London to Sir Rhys Williams, Bt., M. P. Madame Glyn was in American at the time. Her other daughter, Margot—who is very beautiful, by the way—is engaged to Sir Edward Davson, the marriage to be solemnized in three weeks, from the time I write this. Madame Glyn wrote a screen story for Gloria Swanson called "Her Great Moment," and will doubtless do others.

MISS JOHNNY VAN B.—I am eagerly awaiting the arrival of the package of tea. I am going to give teas in my office every Saturday afternoon. That is, I think I am. I may give one, and whether or not I give others will rest entirely on the laps of the gods. I only hope the gods don't decide to stand up. But many thanks to you for your kindness; it is much appreciated.

(Continued on page 99)

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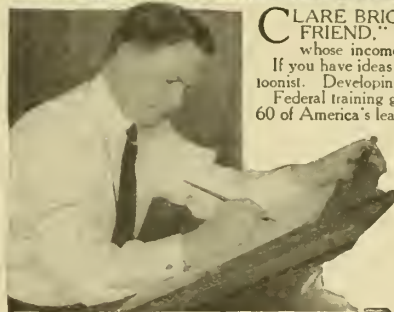
W. L. Douglas shoes are made by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

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MORE THAN \$100.00 A DAY



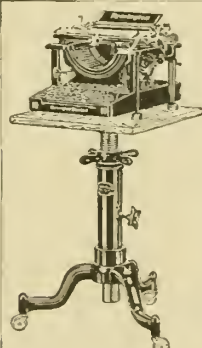
CLARE BRIGGS, the man who draws "WHEN A FELLOW NEEDS A FRIEND," receives more than \$100 a day. There are many other cartoonists whose incomes would look good to a bank president.

If you have ideas and like to draw, you may have in you the making of a great cartoonist. Developing natural ability is the surest road to success.

Federal training gives you the opportunity to develop your ability under the guidance of 60 of America's leading artists and illustrators. What this school will do for you by mail in your spare time is told in the 32-page book, "A Road to Bigger Things."

It contains studio pictures of Briggs, McCutcheon, Sid Smith, Fontaine Fox and many other stars on the Federal Staff. Write for your FREE COPY today. Just tear out this advertisement. Write your name, address and age in the margin and mail it now.

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ADJUSTABLE TABLE COMPANY
Department W GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Hands Across the Sea

(Continued from page 28)



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Underneath most unattractive skins is a clear, pleasing complexion—all that is needed is the proper treatment! It is surprising how often a brief use of Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap will clear away blotches, redness and roughness and give the skin its natural freshness and charm.

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Black Beauty Bicycles

—the bicycle with the biggest reputation for easy riding, good looks and good solid wear. This wonderful wheel with 18 exclusive features—

From Factory to You—FREE

We'll ship on approval—express prepaid. Look the wheel over before you pay a cent. You're sure to be enthusiastic when you see the wonderful 1921 Model Electrically Equipped

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fully—how he liked lecturing, and the extent of his tour. Wilson Tyne said he didn't mind it but ventured the assertion that Americans shook hands a great deal. His tour was to cover the entire United States. The name Yakima on his itinerary puzzled him. He wanted to know if it was an aboriginal tribe before whom he was to speak or the appellation of the hall in the town that preceded it. He spoke deprecatingly of his lecturing as though it was something far beneath the American poet, had some difficulty in taking his leave, and finally departed, blushing painfully, his autographed copy of "Voices" safely beneath his arm.

"It's a peach of a cottage!" enthusiastically stated Selwyn Trainer. "A regular peach!"

"The kitchen is perfect," said Betty. "And only a step down to Peconic Bay," added the poet.

"And a garden where we could grow our own vegetables," enthusiastically added his wife.

"Wish I had two thousand dollars," Selwyn Trainer summed up the situation.

Betty Trainer wished there were two thousand dollars in the family coffers, too, though she did not say so. Poets are actually, not only proverbially, poor and this poet's wife knew to a penny how the family finances stood.

"Well, the check for your English royalties should be in this week," she comforted, "and if it's enough to make it worth while we might start a savings account to buy a home. I wish some one would ask you to lecture and pay you two thousand dollars."

"I wish so, too," the poet answered from the bottom of his heart, the vision of white hands flashing in applause coming back to him, "and," he added thoughtfully, "there are lots of people doing it."

"There's all those Englishmen talking about spooks, and Maeterlinck from Belgium, and Masfield, that English poet who was here during the war, and Wilfred Gibson, he's an Englishman, too, isn't he? Then our own blushing Wilson Tyne. And there's another poet, the Irishman, oh yes, Yeates. Selwyn, Selwyn, don't you see something? Don't you? Why there's not an American in the lot! I should think that the public would be crazy to hear you! Why, it's the chance of a lifetime," she concluded breathlessly.

"You're right, there isn't an American in the lot," said the poet in accents of surprise. "Let me see. No, I can't think of one. There's the Spaniard, Ibanez, and . . . and . . . No, I can't think of a single American."

"Selwyn," announced Betty portentously, "we're going right home and write to the lecturing agencies, or whatever you call them."

"I think my title will be 'Seeing Things,'" said the poet reflectively. "It will have a popular appeal. Yes, 'Seeing Things.'"

There are an amazing number of people from the Chautauque agencies down—or up, accordingly as one looks at it—who devote their entire time to furnishing amusement, and instruction amusingly administered, to the public. Selwyn Trainer and Betty looked them all up and decided to write only to the three most important ones at first. Should terms not be satisfactory there would always be time to take up the matter with the smaller ones. The poet's wife, being the defier of the two with her fingers, typed the letters informing their recipients that Selwyn Trainer was available for a lecture tour on the subject of "Seeing Things," minimum compensation, one hundred dollars a lecture for twenty lectures.

She then settled down with what patience she could muster to awaiting the answers and a revision of the family budget, since the check for English royalties had not yet come and funds were low.

The poet was getting a great deal of pleasure out of the situation. The vision of those applauding hands returned to him again and again, became an obsession. He even began a poem embodying the idea, the first lines of which read:

"Swiftly as white tropic birds
Their hands dart forth . . . Applause
Shivers the silence with a silvery crash."

He decided not to complete the verses then, though. It seemed to him that he would be able to do them better after the inspiration of the actual happening.

It was five days later that the poet handed the morning's mail to Betty. There were four letters. One bore the address of Selwyn Trainer's British publishers, the others were from the agencies to which his wife had written.

"That's only your check," she said, laying the one with the English stamp aside. "Let's open the others first," and she slit an envelope and unfolded the letter. Her eyes ran swiftly over the contents and then she read aloud:—

"THE AMERICAN LECTURE
AGENCY
319½ Fifth Avenue.
March 2nd, 1920.

Mr. Selwyn Trainer,
103 Washington Square,
New York City.
Dear Sir:—

We thank you for the opportunity you offer us to put on your lecture SEEING THINGS, and sincerely regret we are unable to avail ourselves of this opportunity at the present time.

Every date for the next six months is scheduled on our circuit and, in addition, we are negotiating with several prominent Englishmen for lecture tours.

Might we suggest that you take this matter up with the Deans of Universities throughout the country? You would very possibly find an opening to deliver your lecture before their students, though possibly it would have to be without compensation.

We shall keep your name on file and advise you promptly if an opening occurs.

Accept our thanks for thinking of us in this matter.

Very sincerely yours,
EDWIN JONES,
Manager."

OM-EJ.

"But I don't want to talk to college boys," complained the poet. "I want grown up people to be able to see beauty as I see it."

"It's a very silly letter," stated his wife positively. "I shouldn't want you to lecture for them after receiving it under any circumstances. I know the others will be better," and she opened the next envelope and read from the enclosure in an amazed voice:

"Dear Miss Trainer:—

This agency has no opening at present. If at a future date, we have a call for a humorous lecturer we will advise you.

Will you kindly send us a copy of your address SEEING THINGS in order that we may judge whether it will pass our censorship which we estab-

Hands Across the Sea

(Continued)

lish over all our clients', or prospective clients' work.

In case you are not a finished speaker the enclosed pamphlet *HOW TO BE ELOQUENT* may be of interest to you. We are offering the course with which it deals at reduced rates during the winter months.

Believe me, dear Madame

Very sincerely yours,
MONTGOMERY FISHER."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Betty, "Good heavens! Honestly, Selwyn, I don't believe that man has ever heard of you," and she opened the last letter and handed it to her husband.

"THE AMUSEMENT CO.
LIMITED

236 Madison Avenue.

March 23d, 1920.

Mr. Selwyn Trainer
103 Washington Square,
New York City
Dear Sir:—

We regret that we can offer you no lecture engagements at the present time. We have a large number of open dates in 1921 but frankly think that we had better give the choice to lecturers from abroad.

If you will be so kind as to call at our office you may possibly be able to make us see your point of view.

Please ask for our Mr. Montgomery.

Very truly yours,

HAMILTON WINSHIP,

Director.

Dictated but not read."

Even the wives of poets are human. Betty listened to this letter to the very end

and then she wept. It wasn't so much the thought of not having the cottage—though it was a darling! she explained, but it made her feel humiliated to think there were so many people who simply didn't know who Selwyn was. The poet comforted her. It was hard to give up the dream of those applauding hands but his sense of humor came to the rescue.

"Well, if America doesn't want to listen to me it at least reads my books," he told his wife. "England does, too," he added, picking up the unopened letter with the British stamp on it.

"Let's see how much the check is," suggested Betty, wiping away a last tear.

The poet handed it to her since it was her duty to open all the mail that came to them. Both examined the draft it contained and then turned to the letter.

"Dear Mr. Trainer:— (it read)

Enclosed please find New York draft for £262 s7 d9. This sum represents the quarterly return on the sale of *VOICES*. The book has been well treated by the reviewers and sales are increasing in a gratifying manner.

In this connection it has occurred to us that the British public would be glad to hear from an American whose work has been so well received. We should be pleased to have you consider giving a course of ten lectures in England under our auspices on the subject: *CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN POETRY*. We offer an honorarium of fifty guineas a lecture, and your expenses would, of course, be paid while you were in England as well as your passage from America.

We trust that this suggestion may appeal favorably to you.

Believe us, your obedient servants,
BUGLER & HENDERSON."

Do You Believe in Dimples?

(Continued from page 57)

And that's what I thought when I sat looking at Seena Owen.

She was in a hammock.

Now, I ask you, is there anything fair about that?

It was a sunny California spring day. The garden was full of lilies and violets and acacia trees in bloom, and beds of purple pansies. The hammock was swung in a pergola covered with honeysuckle and wistaria. It was a blue and white striped hammock and Seena lay in it with her white silken ankles crossed below the hem of her white organdy frock, with a pink sash.

My husband is no worse than most men, but I'd rather trust him in a Ford with a stick of TNT than in a honeysuckle arbor with Seena Owen in white organdy and a hammock.

She looked as innocent as a peach sundae, as refreshing as a dewy strawberry, and as enticing as a bootlegger's promise.

And as I looked at her I thought: "I wish I could sit here and just look at you all afternoon. You're so pretty and easy to look at that I'm darn sure when you open your mouth you will reveal to me the sad but true condition of affairs, which is that there isn't a single brain cell functioning. You will turn out to be first cousin to a lot of others that look just as good whose lack of necessary mental activity has become proverbial. You will spout the 1st chapter of poisonous platitudes by peerless peaches and make me wish for the hundredth time since I began interviewing screen celebrities that the Cre-

ator had stuck to his original idea and left woman dumb. You look like a dawn dream by Penrhyn Stanlaws and you probably think like a Pomeranian and talk like a cracked phonograph record of the sextette from Lucia. I know you are a Swede or a Dane or something, and though I remember you are the Princess of 'Intolerance,' I'm sure if you weren't so pretty you might have been a chambermaid. You are probably Example 13313 of the triumph of matter over mind."

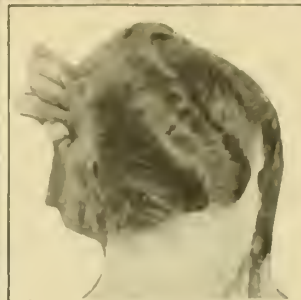
Just then I heard a soft voice, quite intelligently modulated, saying in my ear, "The only reason I was sorry to come west so soon was that I wanted to go to Washington for the Inauguration."

That sort of made me feel for the grass under my feet and when I found it was still there all right, I gave her a hard look to see if she was kidding me, or if mama had been coaching her, because she didn't look like she'd know whether the Inauguration was a new kind of cold cream or a way to fix lobster.

But if she was or they had, she was too deep for me.

"Why did you want to go to the Inauguration so much?" I asked, because I wanted to give her a chance to speak her primer-patriotic piece, whatever it was.

"Well," she said, looking at me with a real honest to goodness twinkle in her eyes—not the "register glee, please" kind, "lots of funny things are sure to happen at a time like that, aren't they? People always



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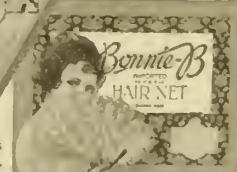
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(Concluded)

look so odd when they're doing anything for the first time, and I wondered if it'd be the same with being made a president.

"Besides," she went on, "I ought to be able to wear Harding blue. Did you notice that President Harding made his speech on the Senate steps? I suppose it'd be pretty hard now for him to talk anywhere except on a porch. But it gets pretty cold in Washington in winter."

She sure had me guessing. Her talk was so smooth and spontaneous, like that of the few really good conversationalists you meet. But I wasn't going to give her a decision until I was sure. I've met a lot of what I call parrot women, among the few thousand varieties.

I started on something I was sure she hadn't read up on.

"Seen the new Ambassador Hotel Los Angeles is so proud of?"

"Oh, yes, I had dinner there last night," (had dinner, notice, not dined), "in the grill. But I'm afraid I'm not oriental-minded enough to appreciate it. You'd have to have a harem in your ancestry to enjoy it, it's so black and red and all. The man who designed it must have had an awfully good digestion."

There was a little pause, while Seena swung the hammock with her toe and I wondered how old she was, remembering she'd been in pictures since the old Griffith days when she spelled her funny name Signe Auen.

"Been to see the races at Tia Juana?" I ventured, because a woman generally shows her true colors if she's brought home a lot of "pretty cards" for the baby to play with.

She shook her head and all the little blond curls danced.

"No, but I saw some good racing at Jamaica and Belmont when I was east. I like it. Especially now that they've got it down to such a nice friendly proposition. You know how they've fixed it—you can only bet among friends. It's one of the quickest ways to make friends I ever saw."

She twinkled at me, and right there I made up my mind thinking was no novelty to her.

"Did you win?"

"Oh, no, every horse I played was cast for the tail light. The only inside tip I got was on Man o' War."

By this time I'd conceded her a sense of humor.

"I see they're going to have some fashionable boxing matches at the Alexandria after the big ball next week," I remarked, while Seena sat up and began to make tea on the pretty tea-wagon the maid had wheeled out.

"That's a good idea," said Miss Owen, measuring the tea from a silver caddy with a steady hand. "There's lots of people in society it will do good to see a guy with a chin where it ought to be, even if it is hung up for a target."

"Don't you care for society?" I asked.

"I don't know," said Miss Owen. "I've been pretty busy working and marrying and having my baby. I met a lady in Florida at a fashionable hotel that was in it. But she had 'welcome' written on the mat for all the men and I'm a married woman and the only thing in the world I don't like is other women's husbands. So we didn't get very well acquainted."

"I like most everything anyway, except sweetbread patties. Orchids still give me a thrill up my spine. The two things I like best in the world are New York and hats. I like men better than women and I'm about as domestic as an apartment hotel on Riverside Drive. I like my work, and I don't care what kind of parts I play as long as they're good ones."

As she lay back, the books she had been reading slipped to the ground. I picked them up and glanced at the titles. The books people read voluntarily are the best indicator of character I know. They were a much worn copy of Conrad's "Lord Jim" and a charming edition of Alice Meynell's verses.

Just then an adorable small person—a diminutive edition of her pretty mother—came tearing down the steps and climbed into the hammock with "mama."

She forgot me instantly. Quite remarkably she slipped into the role of mother, her whole face softening, everything about her suddenly warmer, more human, more real. That picture of her—away up in front in the art section—looks as she looked just then.

So I got my hat and went home. Conrad and Alice Meynell—not a bad combination for a peach-sundae blonde.

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Of Photoplay Magazine, published monthly at Chicago, Ill., for April 1st, 1921.

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R. M. EASTMAN,
Treasurer.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of March, 1921.
[SEAL]

KATHRYN DOUGHTERTY,
(My commission expires Oct. 15th, 1924.)

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 95)

G. M. D., CANADA.—Lionel Barrymore is interpreting Shakespeare at the Apollo Theater in New York. That is, he is playing "Macbeth" in Robert Edmund Jones' scenic settings of the play. Mr. Barrymore is not making more pictures right now, but I believe First National has several that have not yet been released. One of these is "Jim the Penman." Hallam—who is called Hal by his friends—Cooley was in "Trumpet Island" with Wallace MacDonald and Marguerite de la Motte.

HELEN.—You say that beauty doesn't last. And while you are saying it you must know that it is absurd. Beauty, in fact, is the only thing that does endure. Clara Kimball Young, Garson studios, Edendale, Cal. Miss Young is not married. Enid Bennett, Rockett Films, Markham Bldg., Hollywood. Miss Bennett is Mrs. Fred Niblo in private life. She was on the stage before making her film debut, and is a native of Australia. I always feel so silly saying anything so beautiful as Miss Bennett is "a native of Australia." So is a kangaroo. I should say, Enid was born in Australia. That's better.

I. E. W., LITTLE ROCK.—Conway Tearle is married, Imogene. (Never knew a real girl who was really named Imogene before. Don't mind if I use it often, do you?) Well, Imogene, Mr. Tearle's wife is Adele Rowland, who is well known in musical comedy and vaudeville although she has never become acquainted with pictures. Conway was born in 1880. Doris May's latest appearances are in "The Rookie's Return" with Douglas McLean, and "The Bronze Bell" with Courtenay Foote, both for Ince, Imogene.

LILLIAN, VANCOUVER.—Men may be attracted by brilliance and beauty but they don't always marry it. Sometimes prowess as a pastry cook wins over pulchritude. I am sure it would in my case, but I have never had a chance to find out. Yes, yes—I like Harold Lloyd—I never said I didn't. In fact, he's one of my favorite funsters. Norma Talmadge is married to Joseph Schenck. Harold isn't married at all.

H. L.—You may reach Gertrude Olmstead at the Universal studios, Universal City, Cal. Blanche Sweet, Pathe. Douglas Fairbanks was born in Denver, Colorado, and he weighs 166 pounds. Tom Mix weighs just ten pounds more than Doug, while George Walsh tops 'em all with his 180. Quite a hefty party we're having. Tom Moore is Irish—he was born in County Meath, in 1886. Tom weighs 142. Are you trying to reduce or something?

BLUE EYES.—Theda Bara is a sort of Klieg of Nations, if she will pardon the pun. What I mean to say is, she was born in Cincinnati, her father in Poland and her mother in Switzerland. She isn't doing anything in the studios now, but will soon make more pictures, I hear. Alice Lake is her real name—Alice's—and she is not married.

M. E. K.—Yes, that was a fat part Mr. Arbuckle had in "Brewster's Millions," but it made me laugh. Priscilla Dean has very dark brown hair and eyes; Priscilla is a good example of a popular star who rose from the extra ranks by hard work and ability. She is married to Wheeler Oakman. Wesley Barry is about thirteen. Those freckles are real and you can bet Wesley has made capital of them. First case of a freckled face making a fortune on record. (Continued on page 105)



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The Woman God Changed

(Continued from page 38)

There was hard cynicism in McCarthy's smile as he replied:

"You ain't like my sister—and there's been too many arms around you—but you can hold on to me, if you want to."

Janssen caught and clung to McCarthy, the man of all others whom hardly an hour before she would have sought the least in all the world. When she felt a final reckoning impending she could not face it alone.

At that instant they felt the ship lift under them, just a flash before the roar of the great explosion in the hold that tilted the great hull into the air and then dropped it, bow down, into the sea.

A wave of solid water swept over the deck as a rain of debris and shattered spars fell. A boom end crashed down on McCarthy as he and the woman clinging to him were swept over the rail into the rolling ocean. The darkness of night absolute fell on McCarthy and he floated helplessly in the grasp of Janssen who clung with the strength of the desperate to the spar.

Behind them the schooner, settling rapidly, tipped, stern high in air, and shot down to the limbo of all lost ships.

Bits of wreckage dotted the tossing surface of the sea, and there lifting to the swell half-submerged and clinging to the limp body of the detective and the spar Janssen looked into the mysterious face of Destiny alone in the great Pacific waste.

McCarthy looked at his prisoner curiously. What was the use of having a prisoner here? And yet he was glad that he had not lost Janssen. He remembered his New York and his assignment.

"You can't eat raw fish," McCarthy looked at his futile hands.

"You can start a fire with your watch crystal for a burning glass."

Janssen's expression showed that she was glad at last to have achieved something not entirely selfish. She was finding herself in an adventure that transcended the oddity of circumstance.

"McCarthy, do you know how you got ashore?"

The detective looked up and shook his head.

"I pulled you in on that piece of spar."

He started to thank her. She raised her hand in interruption.

"Don't bother thanking me. But, McCarthy—don't you think a life is worth a life?"

McCarthy was long in answering. He shook his head.

"You should have let me drown—that was your chance."

He turned from her and began taking off his water-soaked shoes.

The Woman God Changed

NARRATED, by permission, from the Cosmopolitan-Paramount Aircraft photoplay. Adapted by Doty Hobart from the story by Donn Byrne. Directed by Robert G. Vignola with the following cast:

Anna Janssen.....Seena Owen
Officer McCarthy.....E. K. Lincoln
Alastair DeVries.....Henry Sedley
Lily.....Lillian Walker
Donegan.....H. Cooper Cliffe
The District Attorney....Paul Nicolson
French Commissioner...Templar Saxe

Janssen's eyes took in the revolver there on the beach between them. It gave her a flash of suggestion. He had said "You should have let me drown—that was your chance." Here was another chance. She picked up the revolver, stepped back, levelled it at McCarthy and called him sharply. This was the Janssen of Broadway and Tahiti again.

"McCarthy!"

He turned about and faced her unflinching.

"Don't be a fool, put that down."

She ignored his admonition.

"McCarthy—your word's good with me. Either you promise to let me off when we are rescued or I'll kill you now!"

He shook his head.

The revolver, a yard away, spat full at him. He reeled, then clutched at his shoulder. There was sneer and disgust in his face, not fear.

"You made a better job with De Vries—why don't you try it again?"

The woman looked into his eyes and shuddered with what she saw there. Janssen turned and tossed the revolver into the tangled jungle.

Without looking at her McCarthy betook himself to the water to bathe and dress his wounded shoulder. Janssen, torn with emotions, threw herself down and cried into her folded arms.

Days passed and they did not speak.

Janssen went to the spot in the tangled

Again the ticking of the clock rose in the courtroom as McCarthy paused in his recital. Janssen, still and straight in the prisoner's dock, turned toward him. Her face softened and her eyes looked the encouragement that said "Go on, McCarthy. Tell it all."

The witness gripped his hands together in concentration and went on: "I comes to on a beach with the sun in my eyes—and I'm thinking 'Where is Janssen? I've lost Janssen.'" He was back in the Pacific again on a desert strand, taking the courtroom audience with him.

Frowning upward into the blazing sun on this deserted atoll Eden, lay the New York detective. His clothes were opened at the throat and with gentle ministered hands his prisoner, Janssen, the chorus girl from Broadway, the dance hall temptress from Tahiti, was laying his dazed head. That was the beginning of a new strange chapter. At last McCarthy, brushing the hands of the girl from his head, turned to her.

"Where are the others?"

"There are no others, McCarthy—just you and me—and this island."

Painfully the detective pulled himself up sitting, trying to sum up the situation. Mechanically and slowly he pulled out the contents of his pockets and spread a little array in the sun to dry on his wet handkerchief. A revolver, a handful of extra cartridges, a water-soaked watch and most pitifully helpless of all—a bill fold. Futile money on a coral isle. Before the rippling infinity of the Pacific sparkling in the sun. Behind them the atoll jungle and behind that again the ocean, forever and ever and ever.

Despair spread over the face of McCarthy the copper.

Janssen, with the resourcefulness of the primitive within her, sat taking in McCarthy's thoughts as fast as they came to him.

"There's a nice pool of fresh water back there," she said with a smile of reassurance. "And bananas—coconuts and breadfruit—and there's fish in the cove."



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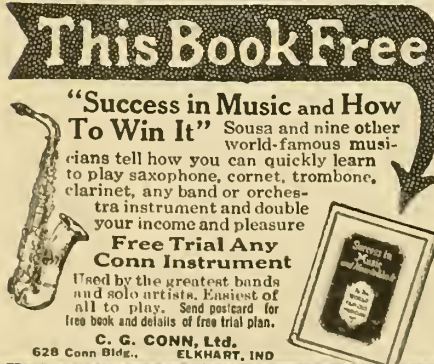
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LE BIJOU, 186 N. LaSalle St., CHICAGO, ILL.

The Woman God Changed

(Continued)

wildwood where she had thrown the revolver and found it.

McCarthy was piling brush, dry and ready for a signal fire on a rocky promontory commanding the sea. She stood watching him. At last she approached him and spoke.

"Don't you know we're way out of the course of the ships? What's the use of that?"

"Not much, I guess," McCarthy admitted. "But," his eyes grew sterner as he talked, "I'm doing this because I took an oath to do a duty—to take you back to a court of justice."

Janssen looked at him marvelling at the man who seemed never to think of himself, but always duty, cold hard duty, and the law.

"Do I look like a man who'd neglect his duty? If I didn't bring you back to New York or try my best to do it, I could never look my conscience in the face again."

Janssen dropped her head. Then she came up smiling. She brought her hands from behind her and held out the revolver, butt first.

"Take it, McCarthy—I didn't intend to do this—but something you've said makes me want to play fair. I want to be regular with you."

McCarthy looked deeply into her eyes. "I can be just as regular as you can—I don't think I'll have any use for that—you keep it, Janssen." His hand closed on hers that held the gun and pushed it away, not too gently, firmly.

"McCarthy, I'm sorry—sorry I shot you."

He was still the policeman, after all. He looked with a hard cynicism into her face. He was puzzled and skeptical.

"Trying a new game, Janssen? Symmetry stuff?"

McCarthy strode away. Janssen stifled a sob. This was a part of her punishment.

Days passed. Sunrise, nightfall. Sunrise, nightfall. Days on end. Months. Three changes of the moon. Still no ship. Every day like the day before. Endless waiting. A silent policeman. A silent prisoner. Both of them prisoners of Fate.

It was again evening. They sat near each other and the huts in which they slept.

"When a ship comes, McCarthy, do I have to go back?"

McCarthy, glum, impatiently patient, strangely wild with his long neglected beard, looked at her without answering. It was to him so unnecessary a question. Had he not come for her? They were delayed. That was all. He remembered the words of the Police Commissioner, "Were you ever mixed up with a woman?" No. Janssen was talking again.

"Did I really kill De Vries? It all seems like a dream to me—a bad dream."

The red sun of the Marquesan nightfall was rim-down in the Pacific. The whispering of the night wind came through the palms and set the sea a-ripple off to the lee of the atoll. It was the erie hour when the strange dead gods of the departed race of the isles might have come to live again in the lush mysteries for an hour.

Janssen was going on with words from a full heart.

"I am glad and sorry too that no ship has come for us. I am glad for myself—and I'm sorry for you, because you have your duty."

Janssen was trying hard to give expression to thoughts new to her, the fruit of endless hours of thinking alone.

"McCarthy, did you ever go home after a hard day's disappointing work and get under a cold shower and come out suddenly feeling all made over and new?"

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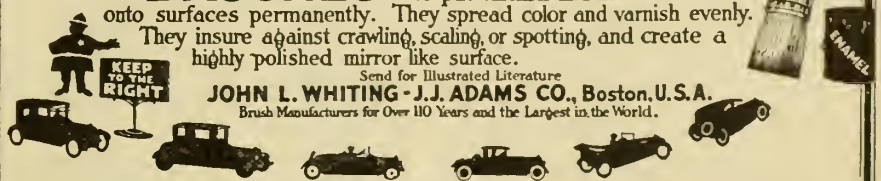
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The Woman God Changed

(Concluded)

She did not look for an answer. It was
not a question, really.

"Well—that's the way I feel about this
island—and the rest of my life. It was the
bad day. The island was the bath.

"A person does something as I did, be-
cause his mind is full of dust and dirt and
bad feelings—and he runs away—and some-
times, maybe out in the desert or on a moun-
tain or by the ocean a great wind comes and
sweeps him clean. Don't you understand,
McCarthy?"

Janssen walked away. McCarthy sat
puzzling on the beach with a queer smile on
his face.

"Then Janssen was tooksick—after we
had been on the island I guess maybe
eight months," McCarthy's voice
changed tone and the island picture
faded. Again the courtroom saw him,
the New York copper on the witness
stand. An attendant brought him a
glass of water. It was still. The
woman in the prisoner's dock sat
straight and white. The clock ticked
away the seconds. McCarthy resumed
his tale, the tale of a sickbed way down
there on the other side of the world, in a
savage hut in the Marquesas.

The ragged bearded man that was Detec-
tive McCarthy stood over Janssen minister-
ing to her with cold water in a half a cocoa-
nut shell.

"Why should I live, McCarthy—just so
you can take me back to the electric chair?"

McCarthy, grotesque in his rags, sat very
gently by her.

"It would be awfully lonely here without
you, Janssen."

The girl looked up at McCarthy with
gratitude in her eyes.

"That's better—don't worry—I'll live
now."

That was another beginning. Through
long days the girl slowly recovered and the
time came when again they could sit to-
gether on the beach at the sunset. They
talked long of many things and at last
McCarthy came to what had been in his
heart many days.

"And when you have served your time
up the river, I'll be there waiting at the gate
for you when you come out—for I'll be
wanting you to marry me, then."

Janssen leaned forward with a glow in her
blue eyes. A glow that no man had ever
seen there before.

"You love me, McCarthy?"

"Yes." He put out his hand.

Janssen looked away out toward the sea.
"But if we never get off of this island we
never get married."

McCarthy looked away into the dark.
He had nothing to say. His literal mind
saw no answer.

"McCarthy," she spoke softly and with
spiritual tenseness, "do you think that it
takes the church and the music and the rice
to make a marriage?"

He was looking at her now with wonder-
ment.

"I feel that God is very near me, and all
this is God's Cathedral. If He wishes to
hear us this night, then we are married,
McCarthy."

This woman, without creed and without
church, was calling his God as their witness.

And that was their wedding, down there
under the stars in the Marquesas. The days
went on. The island was a prison no
longer. It was Eden, the unspoiled Eden of
life made new.

Time went faster then. The days were
uncounted. Still stood the brush pile on
the headland, waiting, waiting, waiting for
a ship. More than three years had gone by.

Then came the day that they sighted the
ship.

That was the day of McCarthy's tempta-
tion, the day that he wavered in the face of
duty.

McCarthy stood silent on the promontory
looking vaguely at the ship.

Janssen watched, but did not speak. She
stood immobile.

The woman ran to their campfire and re-
turning swinging a brand flung it into the
waiting brush heap. A great column of
flame and smoke rose into the air, a beacon
signal to the ship.

"Why did you do this, Janssen?" Mc-
Carthy was looking earnestly into her face.

"Because, McCarthy, you took an oath
to do a duty. If I should be the cause of
your neglecting that duty I could never
look my conscience in the face again."

The voice of the witness was husky.

"And I would have gone back on my
oath to this court of justice and sold my
soul to hell, but she wouldn't let me."

A great silence settled over the court-
room. That was the end of the tale in
the Marquesas.

The great shadow of Tombs prison lighted
for the night loomed out beyond the win-
dows of the courtroom. The judge turned
to the district attorney.

"That is all," replied the official pros-
ecutor, thus turning over the witness to
Donegan of the defense. Slowly Donegan
rose and faced the bench.

"The case of Anna Janssen rests." Don-
egan sat down.

The judge turned to instruct the jury.
His words were brief.

"Gentlemen of the jury, no matter what
sympathy with the prisoner you may feel,
I must instruct you to find a verdict of
guilty."

The foreman, a grey-bearded professional
man, rose to protest.

"But Your Honor, this woman is changed.
She is not the same—"

The judge waved him to silence.

"It is the business of the jury to weigh
facts. I alone am given authority to weigh
justice." The judge was stern and cold in
his sharp sentences.

The jury filed out and filed in again im-
mediately.

"Guilty, as charged," was the verdict as
per instructions.

Mutterings of disapproval swept over the
crowded courtroom.

The ticking of the clock cut remorselessly
through the hush as the judge began to
speak. Janssen sat head down, eyes con-
cealed.

"Prisoner, you have been adjudged guilty
of murder." The judge spared not a syllable.
"It now rests with me to decide what shall
be done with your life in payment for the
life you so wantonly took."

"Prisoner, I give you back that life, but I
sentence it to imprisonment for its natural
term."

Janssen flashed one look of piteous appeal,
then clasped her hands and looked straight
ahead. McCarthy, tense, came to his feet.
The murmuring of the courtroom rose. The
bailiff rapped for order.

"Prisoner, your husband will collect the
years of salary due him. He will take you
and have your marriage made legal and he
will then escort you to the prison I have
selected for you—your island home—where
it is the wish of this court of Justice that you
live happy ever after."

It is morning again on an atoll in the
Marquesas.

Plays and Players

(Concluded from page 78)

there was money on hand by Saturday night, and Lytell went out and bought a lot of furniture just to show the store-keepers what he thought of 'em.

OUTSIDE the Lyric theatre in New York one evening in March a vast crowd was trying to batter its way inside where "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" was the attraction, with seats priced from fifty cents to two dollars. A well-dressed woman, evidently from out of town, stepped up to the door-keeper and asked if "it" was a play or a picture. "It's a great picture, ma'm," said the door-keeper. The woman surveyed the crowd. "Humph, that's funny," she said and edged her way back to the street. Dick Rowland, President of Metro, who overheard her comment, can't yet determine just what was in the good dame's mind.

JUST a few facts: You remember "The Love Light," Mary Pickford's picture written and directed by Frances Marion? At least it was written and directed, originally, by Miss Marion. Several things in the last and released version were not according to Miss Marion's ideas. The original captions were written by her, but in the picture shown to the public, they were revamped, revised and rewritten. Miss Pickford gave fountain pens to each of the three persons engaged in the business of improving Miss Marion's sub-titles. It

occurs to us that if Miss Pickford had presented lead pencils instead of fountain pens, the titles might have been better.

THERE'S a new member of the H. B. Warner family recently arrived in California. It's a boy. The young gentleman is planning to fetch his parents to New York very soon, as his dad's contract has expired. There's nothing like having a business-like son to keep dad at work.

WHERE are the stars of yesteryear? Several of those whose exciting announcement of the organization of "my own company" are working—supporting other stars. Bessie Love is the latest. She's to be leading lady for Sessue Hayakawa in his next picture.

IT took some time for Elinor Glyn to be persuaded to recognize motion pictures. Now she does everything the movie way. For instance, when her daughter Juliet was married the other day in London, her distinguished mother was in Hollywood. She felt she simply must see the wedding ceremony. So she cabled an order that the scene should be filmed and the reel sent to California. The bridegroom is a Member of Parliament—Sir Rhys Williams. (Wonder how one pronounces Rhys, anyway.)

Tipperary and the Kid

(Concluded from page 59)

they was a lot of dogs there, but none of 'em was as good as Ti—"

"Yes, yes," I broke in, "But do you like all pictures?"

"Well, I haven't seen them all," said Jackie truthfully. "I like Charlie's and mine. Charlie's a wonderful pal. And he's got some swell dogs. He's got one dog named Billy—say, he's just a mutt, but you couldn't believe how smart he is. Sometimes he comes up here and stays all night with me, and I don't care if the landlady does put us out 'cause then we'd have to build a house and I could have 'bout a hundred dogs. An' some rabbits. And a brown bear. What'd you think?"

"I think it's a great idea," I said truthfully.

"Well, I'd rather have Tippy," said Jackie.

"Have you made any pictures since 'The Kid'?"

"Yep, I made 'Peck's Bad Boy.' It's funny. That chap sure had a lot of fun, didn't he? Say, do you know, there's a pond up in that hill," he pointed to the Hollywood foothills out the window, "that's full of pollywogs? Would you believe that?"

"No," I murmured weakly.

"I'm just crazy about pollywogs, only," his eyes sought mine testingly, "only—you know, I wanted to get a froggie. You know, they're so cute when their legs and all come out and their tails drop off. But

there's a girl lives on this street. Her name's Josephine. She's got red hair—and freckles, like Wesley Barry. For a girl, she can run good, too. So her and me slipped off one day and went up there, to that pond, and we hunted all afternoon and never saw a frog. An' then just as we were going home, I found one. The cutest one I ever saw in my whole life—little and green and with the *cutest* legs. An' do you know what that Josephine did? She cried and acted just *awful*, and I had to give it to her, 'cause Doug says you mustn't ever let a lady cry. I wasn't sure she was a lady, but I suppose she must be, though she don't look like one much, except her skirts."

Just then I heard hurried footsteps on the stairs, and in a moment a plump, pretty little woman with dark, bobbed hair burst into the room.

"I'm so sorry," she said through Jackie's wild embraces, "I was detained. Jackie, where's your Daddy?"

"Oh, he's out in the back yard practicing golf shots and Mandy's gone to the store. Mamma, see Tipperary."

Mrs. Coogan and I exchanged apologies and reassurances, which were quite sincere, because I was glad to have had "The Kid" all to myself.

As Tippy and I got into the car I heard Jackie say to his mother, "Well, that lady can ask more questions than anybody I ever saw before in all my life. But gee, she's got a swell dog!"



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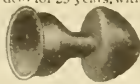
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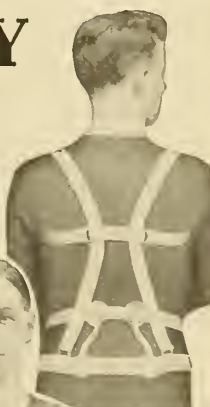
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**For
Boys
and
Girls
Also**

The Gish Girls Talk About Each Other

(Continued from page 29)

whatever I see comes back to me when I am before the camera."

Lillian Gish turned the blue depths of her eyes upon me. "I have given up going among people," she said. "They interest me. But I have never been able to keep engagements. I just love Mary Pickford. She often asked me out to her place at Beverly Hills. I would think I could go but at five o'clock when I should have been going home to dress for dinner we would decide to work until seven. Something like that always happened when I wanted to go out to see Mary. After your friends have asked you five or six times and you have to telephone that you are very sorry but you can't go, they stop asking. That is quite natural. And so I gave up going out. I draw my ideas of how to do things from within. I think of how I would do whatever I had to do if I were in the person's place." "What do you most admire in your sister?"

For a moment Dorothy Gish's sparkling eyes took on depths of seriousness.

"Her gentleness. Lillian never offends anyone."

I met Lillian Gish's calm, blue gaze in inquiry.

"I most admire Dorothy's honesty. No one could make Dorothy tell a lie. Sometimes, when cornered, I evade."

Dorothy Gish leaned far forward, clasping her small hands boyishly between her knees.

"But people don't want to hear the truth. I've found that out. They have asked me for the truth and I've told them and hurt them. I wanted to help them but I only hurt them. I would love to have Lillian's diplomacy."

"What is your ambition for your sister?"

"I want to see Lillian on the stage. I believe she would be another Maude Adams."

"No. Nobody could be like Miss Adams. My admiration for her is boundless. But she will always keep her niche. No one will ever be like her. Mr. John Barrymore, whom I met the other day for the first time, assured me that screen work is harder than stage work. But I don't know that I could ever develop my voice to the strength for the stage. I want to see Dorothy progress in her comedy. Comedy is a great deal harder than tragedy. Tragedy plays itself."

"No. Besides, tragedy is what lives. No one remembers a comedy. But 'Broken Blossoms' and 'Way Down East' will live," spoke Dorothy.

Even their portraits differ. Lillian, with one of her rare, and rarely sweet, smiles produced an old photograph of a rotund, serious child borne down, it would appear, by a heavy weight of care.

"This is Dorothy's picture when she was a baby. The family call it Grandma Gish."

"Yes. Look on this and then on that." The "that" at which Dorothy Gish's brown head nodded was Helleu's portrait of Lillian Gish as he saw her, a mist of bluish grays, enswirling, cloud-like, a delicate face with deeply, widely blue eyes, of the soberness and inscrutability of the Sphinx.

What of the worldly wisdom of these young persons, that wisdom that has to do with the care of earned increment?

"Dorothy likes to spend money," said her sister. "Mother thinks I am the conservator of the family funds. Perhaps that is true. I have a deep, overwhelming fear of poverty. I look far into the future. I have resolved that when I am old I shall have more than one dress and three hundred dollars."

"It takes more than that to get into an

The Gish Girls Talk About Each Other

(Concluded)

old ladies' home now," said Dorothy. "The price of old ladies' homes has gone up. It used to be \$300. Now it's \$500."

"You know that, dear? Then remember it," admonished Lillian.

"We're here today. Gone tomorrow. Let us enjoy today." Mrs. Rennie snapped her small fingers.

Entered a slender, silver-haired woman, round of face like Dorothy, graceful and with wide, thoughtful distance between the eyes, like Lillian. Both girls sprang to their feet. Both said: "This is Mother."

"She isn't a bit like a stage or studio mother," testified Dorothy.

Through her the talented twain derived their membership in the Daughters of the American Revolution and their eligibility to the Colonial Dames. Through her, too, they are kinswomen of the youngest Justice of the Supreme Bench of the United States, Judge Robinson.

"You were talking of saving and investing?" said Mrs. Gish. "The family joke is that neither of my daughters cares for real estate, while I crave it. We could have bought lots in Los Angeles for \$250 a piece a few years ago. I favored it but I was the minority. The lots have since sold for \$5000 a piece."

Lillian lifted her head. "But if we had bought them we would have had the Gish luck. That part of Los Angeles would not

have improved. It would have stood stock still."

Bitterness? No. Only a belief that the Gishes are not of those to whom delightful things happen. They must earn by toilsome ways their profits and success.

They drifted back into recollections of their still near childhood.

"Lillian used to put beans up her nose."

From the mask of comedy.

"Dorothy would never keep quiet. Once she was spanked for it." From the mask of tragedy.

"Lillian cried because I was spanked."

She cried long after I had stopped. She could always cry easily and make others cry in sympathy. She used to make the neighbors cry just by looking at them. They all told mother she 'would never bring that child up,' Mrs. Rennie mimicked a toothless neighbor's mode of speech.

At four Dorothy made her debut in public gaze in "East Lynne." At the same time her sister, Lillian, at six, was playing the same tear-guaranteed part in another company. Returned after their barnstorming the sisters prattled of their tours and the wisdom therefrom derived.

"And now I'm a vegetarian," announced Sister Lillian.

"That's nothing. I'm a Catholic," proclaimed Dorothy. Which was interesting though not true.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 99)

MARJORIE, LOUISIANA.—You think Alice Brady's husband is a dear. So, I take it, does Miss Brady. The Cranes live in New York when one or the other of them isn't touring the country in a stage play. Address Alice care Realart, N. Y. C.

PEARL.—Ruth Roland's real name? Ruth Roland. She isn't married now. She is in California making a new serial for Pathe, at the Hal Roach studio.

MRS. JACK, NEWPORT.—Thanks. You're a straight forward and sensible person, and there are too few of them these days. Dorothy Phillips was born in 1892; she is in "Man, Woman and Marriage." Lillian Walker is in vaudeville now.

F. E. D., SUPERIOR.—Francis Ford is directing Texas Guinan now. He was born in 1882. He has no children; or if he has, there's no record of them in our files. Ford and Grace Cunard used to do serials together for Universal.

VAMP THE SECOND.—Sorry, but I haven't the names of Shirley Mason's dogs. Yes, I have seen those snap-shots of Shirley playing with her dolls and dogs, but I never thought to ask their names. Agnes Ayres, now with Paramount, played in Marshall Neilan's "Go and Get It." Agnes is not married.

M. H., OKLA.—Mildred Harris has been engaged for a leading role in Cecil deMille's new picture. It was reported Miss Harris had her own company, but evidently it was only a report. Marguerite Clark made "Scrambled Wives" for First National and then returned to her home in New Orleans, where she is Mrs. H. Palmerson Williams. Her sister, Cora Clark, still lives in New York City.

JOSEPHINE.—You haven't been among those present for a long time. What happened to you? Vivian Martin was born near Grand Rapids, Mich. She is married

and has a little daughter. Norma Talmadge was married in November, 1916, to Joseph Schenck. They have no children.

RENEE.—You're one of these suspicious souls who doesn't believe one actor ever plays two parts. But Lewis Stone did play the two roles in "The River's End." Stone is in "The Concert." Lila Lee, Lasky, Hollywood. Lila isn't a star, but she is featured. Very nice letter; write often.

SERGEANT WILSON, SCRANTON, IOWA.—Constance Talmadge never appeared in the same picture with Olive Thomas. Miss Thomas was the star of "Footlights and Shadows." Yes, the little star was enjoying her greatest popularity when death claimed her. She died in France. Her last picture was "Everybody's Sweetheart."

L. S., ILLINOIS.—William Farnum has a little daughter. Bill still makes pictures for Fox—working at the Manhattan studios of that concern. Never heard of a picture called "The Vanishing Vision." Are you sure you have the correct title for it?

L. K. S., JR.—The article to which you refer, "If Christ Went to the Movies," was written by the Reverend Dr. Percy Stickney Grant of the Church of the Ascension, Fifth Avenue, New York City, and appeared in the March, 1920 issue of PHOTOPLAY. Same may be secured upon receipt of twenty-five cents.

N. T., PHILADELPHIA.—Brother, you may envy me my job when the celebrated film stars come up to see me, but how about answering questions about those self-same stars? Another thing entirely, I assure you. It takes all the joy out of discovering that Miss Truelove has blonde hair and greenish-gray eyes to think that I must pass the information on to a curious world. Mary Miles Minter isn't married. Lillian Gish was Anna Moore in "Way Down East." Why didn't you ask for a program?

(Continued on page 110)



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From the Fifteenth Floor

WE were invited out to a little dinner the other evening. Outside of the fact that our hostess lives in Brooklyn the affair was very enjoyable. You know, to one who lives in New York proper (yes, New York can be proper) it is supposed to be mad, mad waggery to sneer at folks who live in Brooklyn, although as a matter of fact Brooklyn is very nice and neighborhoodish. There is no spot we wot of in New York proper that has any earmarks of being neighborhoodish. At this little dinner party, besides our hostess who is an illustrator, there were two other men and two ladies. The two men were, respectively, a short-story writer and a rather successful bachelor lawyer. Of the two women guests, one is the highly-paid secretary to a downtown broker, and the other the buyer of lingerie in a Fifth Avenue specialty shop. . . . We got to talking about the only two things that folks seem to talk about at these intimate little dinner parties now-a-days—movies and liquor. I was interested to learn that the three ladies knew more about liquor and how to make it or where to get it on the q. t. than any of the three men, and surprised to discover that the other two men present knew a lot more about current moving pictures than the ladies. . . . Oh, no, don't ask me to explain it. I've been thinking upon it since then till my brain reels. It may auger something frightfully important, but I swear I can't tell what it is.

THE conference and secretary habit is more highly developed in movie circles in New York, we opine, than elsewhere. The conference habit is the most annoying. One telephones for Mr. Bjinks of the Hoakum Pictures Corporation to find that "Mr. Bjinks is in conference" and one is invited to leave one's telephone number with the guarded hint that Mr. Bjinks may call us back. Mr. Bjinks never calls back. This has always been a great mystery to us—or was a mystery until the other day when we were enjoying a social chat with Mr. Bjones of the Bunko Film Company. Bjones is a great pal of ours. Bjones was sitting at his rosewood, glass-topped desk devouring minced chicken and lettuce sandwiches and drinking some liquid matter from a thermos bottle that had just been sent over from a nearby hotel. Milk, no doubt. We were chatting pleasantly when Bjones' secretary poked her blonde head inside the door and said that Mr. Bjinks was on the phone and would like to speak with Mr. Bjones. Very important. Bjones took a slow deliberate swig from the thermos bottle. "Tell him I'm in conference and to call me tomorrow at 10.15," he said despondently.

THE Secretary thing is more prevalent but not so confusing or annoying. We have a young friend named Bjohn who is third assistant press agent of one of the film companies. Bjohn is in most ways a very estimable, modest, truthful young man. He wears quiet neckties and black socks and is fond of chocolate eclairs and is otherwise normal. Bjohn, however, has fallen victim to the deadly Secretary habit. There is a young lady with rosy cheeks and cute ruffled hair who manipulates the office typewriter for Bjohn, as well as for two or three other young men in the office. But to Bjohn she is his Secretary. We met him on Broadway and hinted that we might buy his luncheon on the following day. We thought we might have a little chat mutually interesting. He looked off into the middle dis-

tance and pulled at his new mustache. "Awfully sorry, I can't tell you 'yes' now, old chap," he said. "But you see, I leave all those dates to my secretary. Now when I get back at the office I'll just ask her if I've anything on for luncheon tomorrow—she'll know—and if not, I'll be glad to lunch with you." It's rather pathetic for a great many of the lads in the movie game in New York who boast of "secretaries" pull down slightly less, in the good ol' pay envelop every Saturday night, than the red-cheeked, fluffy-haired and highly efficient stenographers themselves.

WE must be in a carping mood today. Spring has come, and from the Fifteenth Floor we can get the scent of new grass that is growing somewhere over in New Jersey, and we can see that every seat on the top of the Fifth Avenue busses is occupied by folks who are going nowhere in particular. . . . The Fifth Avenue busses are a wonderful institution, too. They have a lot more authority than mere taxis, and one may ride for ten miles for a dime. These busses often figure in scenes in photoplays, and we daresay they are as familiar to fans in Kamchatka and Kankakee as to PHOTOPLAY's staff who observe them through the windows of the Fifteenth Floor.

MOST of the Fifteenth Floor is occupied by the New York offices of the world's leading moving picture magazine, but tucked over in one corner of the Fifteenth Floor is an enterprise, the gilt lettering on whose door announces it to be "The National Whalebone Co." Every time we go out to luncheon or depart for the day, we are intrigued by reflections upon what the National Whalebone Co. may do with its product and how its product is obtained. We are informed by a certain competent authority that whalebone isn't used in stays (i. e.—corsets) any more, yet we feel sure that business must be prosperous with the National Whalebone Co. for they stay on, year after year. Maybe some day we shall march into the National Whalebone Co. office and ask them to tell us about it. One would think that there is enough romance on the Fifteenth Floor, but maybe there is a wonderful story about whalebone. If we discover it we'll tell you about it.

GOOD heavens, they're incorrigible. The man just came to fix our typewriter. The "k" had dropped off duty suddenly and it was irritating. But the mechanic was quick and efficient. He fixed the "k" so that it worked perfectly within five minutes. But he stood about waiting. "Charge it to the office," we said with entire composure, for we knew the office has an account with the typewriter concern. "Say," he said tentatively. "Eh?" said we. "Say, could you give me a few pictures—Norma Talmadge and Constance, and Faire Binney and Madge Kennedy and—"

WE hate jokers. . . . Only yesterday some miscreant made us uneasy for all afternoon. We had shut the door of our own little office on the Fifteenth Floor. We were going to lunch or something. So we placed a card reading "Will be back soon" on our door. And when we returned, this miscreant had scrawled underneath "What For?"

We trust the boss didn't see it. . . . It might start him to thinking!

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What Do YOU Think?

A Department of Letters
to the Editor

DEAR EDITOR:
First let me introduce myself.
I am a chorus girl. I live in this
small town where everybody knows
me and my profession.

I want to ask you a question if I may:

Why do pictures with stories pertaining to
chorus girls, picture the chorus to the public
as being the most degrading thing on earth,
implying that it is a disgrace to belong to
one?

I know that there are some of the finest
and cleanest of American girls who belong
to the chorus. The opinion of the public
is enough to fight and the pictures make it
harder. Particularly with such phrases
as "A Valley of Humiliation," in Constance
Binney's "39 East."

Mrs. Claude Cobbs,
Oranah, Texas.

Dear Sir:

I wonder if the motion picture world
realizes just what keen pleasure is afforded
the deaf by their work! I, myself, am not
totally deaf, but far too much so to enjoy
a play on the stage, even with the help of
my lip reading, for the simple reason that
the plays are not arranged for the deaf,
and too often the speaker has his back to
the audience, or the lights are dimmed.
But with the pictures, there is the added
pleasure of the ability to follow conversa-
tion, making the deaf person feel so supe-
rior to his hearing neighbors in the theater!

Occasionally a good picture play is made
the foundation for conversational class work
among my pupils and great pleasure is de-
rived from such a discussion.

Miss A. N. Gordon,
The Muller-Walle School,
Baltimore, Md.

John Interviews Anita

(Continued from page 62)

*Travels with a Donkey, or
Around The Studio with John
Emerson*

By ANITA LOOS.

Before me stood a tall, lean, sad-looking
individual who can best be described as
resembling George Bernard's statue of
Abraham Lincoln. I knew it was none
other than John Emerson, the movie writer
who, more than any other living man, has
made the spoken drama popular with
modern audiences. He has a keen, intelli-
gent face; but his character is not easily
understood. He took me by the hand and
led me to a balcony where we could get a
clear view of the brilliantly lighted studio.

"There lies before you the greatest in-
dustry in the world," he said in a melan-
choly voice. "Art—imagination—poetry
are in the very air about you. Those people
who toil before you under these glaring
lights are striving, under my direction, to
produce a drama written by one of the
greatest artists in the world. And even as I
wrote this drama, I was repeating to myself
those magic words, 'Art—imagination—
poetry'."

"Beautiful, beautiful," I said. "Where
did you read it?"

"You'll find it in some of Griffith's
writings," he said, realizing that further
concealment was impossible. "The Sixth
Volume of 'An Appreciation of David
Wark Griffith, by D. W. G.' has it, or
perhaps the second volume of his third
autobiography—I forget which."

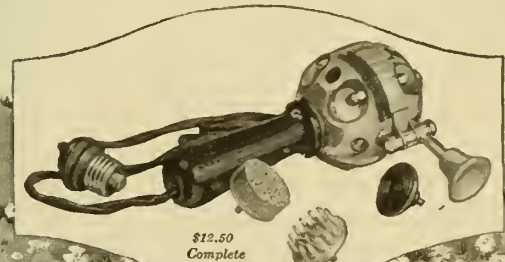


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Wrinkles; How to Have Beautiful Should-
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beauty secrets. It tells you *why* the \$12.50
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tor are unquestionably the best and most
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John Interviews Anita

(Concluded)

He took me by the hand and led me further into the mazes of the building. He stopped before a great desk, piled high with manuscripts.

"My photoplays," he said proudly. "I have a regular system for turning them out."

"Your system must force you to write a great deal," I remarked, eyeing the pile.

"Well, no," admitted Mr. Emerson.

"The fact is, my wife writes them and I read them. That's fair enough, isn't it?"

He reached over and pulled a script from the pile.

"Let me show you something good," he said. "What do you think of this comedy scene? I wrote *this* myself."

The scenario read something like this:

INTERIOR OF MARY'S BOUDOIR.—

The maniac rushes in, brandishing his long knife, and seizes Mary, who is sitting by the window combing her golden hair. Before she can utter a word, he plunges the knife into her beautiful back.

TITLE: MARY WAS ALL CUT-UP ABOUT IT.

The maniac continues to plunge the knife again and again into the girl.

FADE OUT.

"I guess that'll get a laugh," said Mr. Emerson jovially. "That part about how she was all cut up, I mean. That's humor—that's satire—that's what the movies need."

As I said, it is hard to understand Mr.

Emerson's real character. He has a very intelligent face.

After reading the twin interviews as printed herein, and which we guarantee to be free from editorial operations of any character whatsoever, we feel rather sad.

We are afraid that there is nothing serious in the concrete cosmos of the Emerson-Loos menage.

We even hazard a guess that there is seldom any serious conversation around the Emerson-Loos front parlor. We cannot conceive Anita becoming excited because the butcher-boy fetched half a dozen pork chops when she distinctly ordered lamb chops.

We cannot picture the furnace fire going out (oh, yes, they do have furnaces in California bungalows, no matter what the Chamber of Commerce says about the Perpetual Sunshine) and John Emerson flapping down the cellar stairs in his old slippers to tend to it.

As a matter of fact, after running a coldly critical eye through these twin interviews, we have arrived at the regretful decision that John Emerson delights to josh Anita Loos; and we feel constrained to believe that Anita Loos is not above jesting with her husband.

Indeed, we feel a certain conviction that John Emerson and Mrs. John Emerson are a pair of incorrigible kidders!



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If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

THE GOLD MEDAL

Picture of 1920

See Page 33 for particulars



Three prominent members of the Reid family: William Wallace, Jr., Dorothy Davenport Reid, and "Mac." Dot's favorite dog. The fourth member of this family has been the subject of so many close-ups we thought we'd shoot you one without him, just to be different.

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How To Be Happily Married

(Continued from page 44)

I learned even during our engagement that he would be gentle with me if I were nervous. He would be tolerant if I were cross. When we had a slight difference of opinion he would say, "Don't say that, dear. It will only make you unhappy."

I saw, too, that his father and mother are ideally happy. Mr. Treman is president of two banks, and holds business and official positions that require him to come to the city once every week. I have seen him kiss Mother Treman goodbye and then get out of the car and go back to kiss her again. I reasoned that the son of such a pair would be an ideal husband, and he is.

We are the greatest chums. Father Treman and I have long talks about every topic under the sun. He thinks I am the frankest, most honest human being he ever knew. Mother Treman is one of the few angels permitted to walk this earth.

Another influence works to make my marriage happy. That is the memory of my first husband. Vernon Castle was one of the finest of men. When he went so suddenly out of life, I was bitterly sorry that I had ever spoken cross words to him. That regret comes back to me if I find myself a bit impatient with Bob. Not that he ever gives me reason to be impatient, but I am remarkably quick. If a bird and I started in a race across a room I would have a chance of winning. Captain Treman is deliberate. He never hurries. If we are going to catch a train we never have more than a minute to spare, but we always catch it. When I am inclined to say something sharp about his tardiness I remember impatient words spoken to another, and they halt on my lips.

Naturally when I think of going to London to dance, I consider possible partners. There will never be another such partner as Mr. Castle. He not only danced well; he dressed in perfect taste. He was as successful with his clothes as I was with mine, but he had a delightful sense of comedy. A glint of an emotion crossing his face, a glance at the audience, and the people in front were all a-smile. I shall never have such another partner.

I thought of Carl Randall. He is an excellent dancer, but I was amazed, when he stood beside me, to see how much taller I am than he. He only comes to my shoulder. I am so tall. Clifford Webb is the nearest to Vernon Castle's type of anyone who is dancing today.

My husband cannot go with me. He is interested in the banks and is president of a wholesale hardware business. He cannot be away even so long. I am sorry. But no matter how great my success, and how much my pleasure in London, I shall begin, when I arrive there, to look forward to going back and shall count the weeks and days until my return.

"Why dance?" my old audiences may ask. "And why do motion pictures? We thought you had married a wealthy man." They have a right to ask. So I have, but there are so many silly things I want, gowns and this and that, that I don't need any more than a cat needs two tails! That is the reason I am crossing the ocean to dance. That is the reason I am beginning another picture.

I do not presume to advise others. Individual problems must be solved by the individuals.

The theory that everyone should be married twice may be a true one. For the first marriage is an experiment. Its errors and maladjustments may teach us how to be happy in the second.

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Cuticura Soap when used for every-day toilet purposes not only cleanses, purifies and beautifies but it prevents many little skin troubles if assisted by occasional use of Cuticura Ointment to soothe and heal. Cuticura Talcum imparts a delicate lasting fragrance leaving the skin sweet and wholesome.

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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 105)

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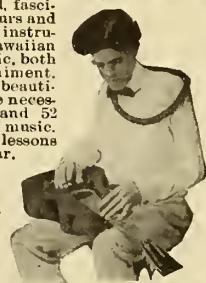
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MARGARET, MT. CLEMENS.—I think the favorite food of a hippopotamus is carrots. At least, so I have been told. If that is true, it is the only thing they have in common with rabbits. Marguerite and Ethel Clayton are not sisters; in fact, they are not related at all. Neither are David Wark and Corinne Griffith, Bill and Neal Hart, and Pearl and Leo White. Kitty Gordon is now touring in vaudeville.

BRIAN STRANGE.—You must have stepped out of a best-seller. Mabel Normand, Blanche Sweet, and Lila Lee are not married or engaged.

HELEN, CONN.—Pola Negri was popular on the Continent, but she was not internationally celebrated until the success of "Passion," or "Du Barry," in this country. Her other pictures are "Gypsy Blood," a retitled "Carmen," and "Sumurun." "Gypsy Blood" will soon be released in America by First National. I have not been informed as to Miss Negri's matrimonial status. As for nationality, she is Polish.

P. L. I., NANTUCKET.—I know that the Philippine women make beautiful lace from a fibre obtained from pineapple leaves. But outside of that, I don't know the difference between Valenciennes and Louis Quatorze. Conway Tearle was born in 1880; he is married to Adele Rowland. Marie Walcamp is Mrs. Harland Tucker. Clyde Fillmore opposite Ethel Clayton in "Sham" and Wanda Hawley in "The Outside Woman." He is now working with Pauline Frederick in "The Greater Love" at the Robertson-Cole studios, Hollywood, Cal.

DORIS, CALIFORNIA.—Clarine Seymour was to have played Kate in "Way Down East," and was filmed in some of the scenes. Her untimely death caused Mary Hay to be given the part, and the scenes in which Miss Seymour had appeared were retaken. Robert Harron was not in the cast of this picture. Richard Barthelmess played David.

R. A. C., BUENOS AIRES.—It is unlikely that "Hearts of the World," "My Four Years in Germany," and "The Little American" will be reissued at this time. The latest picture with the Great War as the background is "The Four Horsemen," which you will undoubtedly see before very long. I appreciate your letter with its kind wishes, and will always be more than glad to hear from you. I am not, however, a young lady. I am not a lady at all.

EDITH MARY, MARSHALLTOWN, IA.—Life's best aim is to teach us how to think. Harry and "Snub" Pollard are one and the same comedian. Norma is the oldest and Natalie the youngest Talmadge sister. Mae Marsh made several pictures for Robertson-Cole, the first called, "The Little 'Fraid Lady." Now I hear that she is to have her own company. She is Mrs. Louis Lee Arms in real life and the mother of a little girl. She wrote a book called "Screen Acting."

KATHERINE, GREENVILLE, MISS.—"Carmen" with Geraldine Farrar was not fictionized in this magazine. Miss Farrar has not made a photoplay since "The Riddle: Woman," but she has been having her usual success at the Metropolitan in the opera season. "Zaza" is one of her newer operatic roles which has proved very popular. She is famous for her "Madame Butterfly," her "Carmen," her "Thais," "Manon," and "Tosca." She is Mrs. Lou Tellegen.

MRS. M. M. B., RED BANK.—George Hackathorne was the traitor in "The Last of the Mohicans." Lillian Leighton in "The Jack-Knife Man." Come again—you don't have to be witty and wise to join the bunch—but I think you would qualify, even at that.

ALICE, MASS.—Tush—likewise, piffle. I know I am not a Sweet Thing, and you don't make any impression on me at all. Alice Terry was born in 1896 and she is the leading woman in Rex Ingram's "The Four Horsemen." Vincent Coleman declines to tell us his age.

MACDONALD FAN.—So Wallace doesn't send out any rubber-stamp autographs, but really big pictures, with personal inscriptions. Good boy, Wally—some of your colleagues aren't so kind. MacDonald says he devotes a certain length of time each week to answering his correspondence personally. You say you never received a photograph from Wallace Reid, although you enclosed stamps. Wait a while and then write again.

DES MOINES DAISY.—Go on! Gaston Glass is a bachelor, aged 25. Gareth Hughes is also unmarried; he was born in 1897. Hughes is in "Sentimental Tommy," the fiction version of which appeared in *Photoplay* for April. Look it up; it's from James Barrie's two stories, "Sentimental Tommy" and "Tommy and Grizel." I hear Sir James is coming to this country to supervise the filming of his "Peter Pan." The rumor is that Betty Compson will play the part created by Maude Adams and that William deMille will direct.

IONA, EL PASO.—I like some girls with bobbed hair but others don't look so attractive. Personally, I am inclined to the opinion that you will be able to get work in pictures just as easily with long hair as with short, if not sooner—but then that isn't promising anything. Zasu Pitts is married to Tom Gallery, who is opposite Viola Dana in "Home Stuff." Enid Markey in "Tarzan." I believe Ruby LaFayette, who was born in 1844, is the oldest motion picture actress who appears constantly before the camera. At any rate, she is one of the finest.

E. R. S., GOSHEN.—You may have a brilliant future before you—but the question is, are you swift enough to overtake it? Finish school first—you boys and girls must get tired of hearing the Old Answer Man tell you that. But honestly, you should have a foundation and a background before you try to conquer the world—especially the film world.) Here's the cast of "The Shepherd of the Hills," from Harold Bell Wright's story: *Sammy Lane*... Catherine Curtis; *Young Matt*... George McDaniel; *Old Matt*... Don Bailey; *The Shepherd*... H. G. Lonsdale; *Wash Gibbs*... Bert Spotted; *Jim Lane*... Lon Poff; *Little Pete*... C. Edwin Raynor; *Maggie*... Ardita Mellomina; *Howard*... Louis Barclay; *Aunt Molly*... Elizabeth Rhodes; *Ollie Stewart*... George Hackathorne; *Doctor*... William Devaul; *Uncle Ike*... J. Edwin Brown.

M. W., ALEXANDRIA.—Lon Chaney has certainly suffered some in the name of art. His legs were strapped back during the making of "The Penalty" and the straps had to be removed every ten minutes because of the extreme pain. Chaney made "Outside the Law" with Priscilla Dean and "The Night Rose" for Goldwyn.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

MORNING-GLORY.—So your chum became so excited at the ice scenes in "Way Down East" that she had crushed a box of chocolate candy completely. That's a great tribute. Forrest Stanley in "His Official Fiancee." He is married. Recent pictures in which he appeared were "Forbidden Fruit" with Agnes Ayres, "Sacred and Profane Love," with Elsie Ferguson. He was well known on the legitimate stage before going on the screen. Lowell Sherman is now playing the leading role in the Chicago company of "The Tavern."

MISS INQUISITIVE.—Of course, I have not had so much experience in the art of dissimulation. You see, I am not married. Vivian Martin does not care to give her age for publication.

FLUFFY AND TOT, MELBOURNE, ENGLAND.—I am very glad indeed to see you. There are never too many contributors to my department—I only wish all the newcomers were as considerate as you. Pearl White says she is not married. Francis MacDonald is still making pictures. His most recent appearance is in Viola Dana's Metro release, "Puppets of Fate."

J. F. K., NEW YORK CITY.—Jackie Coogan's father may have appeared in "The Kid," but he is not in the cast. You might write to him in care of his small son. Jackie is soon to be a headliner in vaudeville—over the big time. He's a wonderful youngster, and not spoiled at all, they tell me.

HAMILTON PAINE.—"Sand" was filmed on the Mojave Desert. The San Bernardinoes have always been a favorite location for William Hart, and the little desert town of Victorville has frequently been his headquarters.

E. J. O.—Jean Paige is married to Albert E. Smith, the president of Vitagraph. She is the star of "Black Beauty," well supported by James Morrison and the horse. She has brown hair, blue eyes, is five feet four inches tall, and weighs 115 pounds. I have not heard whether or not Mrs. Smith will make more pictures, but will let you know her decision.

FREDDIE.—Do I like Lois Wilson? Very much. In fact, I predicted when I first saw her in not-so-important roles that she would one day be one of our finest actresses. Her best part to date has been Maggie Shand in "What Every Woman Knows." Her latest vehicle is William de Mille's "The Lost Romance," by Edward Knobloch. Miss Wilson was born in Pittsburgh in 1896. She has brown hair and hazel eyes, and is unmarried.

FLUFFY, READING.—When you said you had to face the music again tonight, I thought you might have got in a scrape. Then you said you were an orchestra leader. Fluffy, how could you? May Allison was born in Georgia, in 1895. She was educated in Tennessee and was on the stage three years before entering films. Not married.

ERMA.—Well, if you had a young heart in an old bosom, you wouldn't want to be called Old Man either, let me tell you. My patience is apparently inexhaustible, but some time it may have spontaneous combustion. Then watch out. Kenneth Harlan is married. He's twenty-five years old and may be reached at the Talmadge studios, New York City.



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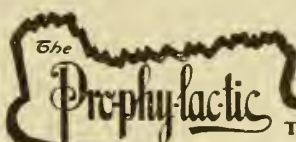
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MARGARET, NEW YORK.—Why, Earle Williams has been working right along. He has been in pictures for a good many years, and always with one company—the Vitagraph. I haven't seen him lately, but I understand that a great many other people have.

MARY, NASHVILLE.—Don't keep a diary. Or keep a diary if you must, but don't let your young man know about it, or he'll never call again. Why do you girls keep diaries, anyway? It seems to me a waste of time, telling over your old thoughts and experiences when you might be having new ones. Harold Lloyd is five feet nine inches tall; Norma Talmadge, five feet two; Beba Daniels, five feet four; Estelle Taylor, the same height as Miss Daniels.

PENSIVE.—Why should you be pensive? Perhaps it was the paper. It would make me pensive, too, if I had to write on purple paper. Eugene O'Brien is still with Selznick and still unmarried. Perhaps that will make you feel a bit better.

CURLY EYEBROWS.—I have heard of these new false eyelashes, but the eyebrows surprise me. Can we say any more, "She dropped her eyelashes?" Think what a tragedy it would be! Yes, I am having a great many questions about Rudolph Valentino since that young man played *Julio* in "The Four Horsemen." Write to him care Metro, Hollywood, where he is playing *Armand* to Madame Nazimova's *Camille*. Charles Chaplin, Chaplin studios, Hollywood, Cal.

T. W. R., MARYLAND.—Viola Dana's real name is Violet Flugrath. Betty Blythe is, in private life, Mrs. Paul Scardon. In professional circles she is The Queen of Sheba.

MISS RUTH R. R.—Lucille Watson is Mrs. Rockcliffe Fellowes, in private life. She is a very clever comedienne who was one of the leading characters in George Bernard Shaw's "Heartbreak House" when it was produced in New York recently. Miss Watson has never appeared on the screen to my knowledge. If she ever does I'll surely be there. Lowell Sherman played *Sanderson*, the villain of "Way Down East", and also the semi-hero of Mae Murray's "Gilded Lily." He's always good, though I confess I admire him as a villain more than as a hero. He makes wickedness so deuced attractive, don't you know.

FAN FROM KOBE, JAPAN.—Sessue Hayakawa is working in a new picture now in which Bessie Love plays opposite him. Did you see him in "The First Born"? He is married to Tsuru Aoki.

WALLY REID ADMIRER.—You are legion, my dear child. Wally's first and only wife is Dorothy Davenport. Ann Little opposite him in "Excuse My Dust." His birthday is April 15. The original title of "The Affairs of Anatol" was restored after they had changed it to "Five Kisses." Wallace plays *Anatol*, only the character's name has been changed to *Anthony*. Why? I don't know.

A. T., SARATOGA SPRINGS.—You may address David Griffith care his studios at Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y. Cecil deMille, Lasky studios, Hollywood. Mr. Griffith and Mr. deMille are both married. Doubt if they ever engage anyone by letter. The only way to break into the films, as I have told you so many times, is to apply in person at the studios.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

BETTIE B.—So you're going to leave me, or, to be more accurate, my department. This is a terrible blow. You should have broken the news by degrees. I am not sure that I'll be able to stand up under it. However, I have just received the grand new swivel chair for which my soul has yearned and dreamed so many years; it came just in time to catch and comfort me. Perhaps you'll change your mind. If you ever do, don't be afraid to come back. I am no hard-hearted landlord.

GENEVIEVE.—You are amazed, you confide, in the height of the Alps Mountains, which you observed on your recent trip abroad. Of course, only the tops of them are really high, you know. (I must admit that my resentment at not having viewed the Alps myself may have something to do with this spiteful and ancient remark.) Harold Goodwin played in "Suds" with Mary Pickford and he is now starring for Fox, his first vehicle being "Oliver Twist, Jr." Address him Fox studios in Hollywood.

MERRY MAY.—May is a merry month so I suppose you're entitled to call yourself that, since it is your real name and you were born in it. It is a month of film birthdays: Norma Talmadge, May 2; and Douglas Fairbanks, Richard Barthelmess, William Farnum, Casson Ferguson, Mae Murray, Cleo Ridgely, Wallace MacDonald were all born in May. May you have a merry time wishing them happy returns of the day.

ARLENE S., WASHINGTON.—So you would have a better time at the movies if the players would keep to one stature occasionally instead of changing from Lilliputians to giants all the time. It doesn't bother me. I didn't invent the close-up; David Griffith did. More power to him, too. Stuart Holmes' hair is naturally curly as far as I know. I cannot visualize the stalwart Stuart using a curling-iron, at any rate. Anyway, it's red. Holmes appeared in "Passion Fruit" with Doraldina and "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," both Metro pictures, so address him care that studio, in Hollywood.

THE BAT, MINNEAPOLIS.—Nothing is impossible, so we will not call your questions that. Some of them were a little bit old-fashioned, as "Has Lottie Pickford left the screen?" Lottie hasn't made a picture for goodness knows how long. Mary Pickford, who is indeed Lottie's sister, celebrated her twenty-eighth birthday the eighth of April, 1921. Cullen Landis was born in 1897. Address him Goldwyn studios, Culver City, Cal. Vivian Martin and Thomas Holding in "The Wax Model."

PEGGY L.—Since you say you would die of joy if Katherine MacDonald ever visited Pittsburgh, let's hope she doesn't. Katherine never lisped when I was talking to her, but I don't know how she speaks when conversing with others. Your other questions about her have been answered before. Barbara Bedford had never appeared on the screen until chosen by Maurice Tourneur to play the leading feminine role in "Deep Waters."

H. J., BALTIMORE.—Cannot understand why the Baltimore theaters have never shown "Over the Hill," "Passion," and the other pictures you mention. Perhaps you will see them some time, as I never heard that Baltimore was slow in showing good entertainment. I believe you are a little homesick for the West, my dear. Good luck to you, wherever you are.

ELSIE, GREAT FALLS, MONTANA. The last time I was in Great Falls, there were street addresses there. But inasmuch as you have always been pretty faithful about breaking all the other rules as well, I feel you deserve an answer. You are one of those sweet souls who never reads the signs that say, "Keep out—this means you!" What a wonderful spirit you have, to be able to sniff at signs. I never can. Emory Johnson played the junior member of the firm, and Roy Stewart the senior, in Betty Compson's "Prisoners of Love."

ALEX. VOLA VALE.—I can't help wondering who named her that—played with Harry Carey in "Overland Red." I still consider that Carey's magnum opus. In other words, it was a bully picture. Leonard Schumway with Eva Novak in "Wanted at Headquarters." Doris May and Wallace MacDonald have not been married when I write this, but they are engaged and the ceremony may be performed any day now. Wallace was born in Mulgrave, Canada, in 1891.

PUSSY WILLOW.—Twice in a man's life comes the time when he doesn't understand women. Once is before he is married and the other is after. Of course, I am not trying to discourage you or anything like that. Bill Hart isn't engaged or married to Jane Novak. Just because a star has the same leading woman twice is no sign that he is going to wed her. Dorothy Gish is twenty-three; Lillian two years older. Tom Mix was born in Texas. Geraldine Farrar sang her first song in 1882, in Melrose, Mass. Billie Burke's dimples first saw the day in Washington, D. C., in 1886.

R. M., YOUNGSTOWN.—The youngster from Youngstown wants to know how old Kenneth Harlan's wife is, and I tell her that I do not know her age but that Kenneth himself is twenty-five and won't that do just as well? Clara Kimball Young is not married now. Her late productions have been "Hush" and "Straight from Paris." Clara is thirty-one—years young.

DOTTY.—You are the most unimaginative person! I suppose if I, captivated by the beauties of nature, were to say to you, "Look around—what do you see on every hand?" you would reply, "Gloves." It would be just like you, Dotty. Dorothy Phillips is Mrs. Allen Holubar; she stars in "Man, Woman and Marriage." Ella Hall has not made any pictures for some time. She is married to Emory Johnson and is the mother of a small son.

J. F. K., CHICAGO.—I wondered how long I could go on without answering some question about nationality. Here you are: Jane and Eva Novak are of Norwegian descent. Mary Pickford, Colleen Moore, the Gish sisters, and Mabel Normand are all of Irish descent, though none of them was born in Ireland. William Duncan was leading man in various features for Vitagraph and Selig before becoming a serial star.

MRS. G. PP., OHIO.—The 1921 version of "East Lynne" is very nice and polite. Mabel Ballin and Edward Earle play the leading roles under Hugo Ballin's direction. He is married to Mabel and used to be an artist and art director for Goldwyn. Strange as it may seem, he was both at the same time. He designed some very artistic settings. Ralph Bushman isn't working at present, but his father Francis X. and step-mother, Beverly Bayne, are appearing in vaudeville in New York.



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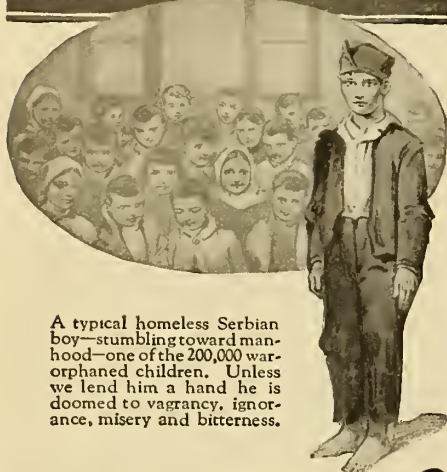
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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

R. S. B., WYNNEWOOD, OKLA.—You are a cynical young pipe-liner who has fallen for the wiles of a fair young flapper named Marjorie Daw. Well, Marjorie is at the flapper age but she's much too sweet and sensible to be classified that way. I think she will send you her photograph. She plays *Love* in "Experience", lives in Hollywood with her brother, Chandler and her real name is Margaret House. Don't write her a silly letter; she won't answer you.

G. L. T., AINSWORTH.—You may not be mercenary—but I suspect that your interest in the young man is slightly affected by his financial standing. In other words, the greater the principal, the greater the interest. Wallace Reid is twenty-nine years old. Anita Stewart is twenty-four. Mrs. Wallace Reid is Dorothy Davenport, and Mr. Anita Stewart is Rudolph Cameron.

JOSE MALDONADO, PORTO RICO.—Your questions are answered elsewhere. This is just a typographical glad-hand extended to you from my department. Please write very often. Many thanks for your good wishes.

CAMILLE.—Would that I might be an epistolary *Armand*! But alas—whenever I try to write you a personal letter, my beard, trailing over my desk, gets into the ink-well, and I, forgetting my eighty-odd years, sputter like a twenty-two year old when he sees another chap wearing the frat pin he gave Angelica as a love token. Well, now, I'll have to ask Wally Reid and Mary Winship all about that paragraph in "Oh Hollywood" in the May issue that mentioned Mr. Reid playing the piano. If Mr. Reid said he played every instrument but that made famous by Irving Berlin, he probably is right, but it may only be that he is modest. Anyway, your letter gladdened my sad work-burdened life. Come again Camille.

M. V. W., NEW JERSEY.—Don't call me What's-Your-Name. There is no chance of my ever becoming conceited. Camille just called me Venerable Sage, and then you come along with that. I would really like to tell you that Reginald Denny is married, but as he isn't, I must try to be truthful and smother my own feelings in my sense of duty. Reginald has played in these films: "Bringing Up Betty", "The Oakdale Affair", "A Dark Lantern", "39 East", "Tropical Love", and "The Price of Possession." He is working now with Elsie Ferguson in "Footlights", and also at the Century Theater, New York.

E. G. B., EAST ORANGE.—So you have a new son. You should say, "We have a new rebate off our income tax." It's more modern. Priscilla Dean has brown hair and eyes—a poor cold description of the glowing, vivacious Miss Dean. Beg her pardon—Mrs. Oakman. She was born in 1896, and may be addressed at Universal City, Cal.

M. A. R., RIVERSIDE, CAL.—The scenes in "Brewster's Millions" with Fatty Arbuckle as a four year old child were obtained through double exposure, with the same camera that shot all the other scenes. Mr. Arbuckle is divorced from Minta Durfee, who used to play in Keystone comedies. He has not married again, although there have been reports that he is engaged.

JEANNE, DENVER.—So Wallace MacDonald sent you a profile view but you want a front face view. You may write to him for it, but I don't know whether his patience will extend to the point of sending you another picture. I wish you luck, anyway.

DOROTHY, CHICAGO.—Elliott Dexter was lame, temporarily, as the result of a severe illness. However, he has since completely recovered. Earle Williams is indeed married—he is forty years old, lives in Hollywood and was born in Sacramento, California. His birthday is February 28. You'll just have time to send him a tie. Send him a dark blue one, though. A yellow one like you sent me might not harmonize with Earle's hair and eyes. I'm not so particular.

M. S., ST. LOUIS.—Women, sages say, can never be geniuses. "Their simple doom is to be beautiful." So long as a woman is beautiful a man does not care how clever she is. Think it over. Wyndham Standing is married. He lives in New York or Los Angeles,—it depends upon what film company he is with at the time.

ALICE MCN.—Mary MacLaren made only one picture for International, "The Wild Goose." Her last Universal picture was "The Road to Divorce." She is unmarried and has been in films since 1915. We hope she'll stay in them until 1935. Mary is one of my favorites—a sweet girl and very sane and sensible, too.

MARGARET.—Robert Harron died September 6, 1920. His passing was mourned by everyone who had ever met him or seen him on the screen. He was unmarried, had several brothers and sisters, and had just completed his first stellar picture when he died.

I. L., TEXAS.—You needn't be afraid you'll make Mrs. Harrison Ford jealous by writing to her husband. The only lady who was ever Mrs. Harrison Ford received a divorce in 1909 and became Beatrice Prentice again. Ford is signed to play opposite the Talmadge sisters for one year; address him at the Talmadge studios, N. Y. C.

CHESTER SMITH, AKRON.—Certainly it is impolite to talk during a musicale. But what can you do? You can't drown out the music any other way. Margarita Fisher was married to Harry Pollard; divorced.

GEORGE, PADUCAH.—Well, well, George—the last time you wrote me you were asking about Jane and Katherine Lee. Now you want to know about Theda Bara. How fancies change. Theda is about thirty. She was on the stage as Theo de Coppet before coming to the screen. She has a brother named Marque and a sister named Loro. Loro is now the wife of Frank Getty, well-known newspaper man, and lives in Paris. Miss Bara's parents are Mr. and Mrs. Goodman, with whom Theda lives when she is not on the road with a stage play.

CLYDE, NORFOLK.—Time alone will answer your question as to when that young lady will be made a star. I can't. Madge Bellamy is with Ince, Culver City, Cal. Marjorie Daw is at present in the east, having been cast as *Love* in George Fitzmaurice's production of "Experience" for Paramount. Richard Barthelmess plays *Youth*. Marjorie is only being "loaned" by the Marshall Neilan company, as I understand it.

MARY ANN.—You want Mary Pickford to see America first. Well, I do think there are just as many people in this country who would like to get a personal glimpse of Little Mary as there are abroad. But she couldn't possibly shake hands with all of you. Write to her at the Brunton studio, Los Angeles, Cal.

Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

L. M. W., FLORENCE, COLO.—Here is the cast of "The Woman in the Web": Olga Muratoff... Hedda Nova; Jack Lateford... J. Frank Glendon; Colonel Boruski... Otto Lederer; Baron Kovsky... R. S. Bradbury. I would call that a Russian picture. Hedda Nova is married to Paul Hurst, the director. They live in California, or they did, the last I heard.

H. B., TOLEDO.—Once, you say, you had an ambition to be an Answer Man when you grew up, then changed it to Answer Lady—and now you're married and are answering the questions of a two-year-old boy and a tiny daughter. Very worthy occupation, if you ask me. But you didn't, did you? Lon Chaney, Goldwyn. Wallace Beery, same address. Anna Q. Nilsson, Metro eastern studio. Good luck always.

What Rostand Left Undone

AMONG the papers found in the cabinet of the late Edmond Rostand, premier dramatic poet of modern France, were preliminary sketches for an extraordinary satiric play upon manners. It seems that Rostand had heard, somewhere, the tragic-comic story of the Englishman who invented the derby hat—or as our British cousins say, the "bowler." According to this grotesque narrative, when he appeared on the street with his hard headgear the unfortunate inventor was clapped into an asylum. Emerging, ten years later, he found that most men of good taste were wearing, at one time or another, the very headpiece for which he had been put away. Rostand found such sad and universal humor in this quaint fable of human frailty that he projected a gigantic comedy upon its groundwork. The comedy got no farther than preliminary sketches. But what is of especial interest is that Rostand had planned this piece for one actor only—an actor, at that, whom he had never seen in person. It was to be placed at his disposal to do upon the stage any time he saw fit. The actor: Charlie Chaplin.

Slender Threads

SOME carping critic of the metropolis objects to the fact that there wasn't enough material in Will Carleton's poem "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse" to furnish even a basis for the William Fox picture, "Over the Hills." But even greater pictures will yet be made with even slenderer threads to hang the story on. What a wonderful picture might be made with Thomas Hood's poem "The Song of a Shirt" for a foundation. And what a quaint and charming comedy photoplay might be the result of a thoughtful consideration of "The One Hoss Shay." Simple verses have already furnished the theme of successful plays, notably "Barbara Frietchie," in which Julia Marlowe attained the first dramatic triumph of her career. True, some rather astonishing liberties were taken, but the germ idea was found in the poem, and doubtless some wonderful plays will find their way to the screen from other short, popular "speaking pieces" which we used to find in the Third Reader.

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